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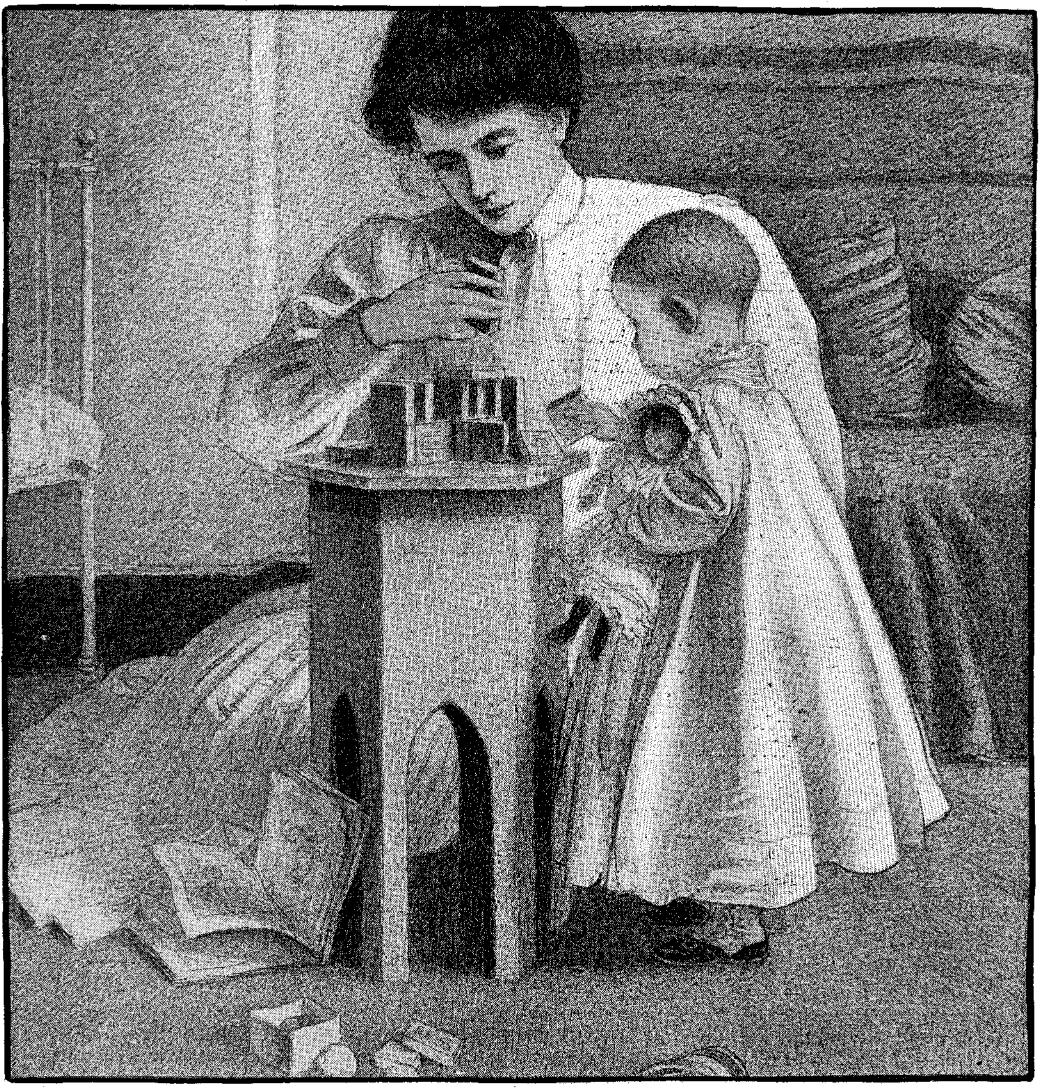

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The Outlook

OCTOBER 28, 1911

LYMAN ABBOTT, Editor-in-Chief. **HAMILTON W. MABIE**, Associate Editor
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THE CONFERENCE OF PROGRESSIVE REPUBLICANS

On Monday of last week two hundred men, representative of the Progressive movement within the Republican party, from the far East to the farthest West, gathered in Chicago for the purpose of reaching a mutual understanding as to policy. The movement these men represented differs in form widely in different communities because the problems that they confront greatly vary. Underlying, however, these different phases of the movement there are principles which all hold in common. As a result of this meeting these representative Progressive Republicans adopted a declaration which pertains to three matters: the underlying principle of the movement, the policy they wish to unite on, and the leader they regard as best representing this principle and these policies in the Presidential year. The principle they state as the wresting of "the control of government in Nation and States from the representatives of special privilege," and the restoration of it to "the control of the people." The two policies which the Conference agreed upon, in accord with this principle, relate, first, to the trust question; and, second, to party control. On the trust question these Progressives declared that "industrial corporations should, by an affirmative legislative enactment, be given definite rules of conduct by which business shall be made sound and stable, while at the same time the interests of the public should be fully safeguarded." On the question of party organization they declared that they favored "the choice of Republican voters as to candidates for President by a direct primary vote, held in check, pursuant to the statute," and where no such statute exists they urged that "the Republican State Committee provide that the people be given the right to express their choice for President." As to the candidate for the Presidency, the Conference indorsed Senator La Follette because of his record in securing for his State such legislation and such administration of the law as showed his ability for leadership in the Nation. Whether such a Conference should have put forth a candidate for the Presidential nomination is a question on which Progressives will disagree—indeed, one on which there was by no means unanimity in the Conference itself. This indorsement is to be regarded as a recommendation rather than the committal of the movement to any one man. Whatever difference of opinion there may be, however, with regard to the indorsement of the particular candidate, there can be no difference of opinion with regard to policies. It is the highest wisdom to take a position that is constructive and not merely critical. The Progressive Conference did nothing more encouraging than to adopt a resolution committing the Progressive movement to such constructive legislation as will enable the Government to advance beyond the stage of merely limiting business and to exercise the power, presumably through an administrative agency, of showing what is legitimate in the development of industrial enterprise.

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THE SHERMAN LAW AND THE TRUSTS

However unsatisfactory the Sherman Anti-Trust Law may be as a final solution of the trust question, certain events of the past week show that the Sherman Law may be an effective instrument in the hands of a vigorous administrator for putting a stop to more flagrant attempts to secure undue business advantage through the agency of monopoly. The first step for the dissolution of the American Tobacco Company has been taken. When the Supreme Court decided that that Company was a violator of the Anti-Trust Law, it committed to the Circuit Court the task of seeing that the concerns involved in that combination were reorganized in a way that would conform to the law. In pursuance of this decision, the Company has prepared a plan which it has now filed with the Circuit Court. It remains for the Court to pass upon the plan when it has been scrutinized by the United States Department of Justice. As was explained at the time the tobacco decision was rendered, the American Tobacco Company is a very complicated combination. It is not a mere holding company owning the stock of other concerns; it is a complicated texture of companies in which the stock of some is largely owned by others in the combination, and in which the three functions of the manufacture of tobacco, the distribution of tobacco, and the holding of stocks are all combined in each one of a number of companies. The plan that has been submitted involves the division of the Trust into four separate and independent concerns, two of them newly created, and the rescue of some of the constituent subsidiary companies from the control of any of these four. As in the order dissolving the Standard Oil Company, there is apparently no redistribution of the ownership of the controlling blocks of stock, so that there is nothing to indicate that the actual fact with regard to the control of the tobacco industry by the men in whose hands lay the control of the American Tobacco Company will be at all changed even when the decree of the Supreme Court shall have been fully carried out. The mere fact, however, that a great organization like the Tobacco Trust has been compelled to reorganize under the supervision of the Government is a gain on the side of fair business dealing. During the past week also it has been reported that another great industrial combination is about to take voluntarily a step to divest itself of some of its power of controlling the industry with which it is concerned. In his recent report upon the steel industry, Mr. Herbert Knox Smith, the Commissioner of Corporations, reported that an element of primary significance in the dominance of the United States Steel Corporation in the steel industry was its control of great bodies of ore. It is now announced that the Steel Corporation will cancel the leases which it holds of large bodies of ore in the Lake Superior district, which are the property of interests connected with the Great Northern Railway. These leases, which were made a few years ago, added largely to the Steel Corporation's holdings of ore land, and, as Mr. Smith has shown, tended to strengthen materially the Steel Corporation's control over the steel industry. No prosecution has been brought against the Steel Corporation by the Federal Government, but it is difficult to believe that the Corporation in its action in divesting itself of the control of these valuable ore deposits is not influenced by the successful prosecutions of other industrial combinations.

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THE BATH-TUB AND ELECTRIC LAMP TRUSTS Two other events that illustrate the efficacy of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law were court decisions forbidding the continuance of two so-called trusts. One of these decisions involved what has been known as the Electric Lamp Trust, through which the General Electric Company and the Westinghouse Electric Company, and thirty-four other companies, were combined for the purpose of controlling the manufacture and sale of incandescent electric lamps. In the Federal Court in Toledo last week all the defendants in the suit withdrew the defense which they had made to the charges of the Government, and accepted the ruling of the Court. The decree of the Court forbade the defendants to continue any of the practices by which it had been possible for them to control practically ninety-seven per cent of the electric lamp business of the country. The general question involved in this case was the extent to which the ownership of a patent permits the owner to control the price at which the patented article may be sold. By the methods which they adopted, the Lamp Trust had succeeded in controlling, not only the prices at which the patented lamps were sold at wholesale, in the jobbing trade and at retail, but, through their control of these patents, of the prices at which other lamps, the patents on which had expired, were distributed. They had also succeeded in bringing it about that independent manufacturers of electric lamps could not secure the materials and parts necessary for such manufacture. The decree of the Court was sweeping in its prohibitions. The other case involved the so-called Bath-Tub Trust. A few months ago The Outlook reported the criminal prosecutions which had been brought against the members of this Trust, which is composed of a number of concerns that manufacture enameled ware for sanitary purposes. The present case is a civil case brought in another district for the dissolution of the combination. The point involved in this case had also to do with a patented article, but was somewhat different from that involved in the Electric Lamp case. The method which had been adopted by the manufacturers of enameled ware for controlling the manufacture and sale of their products was through the ownership of the patent on a tool which was used in the manufacture of the ware. There was no pretense that the ware itself was patented; the only patent was on an automatic dredger used for sprinkling the enamel powder upon the heated iron which formed the basis of the article under manufacture. The Court has decided that the ownership of the patent in a tool gives no right of monopoly over the article manufactured by the aid of the tool. Its order for the dissolution of the combination is as sweeping as that in the Electric Lamp case. These results of an energetic administration of the Sherman Law are good. They show that there are limits beyond which business men may not go in an attempt to secure advantage over their competitors and control over their industry. In an editorial on another page we point out some of the vital limitations of the Sherman Law, and present again, as we have done in the past, our convictions as to the direction in which may be found the only proper and adequate solution of the trust question.

JUSTICE HARLAN

After serving on the Supreme Court bench of the United States almost as long as the great Chief Justice John Marshall, for whom he was named, Justice Harlan died in Washington last week. He was the oldest member of the Court, but, in spite of his age, he was vigorous in mind and body until his last short illness. In fact, there was no respect in which he was more distinguished than in his intellectual vivacity, alertness, and independence. He was an individualist in theory and in practice. Again and again he stood alone in the expression of his opinion on important cases. This characteristic willingness to stand apart and maintain his position against all his colleagues whenever he felt it right remained unmodified by the years, and was most dramatically exemplified in the last great decisions in which he had part, namely, those on the Standard Oil and Tobacco Trusts. In both those decisions he not only strongly and emphatically dissented from the opinion of all his associates, but as emphatically and strongly criticised the prevailing opinion. If what he said at that time had been delivered, not from the bench, but from some political rostrum, it would have been regarded in some quarters as exceeding the bounds of propriety. In his statement, which was, in fact, much more than an expression of dissent with regard to the subject in hand, Justice Harlan arraigned the Supreme Court for what he regarded as its attempt not so much to interpret law as to make it. Justice Harlan's temperament was very far from that which is commonly regarded as distinctly judicial. To the consideration of great cases he brought a well-trained intellect, but also very warm feeling and very profound convictions. His feelings were enlisted on the side of what he believed to be popular rights, and his convictions were those of one who identified the liberties of the people with the preservation of certain early and primitive conditions of life. Although a Republican, there was much about his views that made them resemble those of a Jeffersonian Democrat—one who, it should be said, was devoted heart and soul to the Union. At twenty-five years of age, after studying law, he was a county judge. In the Civil War he was a colonel on the Union side. After the war he took part in State politics, and had a good deal to do with bringing about the nomination of Rutherford B. Hayes for the Presidency in 1876. He served on the Louisiana Commission, and in 1877 was appointed to the Supreme Court bench. This brief history explains in part Justice Harlan's temperament and course as a judge. Fearless as a citizen, gallant and resolute as a soldier, loyal and gentle in his relations with family and friends, John Marshall Harlan was the sort of man whom Americans should be proud to have represent them in public life. Justice Harlan was a devout man, influential in his Church—the Presbyterian—and was unswerving in his convictions as to social and individual righteousness.

THE NATION'S FINANCIAL NEEDS DEFINED

Professor E. R. A. Seligman, in his address last week before a committee of the National Monetary Commission, explained, with his characteristic clearness, the financial needs of the country. The committee is composed of Congressmen, and is expecting to hold hearings in various parts of the country as preparation for a report to be made to Congress next January.

Its first session was held in New York City, and we are here depending on an excellent report of the session given in the New York "Times." The financial *needs* of the country the non-expert layman can understand, although the best *method* of supplying these needs must probably be left to be formulated by trusted experts. Professor Seligman, in his address as reported, defines admirably two vital needs. First, while our present system provides safety for the holder of National bank notes, it does not provide safety for the depositor in National banks. This, in any adequate National banking system, must be provided for. The Western proposal of two years ago to create a guarantee fund by a forced contribution from all the National banks, or all in a given section, which would insure depositors from loss in case of the failure of any one bank, was designed to meet the need. The object was admirable, though there were serious objections to the method. Second, "we want not only safety—which we have not really got under the present system—but elasticity." At present, when times are hard and private credit is threatened, the currency is contracted. When times are good and credit is extended, currency is also extended, and speculation is encouraged. Upon this point we quote Professor Seligman's reported words:

> We hear much objection to the proposed scheme on grounds of centralization. I think this is a false cry, in that the people who use it misunderstand what they mean by decentralization. We want decentralization of facilities, but centralization of reserve. Facilities must be at the beck and call of local communities. But where you have decentralized reserves you cannot have facilities. We must have a banking system that will create safety, not merely to a few favored business sections, but to business throughout the country. The big man can usually step from under in times of a panic; the real sufferer is the small business man in outlying sections of the country.

This also seems to us an admirable statement of the Nation's needs: a large reserve fund made available for the necessities of local banks throughout the country. In other words, to quote Professor Seligman again, we need to "decentralize banking reserve and banking facilities, instead of putting more power into the hands of the few." We repeat that the question how these objects are to be accomplished must be largely left to experts; but it is of great value to have the objects themselves so clearly defined that the average non-expert citizen can understand them.

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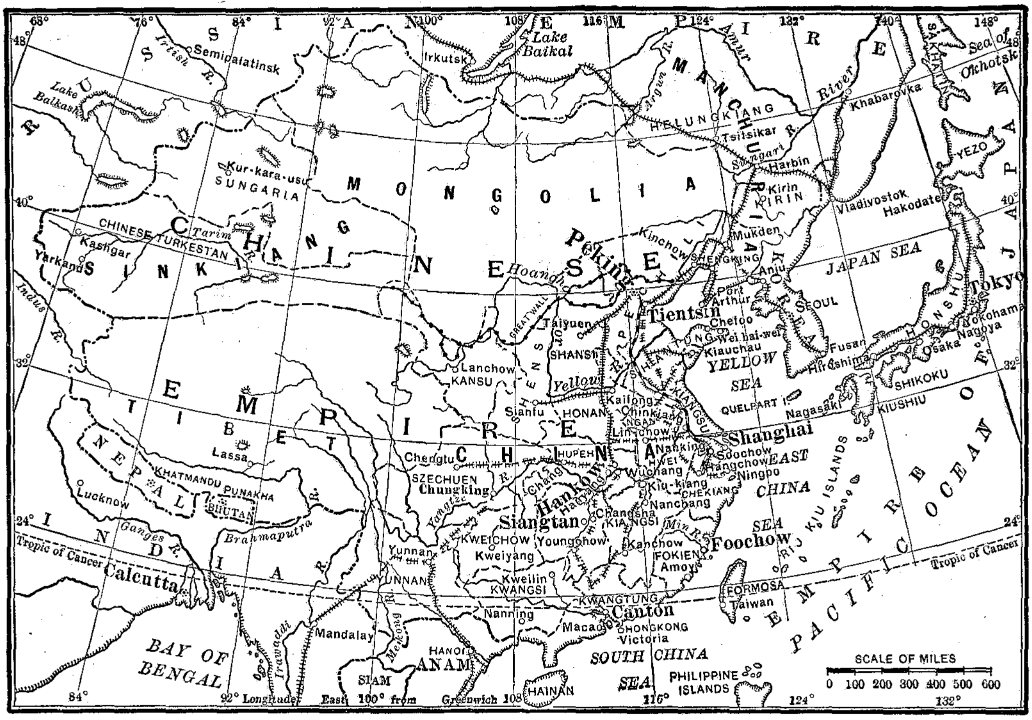
CHINA AND THE POWERS

The expected clash between the Chinese rebels and the Government forces sent from Peking, the capital, occurred last week near Hankow, and resulted in a victory for the former. The Imperial Government is preparing for another battle, for it has sent a total of over twenty thousand troops and seventy guns to the front. But what is of infinitely greater moral effect is that it has persuaded Yuan Shi Kai, formerly Viceroy of the province of Chili, and really the creator of China's modern army, to take command of the troops. As Yuan has been suffering what he deems an unmerited exile, it is reported that he made onerous conditions, but that these were met by the Government. Incidentally, the danger zone has become extended from Chengtu, the capital of the province of Szechuan, throughout the provinces of Hupei, Honan, and Hunan, and down the Yangtze River to Kiukiang, the capital of the province of Kiangsi, Nganking, the capital of the province of Nganhwei, and Nanking, the capital of the province of Kiangsu, and anciently of Southern China. Even Shanghai—always a hotbed of secret plottings—is said to be somewhat affected. But, if we may believe the despatches, the most anti-Manchu of all places, Canton, the capital of the province of Kwangtung, is not, strangely enough, outwardly moved. The chief concern of the Powers is naturally for the safety of their own people in China. There are many foreign merchants and members of foreign consular and diplomatic services there. But the largest body of foreigners is probably that of the missionaries. Under Protestant auspices there are about forty-two hundred missionaries, men and women, in China; while, including lay brothers and sisters, the Roman Catholics must have over three thousand. More than a dozen gunboats belonging to the Powers are now in the Yangtze, and their presence has greatly reassured the friends of Americans in the cities along that river. Our own force consists of the cruiser New Orleans and the gunboats Helena, El Cano, and Villalobos, all under command of Rear-Admiral Murdock. It is understood that a joint foreign force has been landed at Hankow under Vice-Admiral Sir Alfred Winsloe, Commander of the British Eastern Fleet, who took direction of the


Lake Baikal
Irkutsk
Semipalatinsk
Irtish R.
Lake Balkash
Kur-kara-usu
SUNGARIA
M O N G O L I A
CHINESE TURKESTAN
Tarim
Kashgar
Yarkand
S I N K I A N G
Indus R.
Amur River
Argun R.
M A N C H U R I A
HEI LUNG KIANG
Tsitsikar
Sungari
Harbin
Kirin
KIRIN
Khabarovka
Vladivostok
Hakodate
SAKHALIN
Sea of Okhotsk
YEZO
J A P A N
Peking
Kinchow
SHENGKING
Mukden
Anju
K O R E A
SEOUL
JAPAN SEA
HONSHU
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Yokohama
Nagoya
Osaka
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Hiroshima
SHIKOKU
KIUSHIU
Nagasaki
QUELPART I.
Hoang-ho
GREAT WALL
Taiyuen
SHANSI
Tientsin
Port Arthur
Chefoo
Wei-hai-wei
Kiauchau
YELLOW SEA
Lanchow
KANSU
Sianfu
HONAN
Kaifong
Chinkiang
Lin-chow
Nanking
ANHWEI
KIANGSU
Shanghai
Soochow
Hangchow
Ningpo
CHEKIANG
EAST CHINA SEA
Wuchang
Kiu-kiang
Nanchang
KIANGSI
Hankow
Hanyang
HUPEH
Chengtu
SZECHUEN
Chungking
Yangtze
Changsha
Siangtan
KWEICHOW
Youngchow
Kweiyang
Kanchow
FOKIEN
Min R.
Foochow
Amoy
Yunnan
YUNNAN
Kweilin
KWANGSI
KWANGTUNG
Canton
Macao
HONGKONG
Victoria
Nanning
FORMOSA
Taiwan
RIU KIU ISLANDS
E M P I R E
C H I N A
T I B E T
Lassa
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KHATMANDU
PUNAKHA
BHUTAN
Lucknow
Ganges R.
Brahmaputra
I N D I A
Calcutta
BAY OF BENGAL
Irawaddi
Mandalay
Mekong
SIAM
HANOI
ANAM
HAINAN
SOUTH CHINA SEA
PHILIPPINE ISLANDS
P A C I F I C   O C E A N
Tropic of Cancer
SCALE OF MILES
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92° Longitude East 100° from Greenwich 108°

MAP OF CHINA

men engaged in the protection of the foreign "concessions" by virtue of seniority. The foreigners in those concessions, or large spaces of territory withdrawn from native occupation, would be more free from possible harm if the concessions were walled, as at Peking. While some protection has been afforded, conflagrations and lootings from the rabble in alliance with the rebels may perhaps be feared; such excesses might follow any rebel defeat. With the consent of the Consuls of the various Powers, a Red Cross neutral camp in charge of Dr. MacWillie, an American missionary, has been formed, we are glad to say; it is removing the corpses from the streets of Wuchang, Hankow, and Hanyang, and is taking other sanitary measures. Conflicting reports of the losses sustained by the rebel and Government troops are at hand, but there is no doubt that there has been a large loss of life on both sides; the rumors of a massacre of the Manchus in the Yangtze Valley by the rebels are confirmed by refugees, who say that in the slaughter the rebels regarded neither sex nor age, being apparently determined not to leave alive a single representative of the Manchu race. On another page we refer editorially to the long conflict between Chinaman and Manchu. The article by Mr. Ellis tells in greater detail about the great reform movement, of which this rebellion is the latest phase.

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ITALY AND TRIPOLI

The Italian expeditionary force to Tripoli consists of about forty thousand men—infantry, cavalry, coast, field, fort, and mountain artillery, engineers, and auxiliary bodies, together with a Red Cross detachment. It has now been landed. In addition to eleven aeroplanes, two dirigible balloons are being sent, to be used in scouting and also to drop bombs in the enemy's camps. A second force of ten thousand men is reported as being made ready for transport, if necessary. All soldiers destined for these expeditions have been, or are being, instructed concerning the customs, religions, and superstitions in Tripoli, and have strict orders to respect them. The Italians in Tripoli have been attacked here and there by the inhabitants, but apparently nothing worthy of particular chronicle took place last week. Not all the inhabitants have proved unfriendly, however; some of the Turkish policemen of the city of Tripoli are now serving under the Italian municipal government. Italian coinage has also just been put in circulation in that city; it is reported that natives seem indifferent to the change. The cost of the expeditions and the military occupation is estimated at sixty million dollars. The military occupation must be in force nearly two years, it is believed, before Tripoli can be intrusted to a civil administration. General Caneva, commander-in-chief of the expedition, has now addressed a proclamation to the inhabitants of Tripoli, assuring them that they have not been enslaved by Italy, that, on the contrary, they have been liberated from the yoke under which they have been misgoverned, and that henceforth they will be ruled by their own chiefs under the King of Italy.

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SLAVERY During the past two years an Italian Anti-Slavery Society has been working in Tripoli. Its secretary, Commendatore Simonetti, has just published a description of the slavery still existing there. In 1900, so he informs us, the slave markets were ostensibly closed. After this, a common trick of the Turkish officials was to declare freed slaves Ottoman subjects—because, forsooth, they had come from Mussulman regions!—and so keep them under an influence favorable to their return to slavery. The greatest trade, he says, has been among the Bedouins. They have sold Negroes to the Senussi, the fanatical Mohammedan sect, which still has public markets, it is reported, at Abeshr, in the Wadai, a country south of Tripoli, and within the French sphere of influence; also at El-Fasher, the capital of the country of Darfur, in the Egyptian Sudan. The younger of the women slaves, the Commendatore states, have been sent to Tobruk, the easternmost port of Tripoli on the Mediterranean, and have been destined for Turkish harems. These slaves were chained at night, and any acts of disobedience on their part were punished with a barbarous death. The Commendatore even tells of Turkish steamers engaged in the slave traffic, and says that when the Anti-Slavery Society provided the slaves with freedom papers the Turkish officials derided them and called them "papers of the second slavery." Frequent reports sent from British as well as Italian residents of Tripoli seem to have had no effect at all upon the Turkish Government, and the only decisive action in the whole matter has been the British Government's instructions to its Consul-General at Tripoli to protest against the imposition of Ottoman nationality by Turkish authorities upon persons who may have been brought to Tripoli from any British country in Africa. This attacked one evil, for the imposition of Turkish nationality upon the slaves freed in Tripoli made their return to their homes impossible. However unjust the acquirement of Tripoli by Italy, it means the redemption by the successors of the Romans of a region abandoned to anarchy and slavery ever since the days when the Romans ruled and civilized it.

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THE NEW TURKISH CABINET A new Turkish Cabinet has been formed in consequence of popular resentment at the outbreak of war with Italy. The first Cabinet under the Young Turk régime was that of Hilmi Pasha, formerly Governor of Macedonia. But whether he estranged the new Sultan, Mehmet V, or the Young Turks themselves, he resigned early in 1910, and was replaced by Hakki Pasha, who governed until the outbreak of the war. Hakki has now been succeeded by Said Pasha. This does not mean that the Young Turks have gone out of power. But it probably does mean that a man has been put in high place who commands a possibly more general confidence. For Said Pasha, formerly Governor of Syria, was the one who persuaded Sultan Abdul Hamid II to make peace with the revolutionists and to restore the Constitution. When finally threatened by Abdul Hamid with death or exile, Said took refuge on a British vessel stationed in the Bosphorus. He is now over eighty years old. In his time a man of great ability, he is, it is feared, too incapacitated to be at the head of government. A far different man is Kiamil Pasha, who is also about eighty, and who has been prominently mentioned in connection with the Grand Viziership—the Premiership. A quarter of a century ago he was Grand Vizier, and has occupied the same office several times since. He is a statesman of great ability, and, though not in entire agreement with the new régime, is not a reactionary, but a moderate man who, like Said Pasha, held the former Sultan in check. Kiamil has recently been writing a history of Turkey, three volumes of which have already been published. But the main strength of the new Cabinet, like that of its predecessor, lies in the fact that Shefket

Pasha is Minister of War, a position which he filled with great distinction under Hakki. Shefket, every inch a soldier, is also a statesman. He is about fifty years of age. He is an Arab from Bagdad. He passed ten years in Germany studying the German military system. He speaks German fluently, but looks and acts more like a Yankee, full of nerve and energy, than like a Turk. Shefket has done splendid work in reorganizing the Ottoman army. He it was who planned and executed with notable skill the military movement which preceded the revolution and the deposition of Abdul Hamid. Doubtless he might have become Grand Vizier had he chosen to accept the more exalted office. The reassuring factor in the situation is that the new Cabinet, like its predecessor, favors constitutional government. Thus the dreaded reaction has not yet taken place.

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PROGRESS IN KOREA

In an address to the second annual Conference of Provincial Governors, which assembled in Seoul not long ago, Governor-General Terauchi gave an interesting account of the work of the Japanese in Korea during the past year, and of the progress made by the Koreans in enlightenment and civilization under the protection of a just and stable government. Since the establishment of the new régime in the peninsula, the Japanese have opened there 133 primary schools; 83 sericulture training schools; 21 training schools for weaving; 13 sericultural workshops; 8 training schools for the manufacture of paper; 3 fishery training schools; 37 seedling nurseries; 4 mulberry farms; 8 common industrial workshops; 7 industrial apprentice schools; and 4 industrial training houses. State aid has also been given to 217 other schools, established by public or private enterprise. Particular attention has also been given to the extension and improvement of existing means of intercommunication. The continuation of the main Korean railway across the Yalu River is nearing completion, and it is hoped that direct communication between Fusan and Mukden will be open before the end of the present year. The trans-Siberian, South Manchurian, and Mukden-Fusan roads will then make an unbroken through line from St. Petersburg to the southern end of Korea, from which there is a short ferry to Japan. Work on the Seoul-Wonsan and the Honam branch roads is progressing satisfactorily, and both lines will be open for traffic in 1914. Five hundred miles of common roads have been completed, and fourteen hundred miles more, to cost $5,000,000, are under construction. Telegraph offices have been opened at twenty additional places; ten more telephone exchanges have been established; and eight hundred miles of new telephone line will shortly be added to the long-distance system. The postal service has been greatly improved, and the routes now covered by a daily mail service amount in the aggregate to more than a thousand miles. Harbor improvements, to cost more than $4,000,000, are under way at Chemulpo, Chinnampo, and Fusan, and when they are completed steamers of the largest size will be able to receive and discharge cargo without lighterage at any of these ports. In its efforts to promote education, facilitate intercommunication, and increase industrial efficiency, the Government has not lost sight of the public health. Since the establishment of the Government-General, a free public hospital has been erected in every province of Korea, and in the first five months of the present year the number of patients treated in these hospitals was eighty-nine thousand. Three thousand applications for medical or surgical aid are now made every day. The growing prosperity of the people under Japanese administration is clearly shown by the increasing volume of their imports and exports. This increase, in the first five months of the present year, amounted to $4,670,000, as compared with the corresponding period of 1910. The revenue of the peninsular government, which was only $3,740,000 in 1905, amounted to $20,915,000 in 1910, and it is now increasing at the rate of more than $1,000,000 per annum. A striking evidence of growing prosperity is also furnished by the rapid increase in the number of depositors in postal savings banks. When Japan assumed control in the peninsula, there was not a savings bank in the country. In 1907 the number of depositors in such banks was 4,284, and in 1910 it had grown to 25,632 and was increasing at the rate of 4,500 every three months. In concluding his address to the provincial governors, Count Terauchi urged the importance of treating the Koreans with fraternal sympathy as well as with justice, and said: "The twelve million people in Chosen are all children of his Gracious Imperial Majesty, and are equally subjects of the Empire. In degree of civilization they may stand somewhat behind the inhabitants of Japan proper, but I fail to recognize any remarkable distinction between them as regards moral nature and intellect. Through the eradication of such differences as may exist the welfare of the greater nation will be promoted and the foundations of the Empire still further strengthened."

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THE LAKE MOHONK CONFERENCE

The Conference of Friends of the Indian and Other Dependent Peoples opened under the hospitable roof of Mr. Smiley at Lake Mohonk last week amid clouds and darkness, but the discussion of the various problems presented by our relations to the Indians, to Alaska, Porto Rico, and the Philippines was notable for clear knowledge and constructive suggestion. This was especially true of the presentation of vital and economic conditions in the Philippines by Edward B. Bruce, of Manila, and Congressman William C. Redfield, of Brooklyn, both of whom emphasized the fact that the greatest obstacle to the rapid development of the natural resources and commercial opportunities of the islands is the ignorance and indifference of people in this country. They brought out strongly the differences of race, social condition, and civilization which make it impossible to speak of the Philippines as a people in the general acceptance of the word, and the absurdity of discussing the self-government of the islands for many years to come. At present, if self-government were possible, it would mean the rule of the islands by less than one-tenth of their inhabitants. The Philippines are now governed with expert and sympathetic intelligence, under a system of law which insures their freedom, preserves their property, and educates their children; a government which protects them from selfish exploitation and prepares them for the duties and responsibilities of citizens in a free State. The islands are in sore need of capital, not only to develop their resources, but to awaken the ambition and evoke the energy and ability of the people. They have been greatly hampered by restrictions which Congress has removed only in part; under proper regulation to prevent monopoly and exploitation capital ought to be encouraged to make large investments in the islands and to inaugurate great enterprises. The constructive spirit and practical sagacity of the Governmental policy in dealing with these dependent peoples was strikingly brought out by a series of facts showing the same success in dealing with disease which has attended the sanitary operations of our Government in Panama. The papers and discussions relating to the Philippines constituted a remarkable report of progress.

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MEETING OF THE AMERICAN BOARD

At its annual meeting held at Milwaukee week before last our oldest foreign missionary society, the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, reported the highest mark reached in its history—over a million dollars received and expended, and seventy-three new missionaries added to its force during the year. This, however, was viewed as but a partial supply of a work still too meagerly sustained to meet the extraordinary opportunities of this critical era of the making of nations—the unrest, enlightenment, and change now so conspicuous in the vast missionary field. Heroic men and women are still breaking and dying prematurely, overtasked, while lacking help. Scores of applicants clamoring to be taught come, some from a hundred miles away, to be turned back for lack of the necessary teachers and equipments. The encouraging side of such conditions gives hope for their removal through the increasing prominence which missionary enterprise is gaining in the world's news and the growth of public interest in it, aware that American missionaries are winning honor and influence for our country in Oriental lands. Dr. Arthur H. Smith, coming to Milwaukee from forty years of missionary work in China, declared it imperatively necessary to give China in her present awakening the best possible education. Quoting Napoleon's remark that when China moved she would move the world, he said, "In the long run, there is no other race on earth that will compete permanently with the Chinese." Sobering and also stimulating was his testimony and that of other missionaries in another important line—the development of Christian unity, now advancing more rapidly in the missionary field than here. In the United Church of South India four distinct denominations have merged. West China, Japan, Korea, and South Africa have gone far in that direction—facts that should accelerate like movements here. The world-wide parish for which the American

Board has become responsible contains seventy-five million souls, in comparison with which its working force in evangelistic, educational, medical, industrial, literary, and philanthropic activities is pitifully small. The new type of Christian called for to work out the social salvation of our democracy is needed, as was said at Milwaukee, to solve the missionary problem by dint of those soldierly virtues which William James declared necessary as "the moral equivalent of war." Eighty young Turkish women are reported as studying preventive medicine in the Girls' College at Scutari. Such a statement should help the Board to complete its endowment fund of two million dollars for its higher educational work. Such institutions, many of them in sore need, "are ministering to a wider area, to more races, to a greater need, and at less cost than a like number of similar institutions anywhere else in the world." Business men should look through the Treasurer's report, if only to see in its details a model document of its kind.

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A GOLDEN WEDDING

The golden wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph H. Choate, celebrated at their country home in Berkshire County, Massachusetts, on Monday of last week, was not only a matter of public but of international interest, as the receipt of congratulations from the President of the United States and the King of England showed. The festivities were beautifully framed by the gold which overspread the hillsides of Berkshire, and the gathering of the family was enlarged by a still greater gathering of friends, representing all classes in the community and in National life. There are many able and useful men in America, but very few Americans have that quality of distinction which is characteristic of Mr. Choate, and which has its source in his charming personality; a kind of genius for saying the right thing at the right moment, a certain finish and elegance of expression, and a geniality of manner which makes all classes of men at home with him. After a long life, largely devoted to his profession, Mr. Choate stands in the forefront of American lawyers. He stands also in the forefront of American diplomats. In his position as Ambassador to England he interpreted not only the American political spirit but the range and atmosphere of the best American life. His address on Lincoln, delivered at the University of Edinburgh, was notable for its clear interpretation of the American spirit; while his occasional addresses, which always charmed his audiences, were beautiful examples of the felicity of speech which is born not of mere knowledge but of culture. Mr. Choate's domestic life has not suffered from journalistic intrusion. The dignity and purity of it have made that impossible; but the whole country, which honors Mr. Choate for his services, rejoices in his prosperity of heart and hand.

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THE LARGEST LOCOMOTIVE IN THE WORLD

Much interest has been attached in recent years to the launching of the largest steamships. The Mauretania was not long ago the leader; later the Olympic won the honor of being the greatest boat on the seas; and presently the Europa will sail the proud flag of supremacy. Scarcely less noteworthy than the christening of these ships was the maiden trip of the largest locomotive in the world at Topeka, Kansas, on September 11. What the Olympic is to ocean navigation, Engine 3,009 of the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé is to land transportation, and marks a very distinct advance in railroading. This monstrous engine, of the Mallet type of construction, is 120 feet long, far in excess of its predecessors. It has a power of 110,000 pounds drawbar pull, and is capable of hauling on a level 100 loaded freight cars aggregating a weight of 10,000 tons. Twenty immense driving-wheels and four smaller ones bear the tremendous weight of the locomotive, which amounts to 850,000 pounds. Crude fuel oil, which is burned instead of coal to generate steam-power, is ignited as it is blown through the flues of the huge boiler. The arrangement for doing this is said to be so simple that the engine could be fired by a sixteen-year-old boy. The great "turtle-back" tender has a capacity of 12,000 gallons of water and 4,000 gallons of fuel oil. The engine has been designed chiefly for freight service, and the Santa Fé proposes to build at its shops in the near future a score or more of the same type to take care of the main freight trains on its system. The Publicity Department of the Santa Fé has as its purpose to keep the people along its lines in cordial relations with the company, and to show that the road is keeping pace with the growth of the West and Middle West by its efforts for improved service. This purpose it accomplishes in various ways under the supervision of the department head, Mr. J. F. Jarrell, of

Topeka, who conceived and carried into effect the idea of conducting a "Demonstration Train" over the main lines of the company. This train, drawn by Engine 3,009, just described, is made up of a series of cars representing old and new railway equipment—that in common use thirty years ago in comparison with the very latest models. Immediately next to the great Mallet is placed one of the old-style locomotives, which seems but a pygmy beside its modern successor. Side by side, in striking contrast, are the newest passenger coach of steel construction and the little old wooden car of earlier years. Modern and old-style box cars, coal cars, cabooses, and smokers are shown in emphatic comparison. Inside the various cars are exhibits of minor pieces of railway equipment, such as rails, ties, and bedding materials; switches, coupling apparatus, and signal devices. At the towns visited the public responded with much interest to the invitation to inspect the train and learn something of the progress of railway transportation.

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HOME GARDENING For the purpose of stimulating interest in the home garden, the Home Gardening Association of Cleveland, whose admirable endeavors have already been chronicled in The Outlook, has recently been engaged in determining whether the interest of children in gardening can be materially increased by connecting it with domestic science instruction. In other words, the Association proposed to unite a gardening with a cooking course. Certainly there ought to be a pleasant continuity about planting one's own vegetables, and then, after a while, cooking the crop. The result obtained by the Association was flattering. Even boys came to the cooking class, and then the applicants became so numerous that many had to be turned away. Of course both boys and girls were quickly interested in the chemical composition and food value of the different vegetables and salads, and this made their work really only an interesting play. Then there was the canning of vegetables for older children, with the consequent lesson that beans need not be left on the vines to grow tough or to go to seed when the owner knows what a simple matter it is to can them for a winter dinner; and that young beets and tender carrots, that corn, rhubarb, tomatoes, onions, and other vegetables, can be treated in like manner. These features of domestic science have naturally increased the desire of the little Clevelanders to raise more in their gardens, and interest in the gardens themselves has been perceptibly increased.

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CHINA FOR THE CHINESE

There is civil war in China. There has often been rebellion in China, but never before in that country have rebels captured territory whose people number fifteen hundred thousand people.

The cause of the present rebellion is the persistent, if often passive, insurrection, now two and a half centuries old, of the pure Chinese against the Manchus who in 1644 set up their dynasty, supplanting the Chinese Mings. "Down with the Manchus!" has been the watchword of secret political societies, from the "White Lilies" in the seventeenth century to the "Triads" and "Swords" of our own time. For, no matter how cleverly the Manchus have given more and more of the duties and honors of administration into the hands of the Chinese, and no matter how much the Chinese may have absorbed the Manchus, the humiliation to the Chinese remains. Their Emperor is a foreigner, their Imperial city is garrisoned by a Manchu force!

In common with the Oriental movement, the results of which are patent in Japan, India, Persia, and Turkey, so in China a self-assertive nationalism has been steadily growing. A recent sign of it in China has been the cutting off of queues—that badge of vassalage to the Manchus—by large numbers of Chinese. The queue, originally accepted by the Chinese because they could not help themselves, had become to them a not altogether unwelcome sign of nationalism, distinguishing them from the Manchus. Short hair has now been made the distinguishing mark of the Chinese revolutionists; the rebel leaders have given the male inhabitants of Wuchang, Hankow, and Hanyang until October 22 to cut off their queues. This means that those refusing to cut their queues will lose their heads! The expression of nationalism in the present rebellion is, of course, what it long has been, namely, that Chinamen shall be governed by a Chinese, not by a Manchu, Emperor. The rebellion's main aim, therefore, is to overturn the present dynasty.

The newspapers report that the rebels' next aim is to establish a republic. This is doubtless true of certain extremists. But the great body of Progressives, we believe, know that China is not ripe for a republic. From the days of Pang Ku—who may have antedated Noah!—to our own day the patriarchal-monarchical system has not been altered. It is now being modernized, it is true, but not in the direction of a republic. It is being modernized in the direction of a constitutional monarchy. Incredibly fast for otherwise sluggish China, so it seems to us, has been the progress towards this end during recent years. In 1905 the Imperial Government sent five high officials to different countries to study the workings of constitutional government. In 1906 an Imperial edict was issued promising a constitutional form of government a dozen years later. In 1907 an edict commanded the establishment of provincial assemblies and an Imperial Council, the latter to be the foundation of a future Parliament. Though a single chamber, it contains the elements of two chambers, the representatives of certain privileged classes being the basis of an upper house, and those from the provincial assemblies that of a lower house. In 1909 twenty-two provincial assemblies met. In 1910 the Imperial Council met. The unexpected freedom of speech and breadth of influence thus revealed only whetted the appetite of the Progressives. Their newspapers expressed dissatisfaction and disappointment at the time which must elapse ere an Imperial Parliament should be summoned. There were republican mutterings. Delegates went to Peking and presented a petition. There was no result. Six months later they presented another petition. It called forth this sign of Imperial life: "We have given unequivocal orders in this matter, and desire not to be vexed with further prayers." Still undismayed, the Progressives four months later presented a third petition, and this time there came the welcome promise that a Parliament would be opened in 1913. But 1913 is not 1911! The Progressive Chinese want their Parliament *now*, and think that the Manchus are delaying it.

In the third place, there is the influence of the *literati*, or educated class, increased each year by stated Government examinations, which must be held no matter what happens. Every civil officer in the Empire must be chosen from the *literati*. The supply has long been far greater than the demand. But there is a double discontent among those without office, because they believe that it is easier for Manchus to secure degrees than it is for the Chinese.

Finally, upon the Manchus the Chinese Progressives blame the unjust taxation and graft, the tampering with the public funds, the present abnormal cost of living, and even the squandering of the native subscriptions to the new railway companies.

What of the future? Unlike previous revolts, this one has had within it an element which signifies real leadership, namely, the gratifying regard so far paid to the safety of the lives and property of foreigners in China. Perhaps this indicates, on the part of the rebel leaders, some recognition of the influence of foreigners in China, as revealed in certain reforms now in operation there. But, whether successful or not, the revolt will, we think, hasten the establishment of representative and constitutional government, and this chiefly because the Peking Government has wisely called to its aid, not a Manchu, but a Chinese, Yuan Shi Kai, commonly accounted the greatest man in China. His acceptance of the task, after his exile by a Manchu dynasty, augurs well not only for his patriotism, but for a continuation of progress. He has consented to take the supreme command of the army, so it is reported, only after being given plenary authority to treat with the rebels as he chooses, and he has already promised them, it is added, a convening of Parliament for next year. If this should come true, China will have made in one week of this latest revolt more progress than in all the Boxer, Taiping, and other rebellions put together.

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WHAT ABOUT THE TRUSTS?

On another page we give an account of some of the proceedings last week in the course of enforcing the Sherman Anti-Trust Law. It is not at all contradictory to approve the spirit of law enforcement that is behind such proceedings and at the same time to hold that the Anti-Trust Law itself, even when enforced, does not, and will not, solve the trust problem. There are signs that public sentiment throughout the country is coming to this twofold and perfectly consistent conclusion.

There are three policies with regard to the great corporations.

One may be termed the policy of Non-Action. Leave business alone, say those who advocate this policy, and let business adjust itself, limited only by economic laws of supply and demand and by the common law. This was virtually the policy for which Mr. Parker, as Democratic candidate, stood seven years ago. It is a policy that is virtually abandoned except by a very small and uninfluential minority.

The second policy may be termed that of Extirpation. Crush all big combinations that threaten to be monopolistic, say those who advocate this policy, and solve the trust question by extirpating those concerns that are dangerous by virtue of mere bigness. This is virtually Mr. Bryan's policy. It was rejected at the last Presidential election. Nevertheless, there are indications that a great body of voters, not only Democrats of the Bryan wing of the party, but also Republicans who call themselves and are in general Progressive, are strongly inclined to this policy. The organ of the Progressive Republicans of California has virtually committed itself to the Bryan doctrine of getting back to what it calls "competition and a free market."

The third policy may be termed that of Regulation. The flagrant evils and abuses of great combinations, say those who advocate this policy, should be defined by law and punished; but mere bigness that threatens to become monopoly cannot be treated as a crime; it must be treated as we treat natural monopolies, by giving to the Government power to rule and control. Such power must be exercised through a well-organized administrative body. It will not be merely negative, remaining latent until abuses arise and then being employed to cure them; but rather will be positive and constructive, being employed to make plain in advance what business practices are legitimate, so that no abuses will arise. This is the policy which The Outlook believes must ultimately prevail.

The real issue at present is between the policy of Extirpation and the policy of Regulation. We believe that Governor Wilson has voiced a growing feeling in expressing dissent from the President's view that the present Anti-Trust Law makes perfectly clear what is legal and what is illegal in business combinations. We still more strongly believe that the Republican Progressives at Chicago were right in urging the enactment of "affirmative legislation."

The trust problem will not even approach solution until administrative power is exercised, not merely in checking wrongs, but in so controlling corporations that they cannot even initiate those practices that bring about the evils of monopoly.

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AN IMPORTANT ELECTION

The voter who thinks that this fall election in New York State is a minor election because only minor offices are to be filled makes a mistake. It is in importance second only to the election of last fall.

Last fall the voters put Tammany Hall and Mr. Murphy in control of the State. That control was modified by the refusal of some independent Democrats in both Assembly and Senate to take their orders from Mr. Murphy, by the independent action of the Governor at certain critical times, and by the decision of the Court of Appeals holding two provisions of the Levy law unconstitutional. What Tammany control thus modified has done we told our readers last week. What it will do if its power is confirmed this fall it is hard to foretell. Certainly it will, if it can, pass the undemocratic charter for New York City, leave unaltered a direct primary law contrived to give as much power as possible to the boss and as little as possible to the people, and enact a measure as near the annulled provisions of the Levy law as the Constitution will permit. More than that, it will definitely substitute Tammany for the Legislature as the lawmaking power in the State. And, more than that, it will give Mr. Murphy control of the New York delegation in the next Democratic Presidential Convention, and go far toward enabling him to dictate the nomination.

Already every Assemblyman who refused to obey Murphy's orders has been refused renomination wherever Murphy's power is recognized.

There is one way to insure the defeat of this attempt to put the Old Man of the Sea on the shoulders of the Democratic party in the State, and so on the shoulders of the State itself; this is for independent Democrats and independent Republicans to get together. No formal fusion is necessary. Wherever the assembly district is normally Democratic, let Republicans vote for an independent Democrat if there is one in the field; wherever it is normally Republican, let independent Democrats vote for the Republican candidate; and wherever the district is doubtful, let the independent Democrats and the Republicans by common agreement vote for the strongest anti-Tammany man.

Shall the city of New York govern itself, or shall it be governed by a secret political club? is a question with which the citizens of New York City are familiar. A similar question now arises to be decided by a larger constituency. Shall the State of New York govern itself, or shall it be governed by a secret political club? is the question on which the people of the State of New York are to vote in November.

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"STICK TO THE BIBLE"

The "Survey" of September 30 publishes an article by Rabbi Rudolph I. Coffee, of the Tree of Life Synagogue of Pittsburgh, from which we clip the following paragraph:

> When Judge William E. Dickson, of Cincinnati, issued an order recently which halted the criminal proceedings against "Boss" Cox of that city, the local ministers criticised the action of the jurist. He replied with much heat that "ministers should stick to their Bible," and leave legal matters in the hands of the lawyers and judges, where they rightly belong; that ministers should confine their remarks to religion, and not meddle in outside affairs.
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> Such a statement is an insult to every earnest clergyman in this land. Had an ignorant person made the remark, we could overlook it, but coming from a professional man, and one of supposed judicial mind, the words merit our strongest criticism.

The Outlook does not know the facts, and therefore expresses no judgment upon the question whether the criticisms of the local ministers on the action of Judge Dickson were just and temperate or not, but it wishes emphatically to indorse the doctrine of the able article by Rabbi Coffee. That article is naturally based wholly on the teaching of the Old Testament; it might have been equally well based on the teaching of the New Testament. There is corruption in the American governments, municipal, State, and Federal, and there have been times when the courts, instead of protecting the community against the corruptionists, have protected the corruptionists against the just indignation of the community. Whenever this occurs, ministers who denounce the corruption and criticise the courts are sticking to their Bible and teaching religion.

The Jewish people were peculiar among the peoples of antiquity in that they looked to the future, not to the past, for their Golden Age. They anticipated the time when war would cease, the instruments of war would be transformed into the instruments of industry, agriculture would prosper, justice would be based on the universal conscience, not on force, despotism would cease, education would become universal, and wealth would be so equably distributed that every man would have some share in the earth's surface and would sit under his own vine and fig tree. This good time coming was termed the Kingdom of God. To proclaim this Golden Age and to prepare for it was a specific function of the Jewish religion.

When Jesus Christ came, his message to the people was that this Kingdom of God is at hand. You have not, he told the people, to wait for it to be brought to you; reach out your hand, open the door, and enter in. The burden of his preaching was to show his hearers that this Kingdom of God depended, not upon a revolution to be wrought by supernatural powers, but upon human character rightly developed. He compared it, therefore, to a seed growing secretly; to a tree growing to great dimensions and furnishing shade for the cattle and shelter for the singing birds; to a field in which tares and wheat grow up together, the tares to be eventually plucked out. It was to be accomplished by human endeavor, and it was to cost something to the men who accomplished it. It was thus like a field which a farmer sows, like a net which fishermen cast into the sea, like a pearl of great price, to possess which the discoverer sold all that he had, like a treasure which he found in the field and dug up by his own unaided endeavor. It was a Kingdom not reserved for a future state; it was in this world, and he taught his disciples to pray "Thy Kingdom come, thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven." Paul defined it in four words: righteousness, peace, joy, holiness of life. Wherever these exist, there is the Kingdom of Heaven; wherever these are wanting, there the Kingdom of Heaven is yet to be achieved. Two men are working in the same field; one is in the Kingdom, the other is not. Two children are in the same home; one is in the Kingdom, the other is not. Two companions sit side by side in the same pew of the same church; one is in the Kingdom, the other is not. John was in the Kingdom, Judas was not. You are not to look, said Jesus, for the coming of the Kingdom with great show; the Kingdom of Heaven is within you.

This was the burden of Christ's message.

He had very little to say about the future life; either about a heaven or about a hell. Our pictures of heaven and hell are mainly derived, not from the teachings of Jesus Christ, but partly from the Book of Revelation, and partly from mediæval theology, which was a curious admixture of Christian and pagan philosophy. From this amalgam the Church is not yet wholly emancipated. But it is not the Christianity of Jesus Christ. Its future celestial Kingdom is not the Kingdom of Heaven of which Jesus Christ spoke. Its message of salvation from a future hell is not the message which Jesus Christ gave to his disciples. The message which he gave to them was, "Preach that the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand; heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, cast out devils, raise the dead." His commission to his disciples he illustrated by his own practice. He gave cheer to the discouraged, hope to the repentant and remorseful, a new door of life to those who were well-nigh dead in despair, and at the same time he rebuked with unsparing invectives the men who were oppressing their fellow-men and covering their selfish lives with a mantle of false devotion, the men who devoured widows' houses and for a pretense made long prayers.

To bring about on this earth a society which is dominated by the spirit of justice (that is, of the Golden Rule), which is bound together by the bands of good fellowship in social peace, harmony, and co-operation; a society from which the needless woes which injustice and warring selfishness bring upon the earth are excluded and in which happiness is universal—a happiness which even irradiates the inevitable sorrows of an earthly life; and to have justice, peace, and universal welfare built upon holiness, that is, the devotion of individual lives to this Kingdom of God: this is, or should be, the object of the Christian church and the Christian minister. Whenever the minister is rebuking injustice in high places, veiled under respectable conventional forms, whenever he is proving himself a peacemaker by bringing together the hostile factions and forces of society or by rebuking the strife which selfishness and jealousy and envy bring into society, whenever he is contending against the forces of sensuality and greed which are destructive of universal welfare, he is preaching religion and sticking to his Bible. Whenever he is pointing out to his congregation what righteousness means, or should mean, to courts of justice and the rulers of the city, the State, or the Nation; whenever he is explaining what the Golden Rule requires of the employer to the employed and the employed to the employer, of the mistress to her servant and the servant to her mistress, of the white race to the black race and the black race to the white race; whenever he is showing how, by the spirit of good will intelligently employed, peace can be promoted between employer and employed, class and class, race and race, nation and nation; whenever he is pointing out how the true welfare of every man depends on the welfare of his fellow-man, and the real happiness of one can never be secured at the expense of the happiness of another, he is preaching religion and sticking to his Bible. And whenever he is forgetful or neglectful of the needs of the present time, of the duties which man owes to his fellow-man, of justice, peace, and universal welfare in human society, of the Kingdom of God on the earth, and is endeavoring to atone for his neglect by preaching a theology which has nothing to do with this life, and by holding out the hope of another world in place of accepting and making this world worth living in, he is preaching something else than religion and is abandoning his Bible.

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SHAM PATRIOTISM

Religion suffers most from the sentimentalism of silly people, the stupidity of ignorant partisans, and the hypocrisies of the insincere and dishonest, who use it as a cloak or an advertising medium; and next to religion patriotism suffers most from the foolish, the ignorant, and the schemers and advertisers. When one considers the vast amount of buncombe and humbug that is inflicted on the world as love of country, one recalls Dr. Johnson's famous definition of patriotism as "the last refuge of a scoundrel." When a man loudly professes his devotion to the country in season and out of season, he will bear watching; there is something suspiciously commercial in his vociferous declarations of love. Love is in part a matter of words, but not of rhetoric; and the evidence of love is found in deeds, not in language. The traitor, the time-server, the self-seeker, are always generous with lip service, but when sacrifice and courage are demanded they are conspicuously absent.

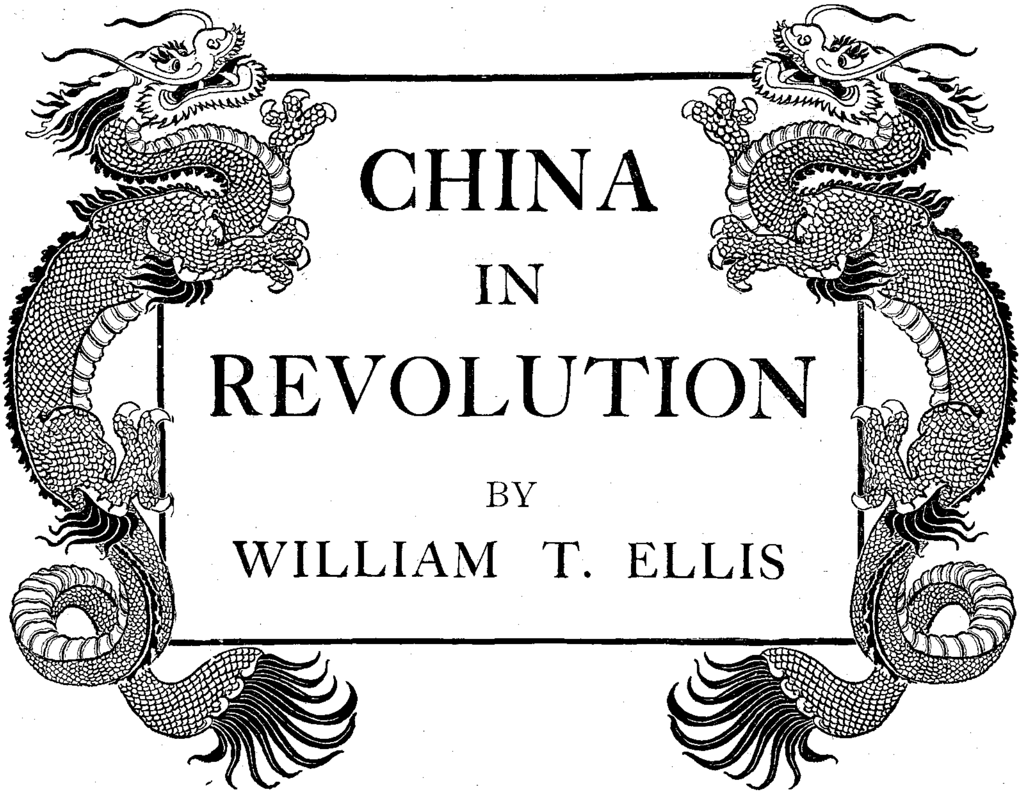
There is a considerable class of public men to whom the People are so dear that they never tire of lavishing words of affection on them; but their language is a tide which rises to the flood only when they want the people to do something for them. If a rule were adopted by the House of Representatives that devotion to the country and love of the people would be assumed on the part of every member, and that, these things being taken for granted, the House might proceed to business, what a blessed silence would descend on a body of long-suffering working members, and how greatly the "Congressional Record" would be abbreviated!

Among the most tiresome profaners of the great and noble passion of patriotism are those Bourbon partisans who are always fighting the battles of the past in the spirit of the past; who keep the old bitterness alive after all the conditions which explained and humanized the bitterness have passed away. The men who fought the battles for the Union from 1861 to 1865 were heroes; the men who fight those battles to-day are either belated warriors who, like the Spartans at Marathon, have arrived too late to share in the danger and are striving to throw a veil of forgetfulness over their absence by sharing in the glory, or gentlemen who have gone into the business of politics with insufficient capital and are making large drafts on the accumulated achievements of the past. The real lover of the Union does not spend his time and exhaust his hearers by denouncing the Southern Confederacy; he devotes himself to giving a reunited country sound legislation. The battles of the war between the States were fought long ago; the torn flags are in places sacred to great memories; the bitterness engendered by half a century of fundamental differences has evaporated in the clear air of mutual understanding; when a belated patriot begins to denounce the Confederacy, the country not only turns a deaf ear, but it is distinctly and obviously bored.

The cheap patriotism which expresses its devotion by denouncing other countries is equally offensive. The wearisome reiteration of the statement that this is the greatest country in the world is heard no more; either people have at last convinced themselves that it is true, or the phrase has become so smooth by use that it slips through the air without being heard. But the patriot who breathes fire and slaughter when England or Germany is named is still with us. His function is, not to watch mischief at home, but to keep an eagle eye on the effete monarchs who conspire against popular institutions and compass heaven and earth to destroy the land of the free and the home of the brave. These gentlemen are often heard on foreign shores, where their lack of the courtesy which visitors owe to the country which entertains them is heightened by the loudness of their tones. To exalt one's family by insulting one's neighbors has never been a successful method of establishing one's superiority.

Then there is the patriot who believes that, while America should be exploited abroad, other peoples should obliterate themselves on our own soil. This state of mind was well illustrated a few summers ago when the presence of a British flag on a small boat in a small harbor on the northeastern coast was resented as an affront to the country; in another case a party of cheap and ill-bred Americans drove through the streets of a Canadian city with the British flag wound around a wheel of their automobile. That these people were not mobbed was a striking evidence of that regard for law and order in Canada which was praised by a writer in The Outlook not many weeks ago. In the streets of many American cities an insult to the flag so gross would have evoked protest of the most practical and violent kind. There are some Americans who think that a free-born patriot vindicates his rights by disregarding the usages and customs of other countries, but who is outraged the moment a foreigner treats home usages and customs with the same freedom. The man who would not tolerate a hat on the head of a Mussulman in a church in America is indignant when he is obliged to remove his shoes before entering a mosque!

The price of freedom is a considerable margin of lawlessness and eccentricity, and it is inevitable that a passion at once so noble and so easily imitated for commercial purposes as patriotism should suffer all kinds of perversion and prostitution in a population of ninety millions of people who are in process of being educated in freedom. What the country needs is veneration for the flag which stirs the heart rather than moves the tongue, love of country which honors its greatness more than its bigness and talks of its responsibilities rather than of its achievements, and a thought of its mission large enough to hold it in brotherly relations with all other peoples.



CHINA IN REVOLUTION

BY

WILLIAM T. ELLIS

A FEW days ago I watched a New York young man open his morning paper. On the left hand side of the first page was a two-column scare head concerning the revolt in China. With a clearly perceptible grimace of disgust, the youth quickly turned to what he esteemed the really important news of the day, another first-page double-column scare head concerning the first game of the world's baseball championship series, to be played that afternoon. His view was evidently the popular one, for on the days following baseball held the first page, while China retreated to the inside pages, single-column heads. What matter though the central part of the largest and oldest empire on earth was in the throes of internal war, with great cities being taken captive and the dead piling up in heaps? And if hundreds of American lives were in the danger zone, and valuable American properties threatened, and the existence of an ancient dynasty and order of civilization menaced, who cares, when the fate of the World Series is in the balance?

One of the reasons for this disproportionate emphasis of relative news values is the fact that America has never taken China very seriously. It has thought of the country in terms of the Chinese laundryman. The "queerness" of China—its pigtails, and strange culinary taste, and unoccidental dress, and reverence for the dead, and its inverted way of doing things—have principally appealed to the superficial American interest. Not one man in a hundred has the least idea of what all the present disturbance is about; much less does he know that this turmoil is one phase of an epoch in human history. Yet such it is. Back of the apparent facts lie certain broad, general factors which must be recognized before the present conditions become intelligible. An overturn of the Government in Hayti means comparatively little, since Hayti is only Hayti; but a national transformation in China is of first importance, because China is China.

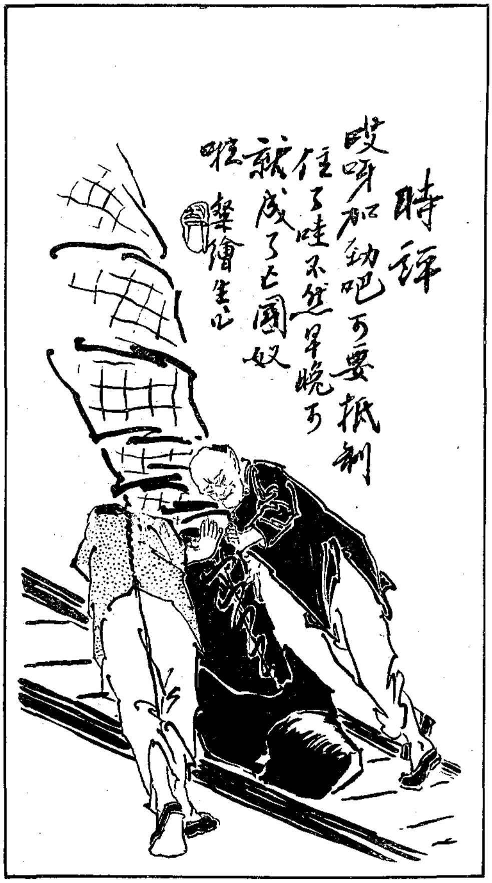
The age of China is so great that the beginnings are lost in the mists of antiquity. It was probably old when Egypt was young. China was China when Abraham went out from Ur of the Chaldees and became the founder of a new nation. Beyond all question, China is the oldest living nation, and the most homogeneous as well. Says Captain Brinkley: "No other nation with which the world is acquainted has been so constantly true to itself; no other nation has developed a civilization so completely independent of any extraneous influences; no other nation has elaborated its ideals in such absolute segregation from alien thought; no other nation has preserved the long stream of its literature so entirely free from foreign affluents; no other nation has ever reached a moral and national elevation comparatively so high above the heads of contemporary states." The wonder of this self-containedness is increased by the immensity of the population, which is now reckoned at about three hundred and fifty millions. The human bulk of China is matched by her majestic territory of four and a half million square miles, isolated from the remainder of the earth on all sides except the north by huge mountain ranges and by the ocean. In its splendid isolation this self-sufficient nation has developed a persisting type of character which almost justifies it in regarding as "Western barbarians" all Europeans whose forebears were painted savages centuries after China had attained her golden age of philosophy.

The sages, rather than the kings, have shaped China. The teachings of Confucius, who lived in the sixth century before Christ, expounded a moral philosophy and a scheme of human government which, roughly speaking, made China. His "five relations" have fixed the social order; these are the relations of ruler and his officials, husband and wife, father and son, elder and younger brother, and friend and friend. These account for the formalism and fidelity of social ties in China, and for the complete subordination of the individual. Filial piety is the cardinal virtue. The Emperor, who is the "Son of Heaven," is an absolute autocrat, because the people stand toward him in the relation of children to parent. The system of government is thoroughly patriarchal. Through all storms and stress, this doctrine has held the *literati* loyal to the throne, and has furnished, down to recent days, sublime instances of devotion. Confucius is the Atlas who has borne the "Middle Kingdom" upon his shoulders. And Confucius kept his own face, and the faces of his people, turned toward the past. The colossal conservatism of China is directly traceable to the sage's teaching concerning the "good old days" and the rights of the dead.

Chinese society is blocked off into sharply defined groups, although there has always been a strange and democratic freedom of ascent and descent for the individual of conspicuous force or weakness. There is no rigid caste system, as in India. First in the social order comes the scholar, who generally is an official; second is the farmer, because food comes next to mind; third is the mechanic, for shelter ranks next to food, and the builder follows the provider; fourth is listed the merchant, a non-producing trafficker in other men's creations; and last and lowest on the list stands the soldier, who is a mere consumer and destroyer. China knew millenniums ago what modern political economists are to-day emphasizing concerning the waste of war. The Chinese have always been a peaceable people; the long sleeves of the men, covering the hand, show how little provision has been made in this civilization for the wielding of weapons.

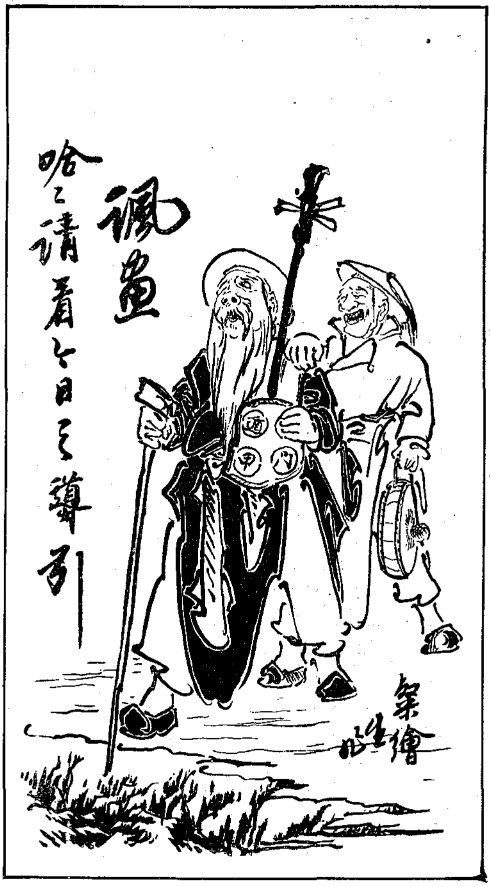
The physical vitality of the Chinese is famous. They are history's shining example of the survival of the fittest. A Chinese can live on less, and work harder and longer, amid conditions of deepest poverty, than any other man on earth. The Indian is as poor, but not as efficient, as the Chinese. The endurance, the industry, the thrift, and the inextinguishable vitality of the Chinese people must figure largely in any account of their future. The last word in all national problems is the character of the people. In the face of diplomatic and governmental defeats during the past few decades the Chinese have won great, though little recognized, victories through the sheer blood, muscle, and nerve of the unconsidered common people, whose migrations have thwarted Japanese immigration into Manchuria, have foiled Great Britain's plans in Tibet and have moved down as a peaceful army of occupation upon her Indian borders, have brought prosperity to the Straits Settlements, and have sent a steady stream of gold back into China from North and South America, South Africa, and the coasts of Asia. There are nine million Chinese at present residing outside of Chinese dominions—more than twice the number of all the Manchus who rule the Empire. This dispersion has prospered in all climates, and has proved that the Chinese are equal to all industrial and commercial opportunities.

Despite their solidarity, the Chinese people as a whole have been conspicuously lacking in the quality which the Western world knows



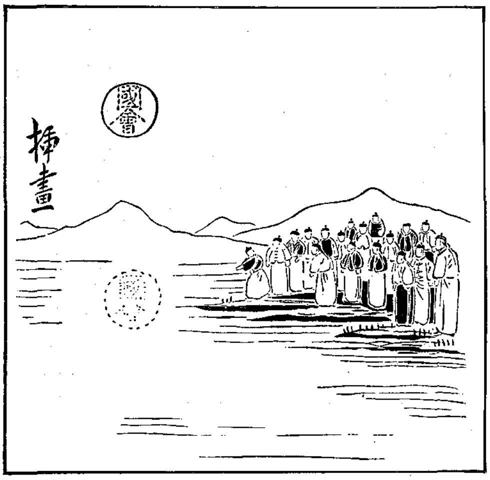
FOREIGN LOANS

China · "We must not allow the foreign foot to stand upon our railways"



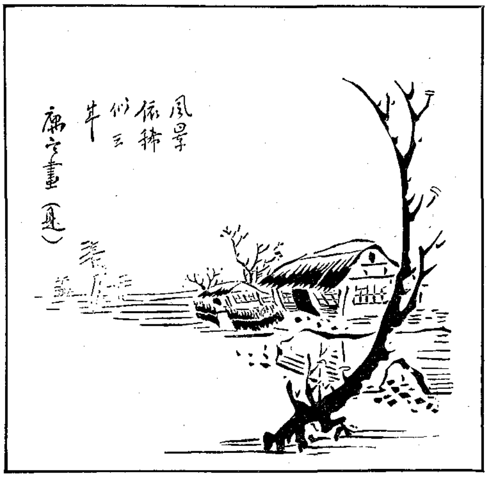
CHINA'S DARKNESS

"The fortune-tellers are the guides and leaders of the people, who leave everything to fate"



PARLIAMENT

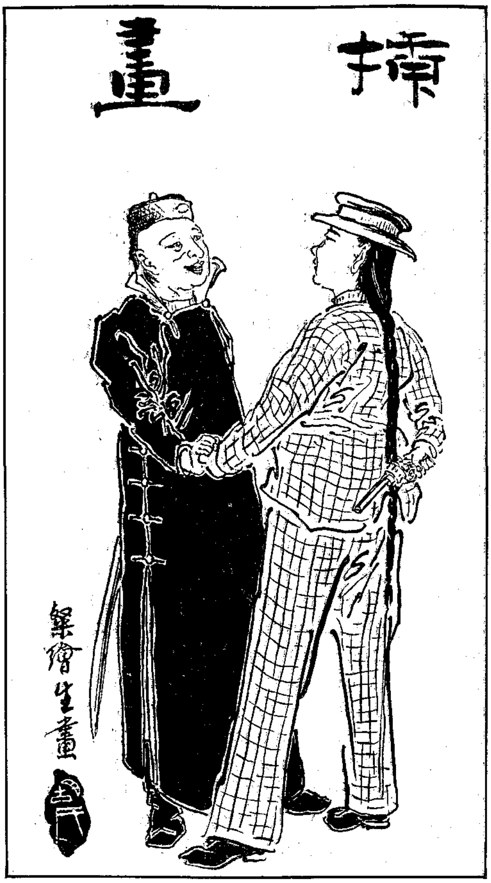
"A parliament to China is like a moon's reflection in water—it is not a thing that can be got actually"



REFORM DELAYED

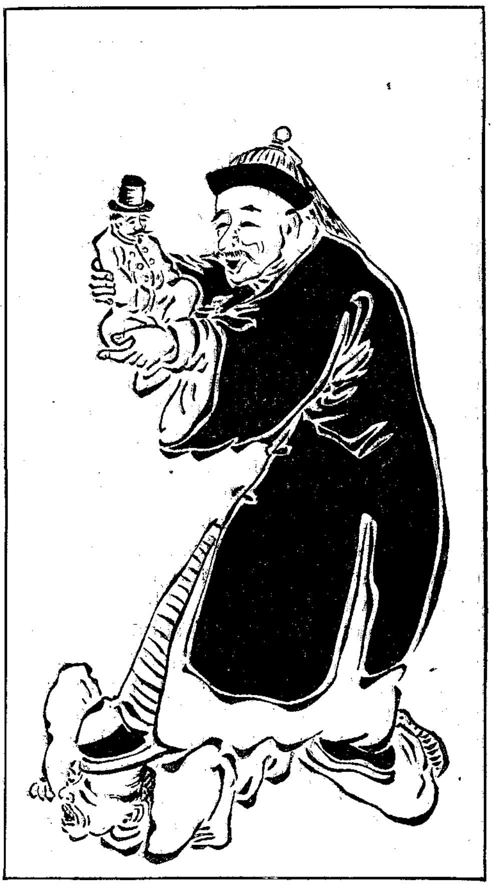
'The prospect in China this year is the same as last"

THE PRESENT SITUATION IN CHINA



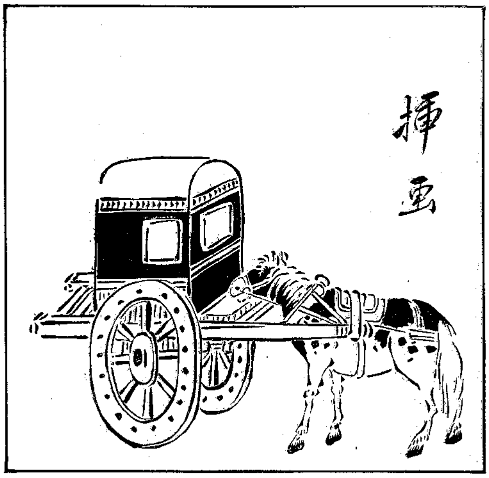
REVOLUTIONARY TIMES

"In these days, when two men shake hands they have pleasant enough faces, but each carries a pistol behind his back"



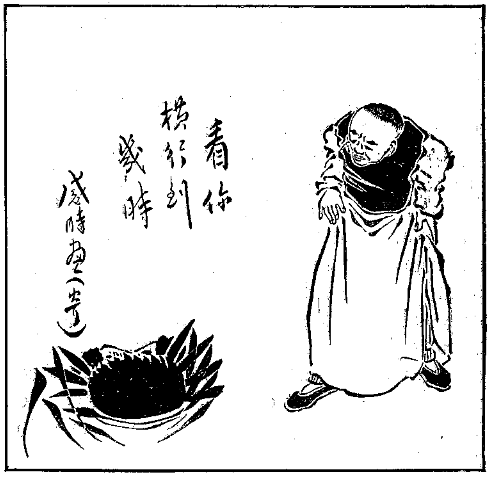
FAVORITISM TO FOREIGNERS

"Our officials take foreigners in their arms, but stamp upon their own people"



"ALL IS THUS"

That is, the cart before the horse



"SIDE-STEPPERS"

"Officials are shifters, like crabs, moving sideways"

AS THE NATIVE NEWSPAPERS SEE IT

as patriotism. The vivacious Abbé Huc relates an incident illustrative of this which occurred on the main road from Peking, in 1851. He was in company with some Chinese citizens in an inn, when he tried to create a discussion over the problems of the succession to the vacant throne. The death of the Emperor and the selection of his heir would naturally appear to be of greatest interest to all the people. The adroit missionary tried by all his wiles to call forth opinions. He reports: "But to all our suggestions they replied by shaking their heads, puffing out whiffs of smoke, and taking great gulps of tea. This apathy was really beginning to provoke us, when one of these worthy Chinese, getting up from his seat, came and laid his two hands on our shoulders in a manner quite paternal, and said, smiling rather ironically: 'Listen to me, my friend. Why should you trouble your heart and fatigue your head by all these vain surmises? The mandarins have to attend to affairs of state; they are paid for it. Let them earn their money, then. But don't let us torment ourselves about what does not concern us. We should be great fools to want to do political business for nothing.' 'That is very conformable to reason,' cried the rest of the company; and thereupon they pointed out to us that our tea was getting cold and our pipes were out."

Such was China little more than ten years ago, and such, in charcoal sketch, is the background of the present revolt and transformation in the Celestial Kingdom. Every statesman of modern times has perceived the immensity of this world problem. Napoleon is reported to have said: "There sleeps China! God pity us if she awakes. Let her sleep!" The commonest figure of speech concerning the Empire has been that of a sleeping giant; "the awaking of China" is a stereotyped phrase.

Now it is a commonplace to say that China is awake. She has been aroused by the drums of war, a sound anciently held in contempt. The swift and businesslike thrashing which Japan gave her in 1894 set old China to rubbing her eyes in the semi-somnolence which precedes awaking. It needed the Boxer holocaust of 1900, which was old China's last attempt to live up to her own belief in herself, to bring full realization. To that madness the nation was driven by many acts of oppression or injustice at the hands of foreigners; and China's side of the case has hardly been stated yet. Certainly if occasion was needed to deepen and intensify the hostility to the "Western barbarians" it was given by the unrecorded punishments which the Powers visited upon China for her foolish and futile attempt to defy civilization. The vengeance that was taken by the Christian soldiers made the whole nation "eat bitterness," since practically all the national, official, family, and personal sanctities were violated by the avenging allies. That experience taught China to fear the Westerner, if not to like him; and that is the primary reason why such excessive precautions have been taken by the revolutionists in the present disturbances to protect foreign lives and property. Nobody in China wants to see the ghastly days of the foreigners' sway at Peking come again.

Chinese fashion, this catastrophe was regarded as a punishment from Heaven upon the nation because of the Manchu rule. The heaped-up disasters of war, partition, indemnities, famines, plague, flood, and high prices were all looked upon in this light. Plainly, Heaven was displeased with the Manchus, and with the nation for enduring them. So the growth of anti-dynastic and anti-foreign feeling spread, prairie-fire fashion. With curious reasoning, the "Western learning" was looked upon with favor, while the Westerner himself grew in disfavor. There has been since the '70's a foreign-trained, progressive leaven in the nation. These men stood for modern education, and for an army and navy equipped and trained according to present-day methods.

Some of these reformers, by no means the ablest, got the ear of the young Emperor in 1898 and prompted him to issue that extraordinary series of reform edicts which led to his imprisonment and practical dethronement by the Empress Dowager, whom he had meant to render helpless. Seeing that the nation was unripe for extreme measures, Yuan Shih Kai, the able head of the army, disclosed the reform plans to the Empress Dowager. This earned him the deathless gratitude of that wonderful woman, and the deathless enmity of the Emperor. So when Tzu Hsi died, three years ago, and the prisoner Emperor strangely passed away at the same time, Yuan Shih Kai was banished from power by the Regent, brother of the late Emperor, who was supposed to have a blood feud with the great viceroy. However, Yuan Shih Kai and his well-paid and well-drilled army have been sorely needed by the Government since then; and now he has been recalled to try to undo the mischief which might never have been done had he remained in power. The popular sympathy was with Yuan Shih Kai, rather than with the Regent.

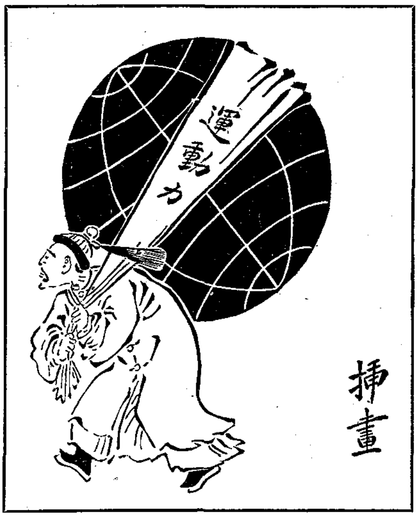
Under the impulse of their new zeal for Western methods the people grew more and more outspoken in their criticism of palace intrigues, government by eunuchs, favoritism, and graft and inefficiency in high places. It became the fashion to criticise the officials. I once heard a young woman—mark you, this was in China!—in a mission school on "exhibition day" make an impromptu address, arraigning the Government and telling what it should do! Americans permit themselves considerable latitude in criticism of their public servants; but the worst of this is mildness as compared with what China has witnessed in increasing volume and virulence of late years. The Japanese-trained students had been marked as excelling in this type of "reform" spirit.

Immediately after the Boxer tragedy the Chinese were in a mood to accept Japan as guide, counselor, and friend. Japan had lately been through the unprecedented process of taking on the Western civilization by wholesale. She was of one blood with her big neighbor, and used the same written language. Japanese museums of Western civilization, displaying "foreign style," from world maps and railway trains to collars and folding beds, were established at central points. Japanese tutors were taken on in large numbers. Students were sent to Tokyo in such a stream that five years ago there were no less than 16,000 in the city at one time. Then came the reaction against Japan, or the revelation. It was found that Japan insisted as strenuously upon her extraterritorial rights and privileges as the Powers of fairer complexion. Thus at Shanghai—for a simple illustration—only the children of foreigners are permitted to play in the public parks. Chinese children are excluded. But the Japanese children insist on being admitted. They are "foreigners," and group themselves with the white races rather than with the yellow. This is fairly typical of Japan's attitude toward China. With extraordinary shortsightedness, she disdained the rôle of brother, for that of a strong and self-seeking alien. Chinese officials have told me that the students in Tokyo were exploited for Japan's own purposes, given a mere smattering of the most superficial Western education and filled with revolutionary ideas. That this is the view of the Peking Government is shown by the fact that the supply of students for Japan was cut off, so that the number at present is somewhere between three thousand and six thousand. America is now given the opportunity that Japan missed.

With or without reason, Japan is the most dreaded and disliked of all the foreign Powers in China. The fear of partition, which haunts aroused China at all times, is a goblin which commonly assumes the shape of a Japanese soldier. There is a suspicion that the present outbreak has been shrewdly engineered by Japan. When I was in China last spring, a report ran through the country that the great Powers had held a secret conference in Paris and decided upon the methods of the partition of China. The effect of the rumor was amazing. I talked with viceroys who were as panic-stricken over the prospect as the students and reformers who were holding mass-meetings and pledging their hearts' blood to the defense of the integrity of the Empire. From Szechuan and Kwantung, from Kansu and Hunan, and most of the other eighteen provinces, frantic messages were sent to Peking, urging defense to the death. The arousal of the nation was such a spectacle as I had never expected to see in China. The report was entirely baseless, and also, responsible Peking officials assured me, of proved Japanese origin, and probably meant as a "feeler;" but it proved alike the credulity and sensitiveness of China at the present moment. Anything may happen at any time—except Japan's old imperial dream of being accepted as the friendly leader of a subservient China.

Hand in hand the thirst for "foreign style" and a quickened national consciousness have gone in China. This latter spirit has shown itself even in Tibet, to the discomfiture of British plans and the exiling of the Dalai Lama. "Rights recovery" has sounded over the land as a slogan; impractical Young China, on its foreign bicycle with an automobile horn, and wearing European shoes and reading European books, has thought that by mere noise it could secure the retrocession of the privileges given to foreigners. Modernized, the nation has been careful to avoid occasions of intervention by the Powers; but it has been at no pains to conceal the anti-foreign spirit which dominates it. It wants the Western ways—hats, shoes, department stores, furniture, phonographs, and what not—without the Western man.

This is especially so in the matter of railways. All China is for railways, minus the foreigner. Two roads have been successfully built and operated by Chinese exclusively—that from Shanghai to Hankow, and the difficult one from Peking to Kalgan—and these achievements have been acclaimed with patriotic fervor. The people themselves undertook to supply money to buy back the railway concessions now in the control of foreigners. But the Government, which has of late been making real reforms in its methods, has seen the need for a stronger hand upon the provinces and for a quicker and more comprehensive building of a railway system. So last summer it boldly took the situation into its own hands, borrowing fifty million dollars for the purpose. This seemed a further truckling to the foreigner, and the clamor which arose, specifically over this point, has eventuated in the present risings which are testing the power of the Central Government.



OFFICIAL RESPONSIBILITY
"Official influence has power to move the whole world"

The taste of liberty given the people has whetted their appetite for more. By Imperial decree of 1908, a constitutional form of government was promised to China, to take effect in 1917; but the steady pressure of the preliminary assemblies has brought this date forward to 1913; and now the reformers demand the immediate convocation of a national Parliament with full constitutional powers. Advisory provincial assemblies opened in 1909, and a National Assembly in Peking in 1910. These became at once the most outspoken organs of reform. They took advantage of anticipated constitutional guarantees of free speech, and there never before was such plain speaking in China. Skeptics had declared that the Chinese had no training for parliaments and self-government; the most prejudiced have been obliged to confess their mistake. Surprising self-restraint and grasp of public business have been displayed by the delegates. I attended the sittings of the Provincial Assembly in Hangchow, and the decorum, seriousness and alertness of the members were exemplary. Outwardly, it was more nearly a model assembly than any session of an American State Legislature of which I have knowledge. The one valid criticism of these assemblies is their rampant anti-Government bias and their desire to bring all changes to pass at once. They would traverse in a year the path which it took Europe centuries to cover. Withal, they effectually prove the public spirit and adaptability of China.

The powers of moral recuperation and self-control of the Chinese have been abundantly shown by the seventy-five per cent reduction in the use of opium and the unquestioned determination to abolish the use of the drug altogether. The prohibition movement in the United States is almost inconsiderable alongside of the Chinese opium reform. So also with the abolition of gambling in Canton. This was a vested right, and a long-intrenched habit. Yet the people gave it up by vote of the Assembly, made effective by viceregal action, and celebrated the victory by a parade which more than a million persons witnessed. The cutting off of the queue, now practically assured, and the equally assured cessation of the practice of foot-binding, are achievements of first significance, especially as illustrating the moral capabilities of the Chinese character. That religious tolerance is likewise in sight is evident from many signs, one being the declaration made to me in Peking a few months ago by an eminent official that he advocates the adoption of Christianity as a national religion. That man is a "heathen," but, like many others in responsible places, he perceives that the restraints and impulses of a vital religion are needed at this critical period by China. He assured me that Taoism and Buddhism are practically dead, and of course Confucianism is not a religion but a system of ethics. Nothing is impossible, not even the official adoption of Christianity, in this day of breaking up in China.

This fundamental change—or is it merely

revelation?—of the Chinese character should be borne in mind. The present outbreaks are not wild and unaccountable frenzy. They are a form of patriotism; misguided, perhaps, but patriotism, none the less. They are the logical and expected development of contributing causes, the chief of which have been outlined in this article. The riots of this year, dating from early spring, in Changsha, Hankow, Canton, and Chengtu, were all symptoms of a nation-wide unrest. In every case they were a reform and nationalistic protest. On every hand I heard, "It needs only the proper leader to bring the revolution to pass." Apparently the revolutionists have now gone ahead without waiting for the expected leader, trusting to their organization. The strength of this latter has proved extraordinary. The surprising fact is that there has as yet been reported no sympathetic outbreak in Canton, since Kwantung province is famous for its revolutionary tendencies. Before the Peking Government recovers control there will be serious times; it may need the specter of foreign invasion to bring the rebels and the authorities to a basis of agreement.

Probably the "revolution" will fail, though its object will be accomplished indirectly. It has not the leadership, which still remains true to the throne. Yuan Shih Kai will wield his old power over a well-paid army, and a genuinely reformed Government in the capital will support him. The charge of his enemies that he means to make himself Emperor—he is a Chinese, and not a Manchu—is probably only evil suspicion. While Yuan Shih Kai is probably in sympathy with the nation in feeling keenly the injustices perpetrated by foreigners, he is yet an enlightened man, and knows that China must get along with her neighbors throughout the world.

Anything is possible to-day in China. The Manchus are by no means sure of their future. One may hear them say that, while they theoretically object to that flaunting evidence of extraterritoriality, the Legation Quarter in Peking, it is a good thing to have it there, and in charge of foreign troops, for in case of trouble it would be a city of refuge for the Emperor and the officials. That state of mind is perhaps typical of China's condition. It must look to the foreigner for help. And for all Americans it is a matter of rejoicing that our Nation, which has never seized a foot of Chinese soil, is looked upon as the special patron, protector, and leader of this ancient people, newly gone to school to the West. The new ideals which to-day master this enormous empire may be broadly described as the American spirit of democracy, human rights, fair play, and equal opportunity.

Chinese Newspaper Cartoons

The cartoons reproduced in connection with this article picture graphically the feelings which have prompted the Chinese rebellion. The native newspaper press from which these cartoons are taken has been created largely by the reform movement, and has grown with its growth. From these cartoons one can learn more readily than in many pages of text what are the grievances which have aroused these naturally unresisting people. Here one sees depicted the resentment at the trickery and imposition of the foreigner, who is a giant's foot to be moved from the Chinese railway; impatience with the officials who, though they are responsible, are crabs that walk backward, fortune-tellers who rely on fate, unfaithful men who stamp on their own countrymen but take foreigners into their arms, incapables who make of the Parliament an unsubstantial reflection in the water; and quiet but biting satire on the confusion and inertia in China, where the cart is before the horse, friends meet prepared to be enemies, the house stands the same from one year to another. These cartoons are from the collection of Mr. Frederick McCormick, who has provided an English paraphrase of the inscriptions upon them.

The Most Wonderful Place in the World

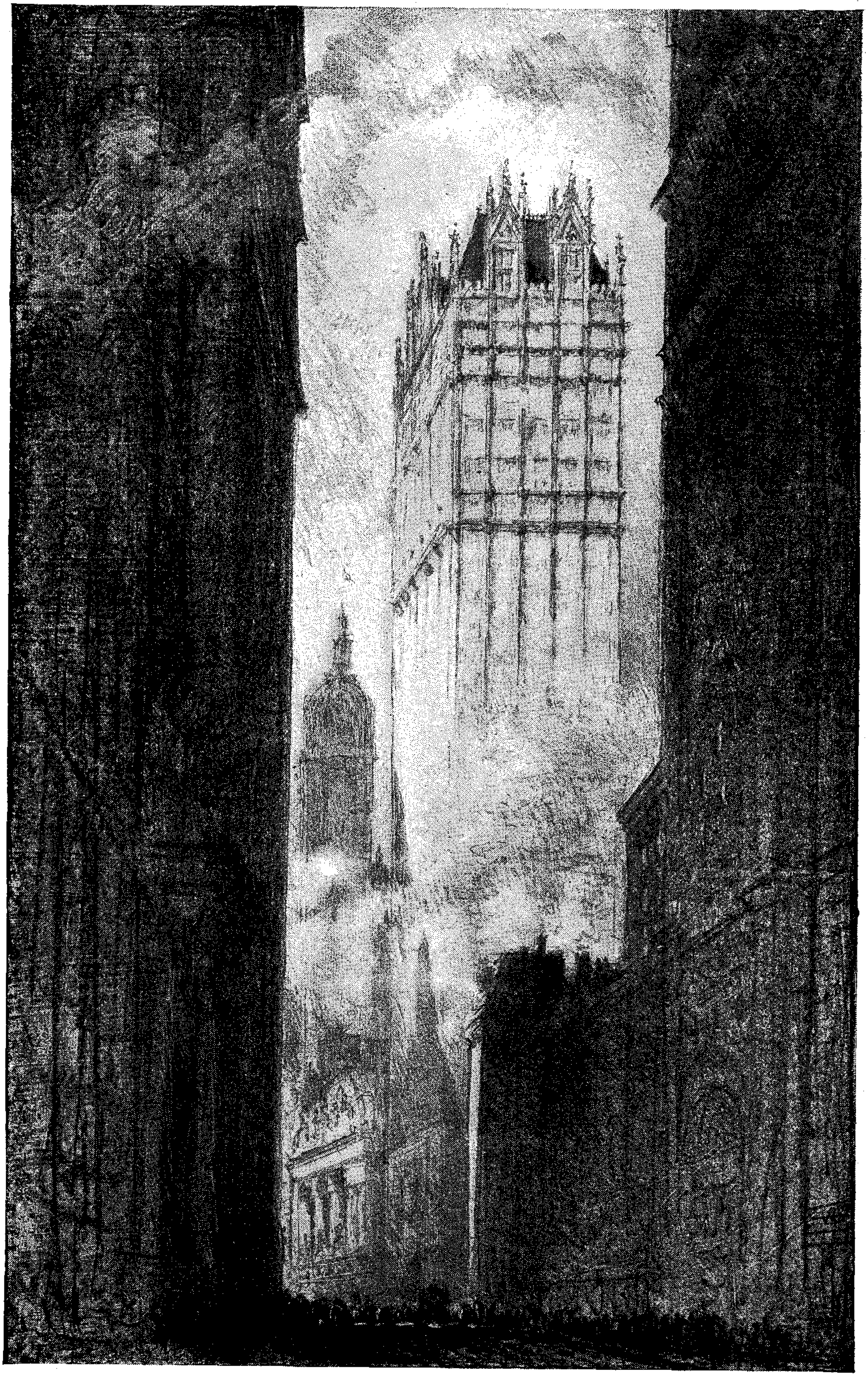
By

Joseph Pennell

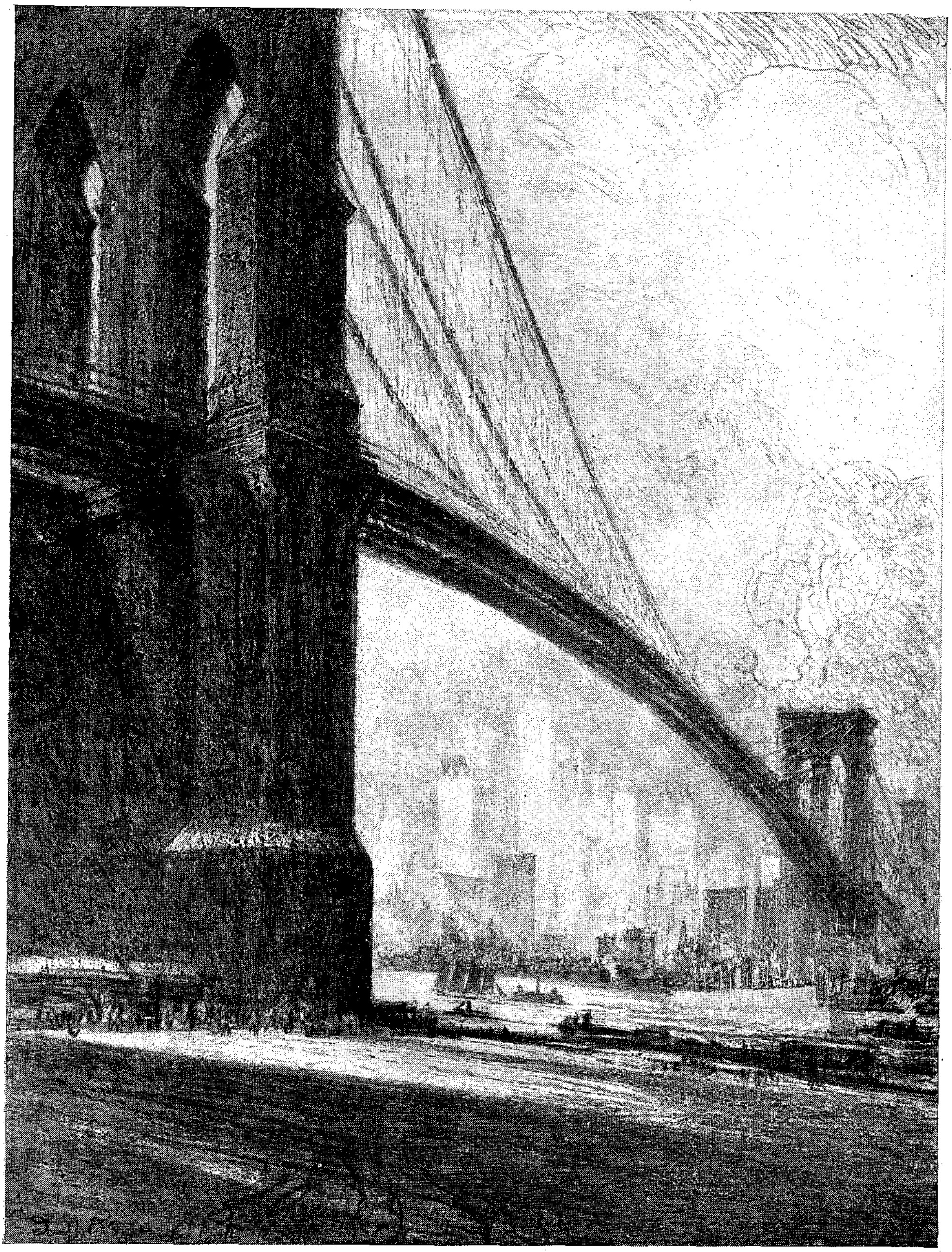
Four Lithographs Drawn for
The Outlook during Mr. Pennell's
recent visit to New York City

◆

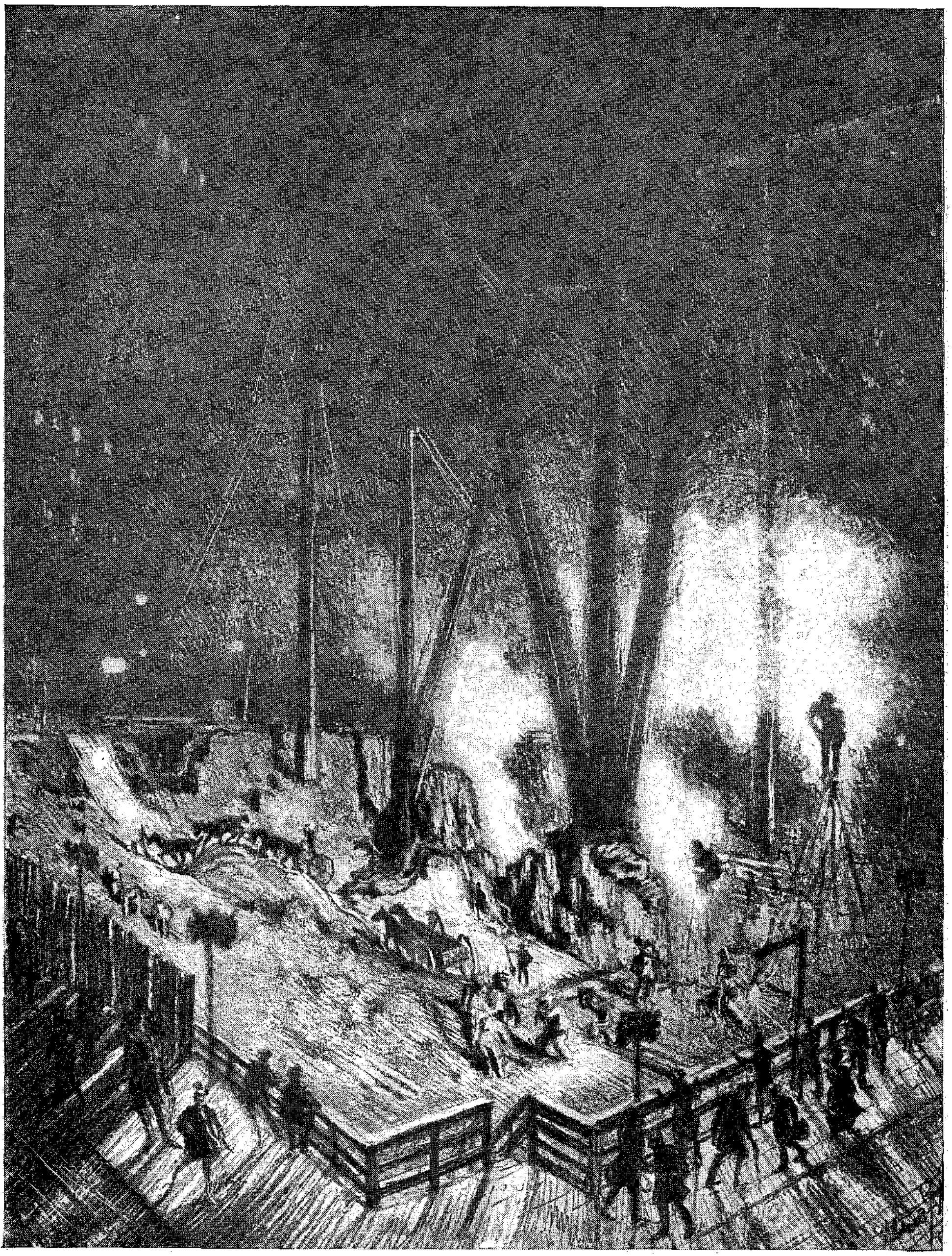
The Tower
The Bridges
The Foundation
The Elevated



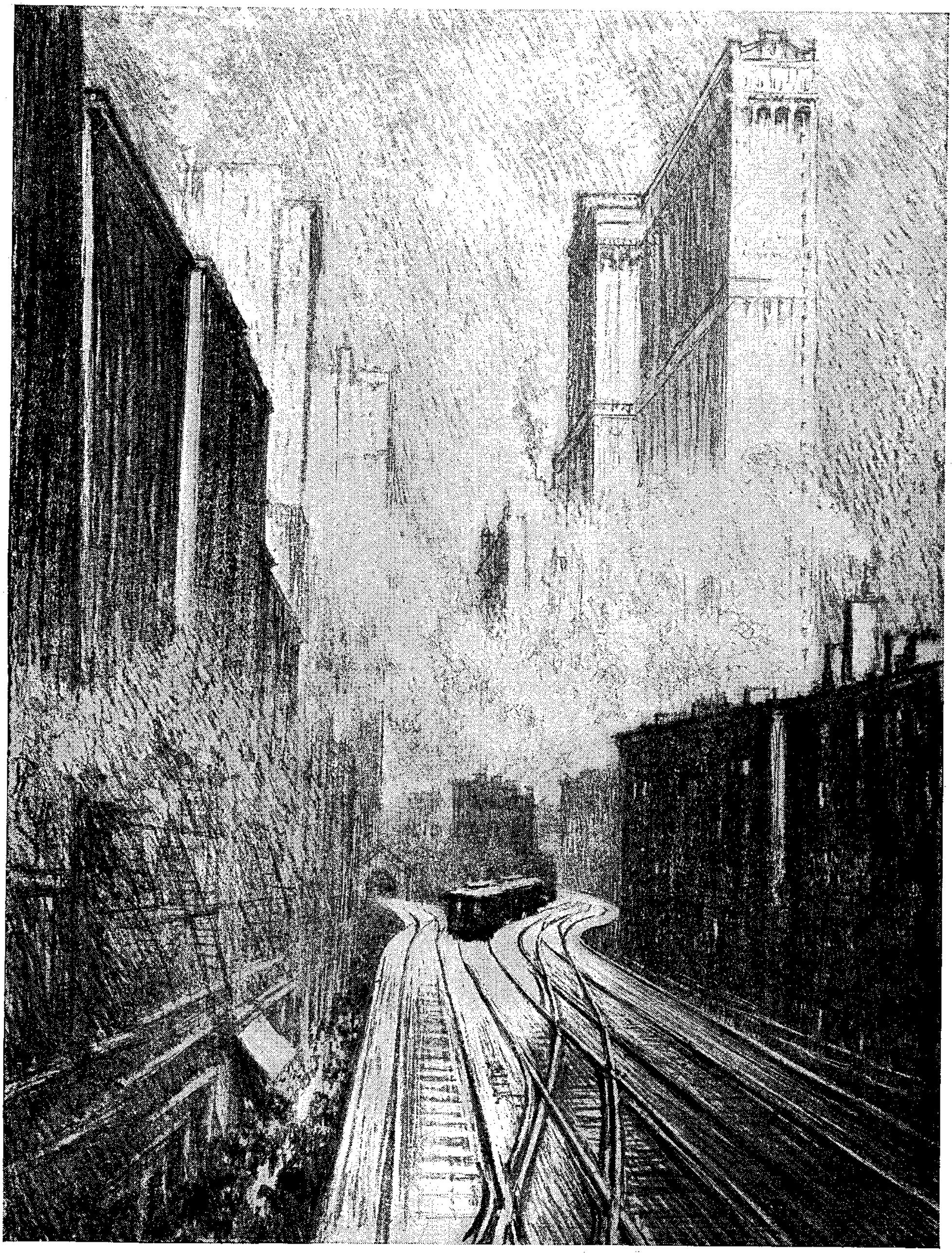
THE TOWER



THE BRIDGES



THE FOUNDATION



THE ELEVATED

פאָרווערטס

"Forward" in Yiddish

Abraham Cahan

Socialist—Journalist—Friend of the Ghetto

By Ernest Poole

With Photographs by Paul Anderson

HE is the editor of a daily Socialist paper, "Die Vorwaerts," printed in Yiddish, in the heart of the New York Ghetto. Within eight years he has forced its circulation to over 113,000. And the story of his struggle to adapt himself and his Socialism to New World conditions has significance for the future America, in which the inpouring millions of foreigners are to play so large a part.

Cahan has been in this country some twenty-eight years. One afternoon, in his office, I found him writing in Yiddish. As I came in the telephone rang, and he turned and spoke in Russian. He talked to me in English. And while he told his story I watched the life on the big open square below, crowded with men, women, and children, many of whom but a few weeks before had come from remote little Old World hamlets. Night drew on. Lights shone from the tall grimy tenements, arc lamps sputtered out over the square. And the push-cart peddlers lighted their torches, long lines of flaring torches. For from stores, sweatshops, and factories through the muddy, narrow streets poured dense, dark human masses—Americans to be.

"I was born in 1860, in Podberezie, a little village of huts and cottages in a country of forests, the province of Wilna, in Lithuania, under Russian rule. In our four-room cottage lived four families. Our family had one room, low-ceilinged, with a huge brick oven. And in this room my father, a Talmudic student, had his little Hebrew school. While he taught his twelve small scholars he used to hold me on his knee, and by the time I was three years old I had learned to spell out the Hebrew words.

"The most intense of my first memories is of Friday, the eve of the Sabbath, when, as the twilight deepened, my father took me on his lap, telling me old legends and crooning ancient Hebrew songs. 'And now,' he would whisper, 'the week with all its evil is gone, all evil thoughts and passions departing, and from heaven the second soul comes fluttering down, to dwell within you on the Sabbath.' Scared and solemn, I would clutch my small breast to feel my second soul come in.

"My father was a dreamer, soulful, deeply emotional. He would sit for hours contented, listening to stories of life in distant lands; he would go without eating to save the few kopecks required for entrance into the synagogue on days when there was music. When I was four years old, he wrapped me in his praying-shawl, as is the Jewish custom, and took me to the *chedar* (Hebrew school) to start my education. Here a spoonful of honey was given me as a symbol of spiritual sweetness. And as the holy book was opened and I read the first letter, 'Aleph,' from above me 'the angel's kopeck' was dropped on my head as a symbol of reward for righteousness. And then suddenly my father broke into sobs. I had entered into the service of God."

The hours were long in this *chedar*. Small as he was, he studied there each morning from nine o'clock until two, then went home to dinner, came back at three, and worked on until eight o'clock each night.

In his sixth year his mother, the practical one in the family, decided to move to the city of Wilna. And there he went to a *yeshiva*, a Hebrew school more advanced than the *chedar*, where, with fifty other boys, he studied under the rabbi. But at thirteen he was hungry to learn more of the world than the rabbi could teach, and so began going in secret each afternoon to a Government school. When his parents learned of this, there was trouble.

"Look at your father!" his mother exclaimed. "He is a mirror in which you can see what you will be if this goes on! Will you spend your whole life in idle dreams and studies and keep your family always poor? Or will you earn your living like a man?"

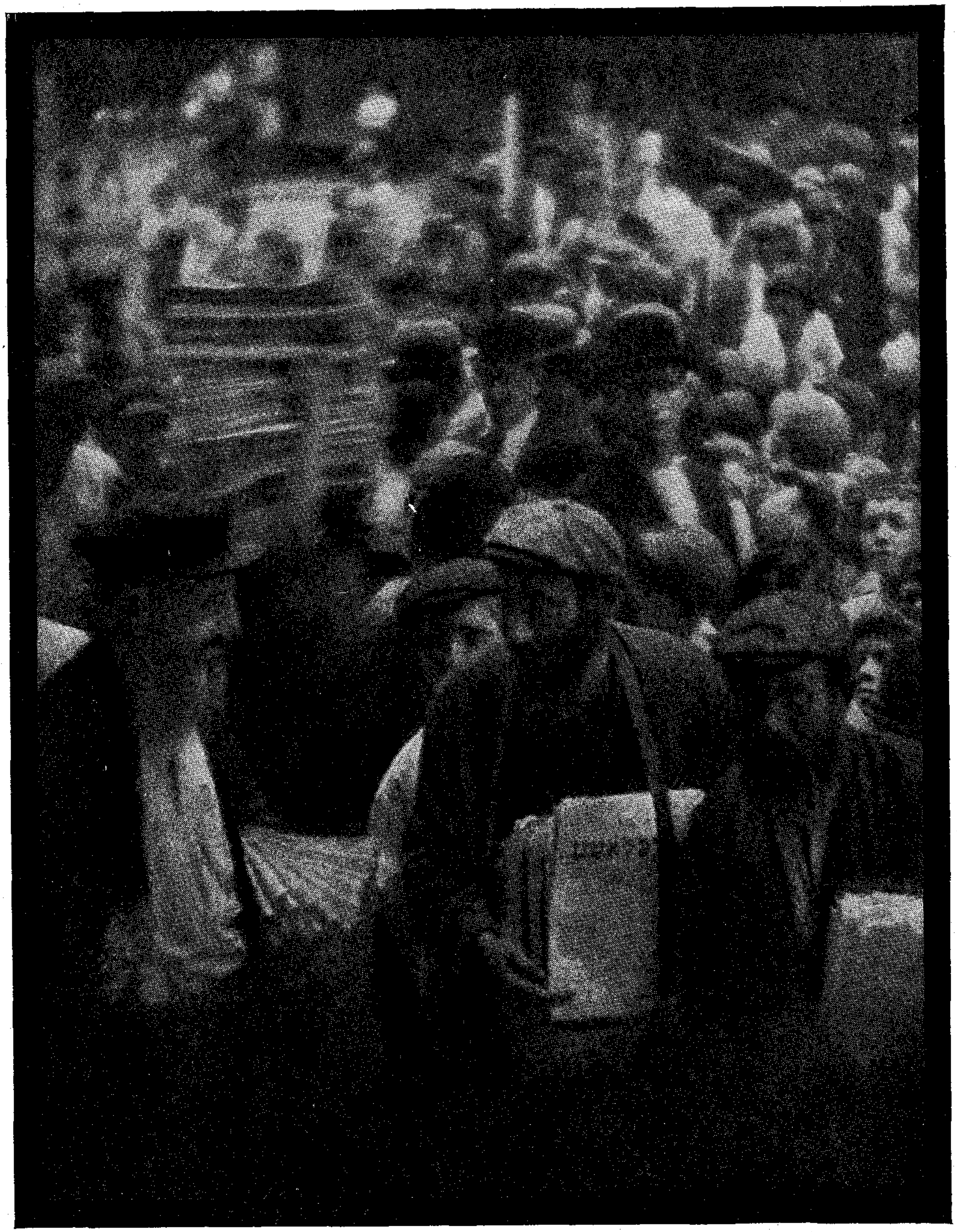
She apprenticed him to a wood-carver in Wilna. But the wood-carver, it seems, was a brute, coarse and foul-mouthed; and on the first day the boy ran home, sobbing, and threatened that he would kill himself if they made him go back. In the end his mother gave in, and he was allowed to go on with his studies. For the next two years he spent his time in Wilna's public library.

"Here I lost my religious faith, and here I became acquainted with the great Russian writers. Turgenev and Tolstoy were my favorites. With a few other youngsters I read all day in the library, and at night we discussed the books we had read. I was fond of talking, and I was forever haranguing the group. We did not read like American boys. Although only about fifteen years old, we read mature novels; not only the novel itself, but books of criticism upon it. And the life it depicted grew intensely real to us. Although these novels dealt with 'Great Russia,' a country hundreds of miles to the north, still we felt ourselves drawn to the Russians. And this made doubly bitter the persecutions and insults to which we were subjected as Jews, especially since it was on the very days of Russian rejoicing, like Easter and Christmas, that my father kept me within the house from fear of Christian violence."

At seventeen he entered a Government Jewish teachers' college, where tuition, board, and lodging were supplied free, and in return he signed a contract providing that for eight years after graduation he would teach in Jewish schools. His teachers there were Gentiles and Jew-haters, and his sufferings were keen. "For the deeper and more intense grew my love of Russia's literature and music, the more of an outlaw I was made to feel. I remember one Russian holiday when, as I walked home, my comrade and I were attacked. I remember his face all covered with blood."

But in his nineteenth year, one day on the street, a young man (who is now a public school principal in New York) silently shoved into his hand an "underground" pamphlet. Intensely excited, Cahan went to his room and there read the pamphlet many times. It was a revolutionist poem by Necrasoff; no great masterpiece, but the fact that it was something forbidden gave it a power over him such as not even Tolstoy had had.

"That night was a turning-point in my life. Until then I had been an outrageous young egotist. But now I began to broaden. I joined a small revolutionist circle made up of students and army officers. Our secret



SELLING "VORWAERTS" IN THE HEART OF THE GHETTO meetings were held in the house of a Gentile, and here for the first time I found Jews and Gentiles together as brothers. Never until now had a Gentile called me by my first name. Here were comradeship, deep, fresh enthusiasm, and a spirit of mutual help and of strict self-denial."

Since the early '40's the idea had been spread by the Russian writers that men of means and education owed their advantages to the peasant, the long-suffering serf on whose bent back rested the whole social structure; and that therefore, since they were supported by his privation and toil, they must repay the debt by using all their talents and powers to better his condition. It was this idea that sent hundreds of educated men and women as teachers to the peasant to show him how to better his life. And when these attempts at education were met by harsh Governmental measures, hundreds being sent to Siberia, then this same persisting idea led to the organization of two revolutionist parties which had for their purpose the complete overthrow of the autocracy. It was of this latter movement that Cahan's small circle was a part, a lonely outpost in the south.

"Poor as we were," he told me, "we felt that we, too, owed our all to the peasant, because we were students at his expense. This remote Russian peasant we idealized, and we were eager to take part in the breaking of his bonds. Our work was to increase our circle, form other circles, and spread the underground literature. But each of us aspired to get close to the mysterious 'Central Committee' in the north. I remember one night coming into our rooms to be greeted by 'Hush! Some one from close to the Center!' And I peeped into the dark back room where the exhausted messenger lay having a few hours' sleep. He talked long to us that night.

"I became a Socialist. I took it up with deep fervor; for me it became a religion. And now, more than ever before, I wanted an education. I used to get up those days at three o'clock in the morning to study."

He completed his four years' college term, and was sent to teach in a Jewish school in Velish, a town some sixty miles away. "I was still but a youngster," he said. "I remember my pride in my new teacher's uniform, a blue swallowtail coat with bright brass buttons, and also my sense of guilt in my pride." In Velish he formed a new revolutionist circle. In it were several Russian nobles, one of whom had an estate near by; and when at Christmas his peasants came in for their Christmas-tree gifts, Cahan read to them of the movement for a free Russia.

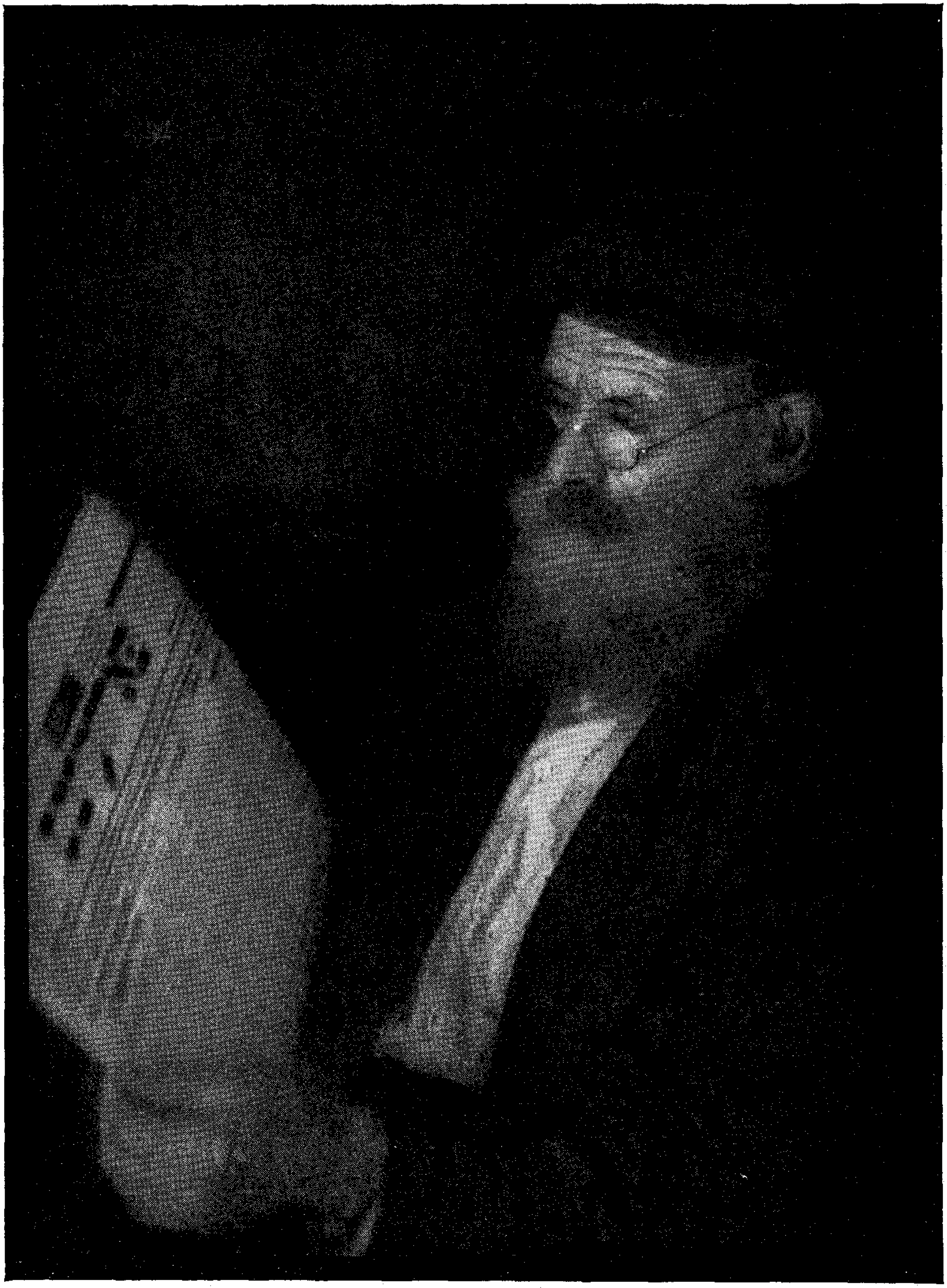
After the assassination of Alexander II wholesale arrests were made. Cahan's friends in Wilna were arrested, and a letter from him was found in their rooms. His mother learned of this; she sent him warning, and when the Velish gendarmes came to search they found nothing. But a week later they learned that this "teacher devil" had formed a revolutionist group in Velish. Cahan was again warned; he escaped that night, taking a rowboat down the river; and for some days and nights he went on in disguise, avoiding railway stations, traveling by boat and by stage. Finally, in a town to the south, a friendly Jew took him into hiding.

Here he first learned of the great emigration of Jews to America. Since the killing of the Czar the police had instigated wholesale Jewish massacres; and now the Jews were leaving by thousands, selling their household goods in the streets. There was intense excitement.

"Some young men came to me and asked me to join in the movement to America, there to set up agricultural communist colonies which should be an example to the world of what mutual help could do, and there also to raise money to aid in the Russian struggle. I decided to go. I had a false passport now, and with thousands of others I traveled to the frontier, escaped across in the night, and came to Brody, an old ruined town in Galicia, under Austrian rule.

"Brody was a great camping-ground for our emigrants. Trains were continually coming from Russia, and every few days a long, crowded emigrant train would depart. I remained three weeks in Brody, and witnessed scenes I shall never forget. In these modern days there are hundreds of Russian towns the bulk of whose mail is from America, but thirty years back the emigration had only begun; and here in this ruined town, crowded in rotten old houses, were thousands of men, women, and children to whom America was as strange and remote as a land in the moon. But they had nothing to lose and all to gain; many had come from terrible scenes of massacre, and now from the reaction they seemed almost demented with joy.

"Sudden marriages took place. I remember one warm moonlight night seeing a score



BY MEANS OF "VORWAERTS" MR. CAHAN PRESENTS, WITH A THRILL OF TRUTH, TO THE WOULD-BE AMERICANS OF THE GHETTO, A LARGER IDEA OF THE NEW WORLD FROM A SOCIALIST POINT OF VIEW of open-air weddings. In one vacant lot I saw three wedding groups laughing, singing, and dancing around an old ruined pile on the top of which a thin Jewish boy was frantically playing the fiddle. One Friday morning a young man I knew arrived from Russia alone, penniless, and gloomy. The next night I found him dancing in one of the wedding parties. 'Whose wedding?' I asked. 'Mine!' he shouted. 'But,' I cried, 'you haven't a cent! You haven't even enough for a meal!' He laughed. 'True,' he said. 'But neither has she!' She was a young Galician girl whom he had first met on the night before!

"A spirit of prophecy was here. A man on the street would suddenly begin an impassioned speech on the world-wide brotherhood which was to grow out of our American communist colonies. Our idea, he said, would spread all over the earth; there was to be one language for all humanity, and an end to all tyranny, misery, and injustice. The whole world would be changed! . . . When I left Brody in our long, crowded train, most of the people were singing."

His idea of America was scant. "Most Americans looked like Lincoln, we thought. Somehow or other, we had the idea that they all wore tall silk hats and long frock coats and bright-colored ties. In America a 'shister' (shoemaker) could soon become a 'mister.' In New York you peddled needles and pins on the streets, and so became rich; or, better, you went West, where all the land was free."

So he landed in America in June, 1882, a thin, sallow youth of twenty-one, with forty rubles ($20) in his pocket and the world's salvation in his soul.

They landed in Philadelphia, and were shipped by train to New York. They were docked in the evening at Castle Garden, down on the Battery, and there they talked and sang until daybreak. The next day, with two other youngsters, he walked the streets, in a chaos of new impressions. The day was hot; men passed bearing their coats on their arms, so they, too, walked in their shirt sleeves, thinking, "So this is the style in America." They heard a boy singing; they also sang, and even outdid the boy, singing at the top of their voices till met by an Irish policeman. And then, generalizing from his remarks, they said, "It is not so free in this country!" They longed to see "a real Yankee," but it was not until many days later that Cahan sagely picked a red-faced Irish peddler as the one real Yankee of his dreams.

The East Side in those days was largely Irish and German. The Ghetto had only begun to be, and was made up of German and Polish Jews. But now the Russians were coming by thousands, with Russian culture and ideals.

Cahan soon decided that their dreams of communist colonies were impractical.

"When a man has a house to sell," he argued to his friends, "he does not show *one brick* of the house, it is not enough; he must show the whole house. And so it is with our colony scheme. This country is tremendous. If we go out to the plains and establish our little colony there, suppose we succeed? What will it be? Only one small brick, and America will not even notice. No. We must stay right here in the cities and begin to rebuild the whole house!"

And so, having been in New York but a week, he set out to rebuild America.

First he got a job in a cigar factory on the East Side. He slept in a dining-room on a lounge, for which he paid three dollars a month. Food cost him little, and he lived on about five dollars a week. His evenings he spent in night school and in café discussions, and left but a few hours for sleep. "I was fond of taking long night walks through the city."

In August he made his first public speech. The editor of the "Volkzeitung" had arranged for a Socialist meeting in Golden Rule Hall. This editor spoke in Russian. It was the first public speech young Cahan had heard—public meetings not being allowed in Russia—and so he grew intensely excited.

"When the meeting was thrown open," he told me, "hardly knowing what I did, I rose and went forward. I was small for my age, I looked barely sixteen, I was thin and partially cross-eyed; at sight of me the crowd snickered and laughed, and half of them started for the door. But I climbed up on the platform, and my voice, which was harsh and loud, made the people turn back. Soon they were crowding forward. For, crude as I was, I had something to say. I spoke on the great struggle which we had left behind us, begged them not to forget their comrades at home, and urged that money be raised for the cause. My speech was received with applause, which completely turned my young head. And from that night I was an orator!"

ONE AFTERNOON, IN HIS OFFICE, I FOUND HIM WRITING IN YIDDISH. THE TELEPHONE RANG, AND HE TURNED AND SPOKE IN RUSSIAN. HE TALKED TO ME IN ENGLISH

At the close of the meeting he asked the leaders why the speeches were all made in Russian, which so few of the Jews could understand. Why not speak in Yiddish, the familiar language of the streets? They laughed.

"What speaker," they asked, "will get up on a public platform and discuss so great a subject as Socialism in this ridiculous 'mama gab'?"

"I will," said Cahan. The next week at a meeting he discussed Karl Marx in Yiddish. It was a success. And from that time on public meetings were held more and more in Yiddish, the homely German jargon which is spoken in Ghettoes all over the world.

Meanwhile, having worked two months in the cigar factory, Cahan went to a tin-shop, where he was employed some two months more. And then he stopped work and went to school. At the night school he had found progress slow, so now he went to the principal of a public school for children and said in broken English, "I was a teacher in Russia. I want to be a pupil here." He was taken in; he worked hard in a class of boys, and in a few months he had learned enough to begin giving private lessons in English to immigrants. He was soon earning twenty dollars a week, and had won his start in America.

Six months after landing he wrote his first newspaper article. At the time of the coronation of Alexander III the New York papers were filled with accounts of how all Russia was in an ecstasy over the new Czar. "This stirred my revolutionist blood, and, mustering my meager English, I wrote to the New York 'World' a letter which I said was a translation of one just received from my cousin in Russia. This 'cousin' narrated what he had heard from his neighbors, from peasants, shopkeepers, doctors, and others, each one of whom told what he thought of the Czar." The "World" printed this letter on the front page.

Some two years later he began to write for the "Sun" and other New York papers. He was then a night school teacher; he wrote sketches depicting night school struggles for an education, and scenes from East Side factories, tenements, cafés, and streets.

He had long been a voracious reader of English and American authors. "In the early days," he told me, "when I lived in an East Side garret room, I used to get up at three in the morning, and, without dressing, I would read often until late afternoon. For food I had a huge loaf of pumpernickel, which I would munch when hungry. I read Thackeray, Dickens, George Eliot. I read, too, some American history. Years later I learned of Howells and James; and their work, so wonderfully real and sincere, was to me an inspiration. Until then I had almost come to believe that there was no honest literature in this country."

His Socialist activities, meanwhile, had gone on. Socialism had come to America through the old "International" of the early '70's. This party had died, but Socialism continued to grow, first under German domination, then German and Jewish, and finally native-born Americans began to come in. They were but a few thousand in all, their main centers in Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, and New York. In the Ghetto their headquarters were in a library on Eighth Street. "Here," said Cahan, "we arranged for the printing and distribution of pamphlets and for night meetings. These meetings, in halls as a rule, continued till midnight, and later in cafés our discussions would often last until dawn."

By 1886 he began to meet the Americans then coming into the Socialist movement. He made frequent speeches uptown, and entered into debates with American critics. He also spoke in Boston, Cleveland, Buffalo, Chicago, and St. Louis. And this was naturally broadening. In the New York revolutionist groups there were still a few who believed in immediate revolution by force. But Cahan laughed at their talk.

"Start your revolution on Orchard Street here," he said. "And what then? Are there not millions of *other* streets in America? Violence is what we must all avoid. Education is slow; it will take many years. But only so will Socialism come at last in America."

With this idea, he made speeches, wrote pamphlets, and became a frequent contributor to the "Workingman's Advocate." Later, when the "Arbeiter Zeitung" was started, he went on its staff. The paper he found they were planning was to be a dry, theoretical sheet. He protested.

"Look here," he argued. "This thing won't do! We live in New York, not in Berlin or St. Petersburg. It is our duty as Socialists to keep in intimate touch with the life around us, and put our Socialism into terms of this real life. When you are on the platform, you don't speak to yourself—at least, I hope not—you speak to your audience. Why not do the same here, why not write stuff that *others* will read?"

To initiate this policy he began "The Sermons of a Proletarian Preacher." Among orthodox Jews each week has a name, the first word or phrase from the weekly Bible "lesson." Cahan used this name each week as his title and gave the "lesson" a Socialist turn. His sermons were soon widely read. He also wrote short articles on natural history; he translated into Yiddish many of the best Russian, German, and English novels, among them Howells's "Traveler from Altruria;" he wrote sketches and stories of East Side life. And this policy had swift success, the circulation rising to about eight thousand.

Socialism, meanwhile, was spreading fast all over Europe. In 1891 and 1893 Cahan went as an American delegate to the International Congresses, the first at Brussels, the second at Zurich, there meeting "comrades" from many countries and hearing their personal accounts of the swift growth of the movement.

His first story in English was printed in a New York magazine early in the '90's. This was read by Howells; he became interested in the author, and it was mainly through his urging that Cahan wrote, some two years later, "Yekl" (Jake), a novel of Ghetto life. This, too, won the admiration of Howells, and he even went with it himself to the publishers. When "Yekl" appeared it aroused a storm of criticism, mainly from the Jews uptown. For Cahan, with his Russian ideals of realism, had described Yekl *as he was*, with all the bad as well as the good that was in him. And the pictures he drew of East Side life were considered too revolting. There was prejudice enough against the Jews. One irate Jewish lady uptown wrote in this vein:

"If you want to describe the Jews to Americans," she asked, "why not describe *the best of us*, instead of choosing this low, coarse, immoral tenement fellow?"

"My dear madam," he replied, "I chose Yekl because he and his tenements seem to me more interesting than even the best Jews uptown." The book was soon translated and published in Russia, and there it attracted wide notice.

In the meantime the Socialist party in New York had been split by dissensions. Daniel De Leon had quickly forced his way to a leading position, bringing back extreme revolutionist doctrines; and in 1897 a group of his opponents started a daily paper, "Die Vorwaerts," which has since become commonly known as the "Jewish Daily Forward." They raised the money at a ball, where Cahan passed the hat, and men and women threw in, not only cash, but rings and watches. The sale of these brought about $800, and with this the paper was started. Cahan was chosen editor. For a few weeks all went well, but then he found that even here the De Leon spirit had crept in, and a few months later he resigned.

He had been writing English sketches for the New York "Evening Post," and there he had met Lincoln Steffens. Steffens had been interested in "Yekl," and soon he and Cahan became well acquainted.

"What you need," said Steffens, "is the life of a reporter on an American paper." And in 1897, when Steffens became city editor of the "Commercial Advertiser," he took Cahan on his staff.

The training was invaluable. For the idea Steffens had was unique in American journalism. He exacted no uniform, impersonal style of reporting; he rather encouraged each man to see the life of the city with his own eyes. Cahan's work was mainly descriptive. He covered the famous Molineux trial and scores of others in the courts; he interviewed distinguished foreigners as they came off ocean liners and undistinguished immigrants down at Castle Garden; he described three successive charity balls and the Easter parade on Fifth Avenue; he talked to the wounded soldiers returned from the Cuban war, asked how the bullets had sounded to each, and entitled his story "The Song of the Bullets." He interviewed President McKinley and General Miles, and talked with Joe Wheeler till late one night. "My work gave me intimate views of men of all kinds. It opened up a new world, a larger American world, which I had never closely seen before."

On the staff were Norman Hapgood, Hutchins Hapgood, Edwin Lefevre, and other writers since become well known. And after the paper had gone to press they used to have long discussions. At first Cahan tried to talk Socialism, but he got scant attention.

"I remember a walk I had with one of these Americans. I began on Socialism. 'Drop Socialism,' he said, impatiently.

'Let's talk literature.' Since then times have changed. Not long ago, on a walk with the same writer, I began on literature. 'Drop literature,' he said. 'Let's talk Socialism.'"

These men were, for the most part, young, and their literary ideals were as yet little molded; they had followed along conventional lines, admiring Shakespeare, Dickens, Thackeray, Balzac. Cahan was the iconoclast.

"Those writers were all very good in their day," he said. "But among the writers of *our* day, who are the vital men? Who are the men who have deep, real convictions and are not afraid to tell the whole truth about modern life?" He used to walk the office, his voice harsh and loud; he was older, he was insistent, and largely through his insistence they came to read Tolstoy, Turgenev, Howells, and Hardy, and so formed new literary ideals. On Cahan's side, from the every-day contact with these Americans he learned more of American ways of thinking and feeling. And through his stories, then appearing in "Scribner's," the "Century," and other magazines, he made the acquaintance of scores of other writers.

After about five years of this intensely American life he came back to the "Vorwaerts." It was still a small, struggling Socialist paper, adhering blindly to old German models, its columns filled mainly with long theoretical articles which made the dullest reading. Though typed in Yiddish, the language was pompous German. Cahan took the editorship again, on condition that for one year he be given complete control.

"We must broaden out at once," he said. "You have lived shut up in your own little house. Let's try to get out into the world—the *American* world."

To begin with, he told his little staff that they must write plain Yiddish. This they found so hard at first that he had to dictate most of the "copy." But when the first edition came out, it created tremendous excitement. For here, right out in print, was the homely "mama gab" of the streets.

"It has no dignity!" cried one. "It doesn't smell like a Socialist paper!" commented another. Still greater surprises came thick and fast. On the editorial page, in place of an essay on Karl Marx, he described the crowds of Jewish boys outside the New York City College, contrasting their dress, speech, and habits with those of their tenement fathers. He told of the sacrifices these old fathers were making to give their sons an education, and then he asked these young "Americans" what they were going to do. Would they forget the tenements and struggle each for his own advance, or would they remember their parents and give support all their lives to the struggle of the great mass of the people for a fair share in the good things of life? There was Socialism in every line, and yet it might well have been printed in a non-Socialist paper.

"If as a Socialist," he wrote in another editorial, "you want to influence real live men, you must first become a live man yourself."

He increased the amount of American news, gave it real headlines, put it into plain Yiddish, and tried to present it without bias. "There is no need," he told me, "for Socialists to distort news. The case against capitalism is quite strong enough as it is." He added all kinds of articles interpreting American institutions and life. He translated Howells, Mary Wilkins, and others. He ran "The Jungle" in full. He gave criticisms of uptown plays.

"But, more than all else," he said, "we have tried on the 'Vorwaerts' to depict the struggles of the immigrant masses to adapt themselves to America. A strike, truthfully described, is better propaganda than scores of Socialist articles, especially so when by an active support of the strike we have won the ears of the strikers. And this we have always done. The bakers' strike here was practically lost, when we came out with a front-page editorial to all Ghetto housewives urging them to use none but union label bread. This turned the tide, and inside of two weeks the strike was won. We started from this office the strike against a rise in rents; it became Ghetto-wide, and in the end the landlords gave in. And again, in the cloakmakers' strike, which involved some seventy thousand, one of our staff was the leading spirit of the strike committee; we raised thousands of dollars, and by our daily bulletins we kept the mass in line until the final victory, by which conditions were vastly improved, hours shortened, and wages raised. It is by practical work of this kind that the eyes of the people are opened and Socialists are made."

Not only these mass struggles, but all kinds of personal problems come into this paper's columns. They run a "Deserters' Gallery," in which they print the photographs of husbands who have deserted their wives. And the pressure of this publicity is great. It does the deserters little good to go out of town, for the "Vorwaerts" is read all over the country, and so the photograph follows the fugitive. A telegram, for example, comes from a Chicago reader saying that the man of the photograph is there at such and such an address. And this address they give to the wife. The "Vorwaerts" is popular with wives.

Another page is headed "A Bunch of Letters." This was started long ago. "The book of life," Cahan said in an editorial, "cannot be written by us. It must be written by you. Let us have the real thing. Let us hear what has made you laugh the most or what has wrung from you the bitterest tears. So, reading together as in a big family, we shall learn of life as it is." The response has been tremendous. Here on this page in the last seven years have been printed thousands of these real stories, representing in endless variety the comedy and the tragedy of the Ghetto life. Here is one of the early letters, from an old orthodox mother:

"My husband has been dead for months, and still my son will not go to the synagogue to say Kaddish"—the prayer which the Jewish son makes for the peace of his father's soul. "I beg him; for weeks I cannot sleep. But still he refuses. He says he would be a hypocrite if he said Kaddish, because he does not believe in God. What can I do? He reads your paper. He is a Socialist. Can you make him? Can you help me?"

Cahan printed this letter, and with it an editorial to the son.

"This letter is heartbreaking," he wrote. "Please go at once and do as she begs. You have refused to say Kaddish because you don't believe it would do your father any good, and so you think it would be hypocritical. But you are wrong. For you *know* it will do your *mother* good, and so, when you go to the synagogue, you will not be a hypocrite, but only a kind son who is comforting a broken old mother. If her religion is sincere, we should all of us respect it."

This great gap between the old and the young causes endless tragedies. And to help bridge it, the "Vorwaerts" has added a new department, a page entitled "At Home and at School," where letters are printed from parents to teachers about their children, and also the public school teachers' replies.

The paper steadily broadens. At the start, their "Foreign Correspondent" was the office-boy, who would go down to Newspaper Row and telephone up the latest news from Europe. Now they have salaried men in Paris, Berlin, London, Galicia, and Russia, and from all over the world comes volunteer correspondence. Year by year the staff has grown, until now they have twenty-five writers, of whom nine work in the office, the others doing their writing at home. Among these outside workers one is a grocer, another a barber.

"I'm proud of these boys I have trained," said Cahan, "for their stories and sketches are real as life. Born artists, these youngsters, with a deep passion for artistic truth. And they write vital stuff, of the kind that Tolstoy, Turgenev, or Hardy would have delighted in reading."

The paper's circulation has risen in eight years from seventy-five hundred to over one hundred and thirteen thousand, and is still increasing. Their debts are paid off, and to their plant they have constantly added improvements—linotype machines, presses, delivery wagons; they have a book-printing department. They own, not only their old building, but also the one next door, with the land on which each stands, and they are now about to tear them down and put up a ten-story building. Their physical property, all told, is worth about two hundred thousand dollars. This despite the large amounts given away to advance the Socialist movement.

"We take no profits here," Cahan told me. "From the start, when I passed the hat and the people threw in their watches and rings, we have been a co-operative company, organized not for profits but for the spreading of Socialism. Our salaries are comparatively low, and there have been no dividends. But when Debs spoke here in the last campaign, the square below was black with thousands of listeners. And so it is all over America. Socialism is spreading fast."

To give to the Jewish people a larger idea of the New World, Cahan has long been working on an eight-volume history of America written in Yiddish, from the Socialist point of view. The first volume has appeared, and already some eighteen thousand copies have been sold.

"Of course it is plain," he said in one of our talks, "that America has entered upon a tremendous era of change. Doubtless in the next few years we shall see radical measures of reform, and these will be ably carried out, for Americans are strong in action. But I believe that this country needs something far deeper than all such practical measures. For in such an era, when such change is in process, not only in your political and your industrial life, but in your views on religion and in the very life of your homes, is it not a time for sincerity in your literature, for the Russian ideal of artistic truth?

"What have you in your theaters? This Nation is spending more money on plays than all Continental nations combined. But, although I go often to your theaters, I seldom hear the ring of a real human voice upon your stage. Not even your star actors seem to have any sense of the *reality* of a conversation. They don't talk; they declaim. And the dialogue moves as though by machine.

"And so it is with your enormous yearly output of novels. Most of them smell of rouge and powder, of manufacture in every line. They're a literature of stunts and phrasemongery. Little wonder that the Continent, which imports your American automobiles, doesn't even think of translating your modern American novels.

"The trouble is that you take your amusements like children. By day in your busy offices you're the shrewdest men on earth, with a deep, keen understanding of human nature *as it is;* but at night you're a nation of kids. Your evening clothes are your swaddling clothes. You delight in plays and novels whose authors apparently have not the slightest idea of real human nature. They give you cant and cheap sentimentality, burlesque and the most ridiculous plots. This is not fiction; it is mere fake!

"And the longer I live, the more deeply convinced I become that truth is more interesting than fake. Is it not a time for sincerity here? Will it not be well for this Nation if strong, new, American writers arise who will dare to give us life—*real life*, with its comedy and its tragedy mingled—giving us what in my Russian day we called *the thrill of truth?*"

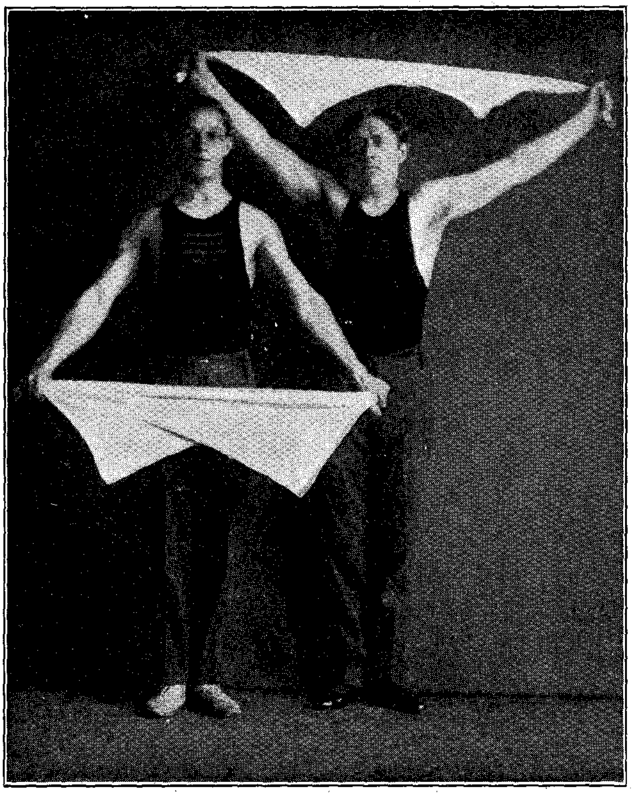
BEYOND THE HILLS

BY JOHN E. DOLSEN

Beyond the hills, where I have never strayed,
I know a green and beauteous valley lies,
Dotted with sunny nook and forest glade,
Where clear, calm lakes reflect the sapphire skies;
And through the vale's deep heart a river grand
Draws toward its home, fed by ten thousand rills
From fresh, pure springs; it blesses all the land—
Beyond the hills.

Beyond the hills, while here I faint from strife,
Are quiet homes that soothe men's minds to rest;
And peace and justice and the simple life,
With love pervading all, with knowledge blessed.
Life's purest joys and dearest hopes are there,
Unknown are sleepless cares and needless ills;
And men are leal, and women true and fair—
Beyond the hills.

Beyond the hills I yet shall surely go—
Some day I'll cross the farthest barren height,
And rest in dreamy forest glades, and know
Those placid lakes, and see the morning light
Silver the mighty river; and, to me,
The sweetest hope that now my senses thrills
Is of that land a denizen to be—
Beyond the hills.



A FIGURE I B

From position A, chest out strong, abdomen and chin in, pull on the towel and raise arms to position B. Then arms in position A of Figure IV to position B

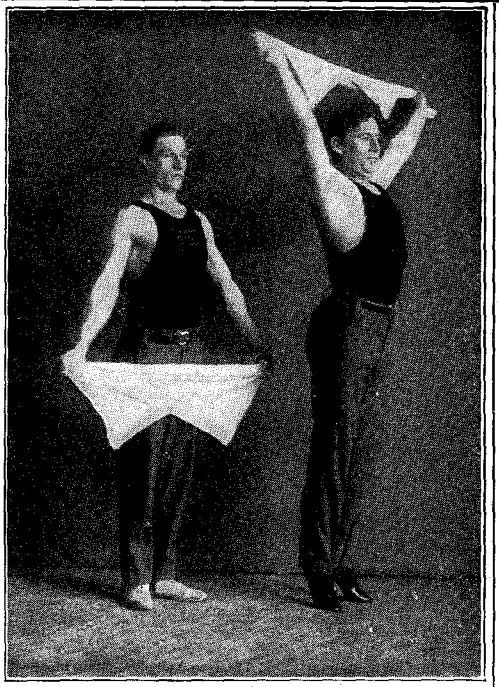
Investing for Health

By William J. Cromie

Instructor in Gymnastics, University of Pennsylvania

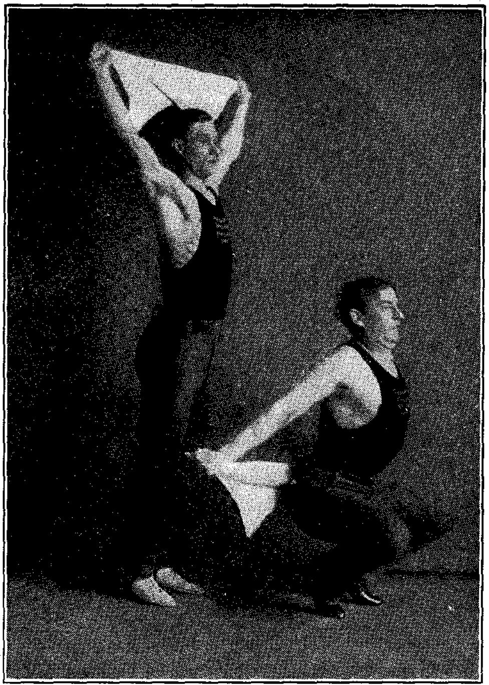
THE great mass of the people are physically poor because they do not know how to invest in the protection and conservation of health. Many remain poor financially because they squander their money, so that the health of many becomes impaired through ignorance, neglect, or unhygienic living. There is an old saying that we should lay by money for that old age that is sure to overtake us, and this is commendable. It is also true that one should keep his health at the highest point of efficiency in order to offset the rainy day of unusual trial and sickness, and one should have a surplus amount of energy and health stored away as a reserve fund to be used in old age. Why is it that so many seek money at the expense of health, working all day and far into the night for a few dollars extra, without listening to the cry of fatigue, and stimulating and crowding the mind and body, thus becoming subject to nervousness, sleeplessness, and indigestion?

One of the tortures of the Spanish Inquisition was that of keeping victims from sleep, thus driving them to insanity, and often to death. To keep us in a condition of health nature takes us back to herself, puts us under the refreshing influence of sleep, and while asleep overhauls and repairs in secret our wonderful mechanism. We go back each night tired and wasted from the day's work, scarred, broken, and injured in that great struggle called life; yet nature during sleep



A FIGURE II B

From position A, rise on toes as in position B. This exercise develops the calves of the legs



A FIGURE III B

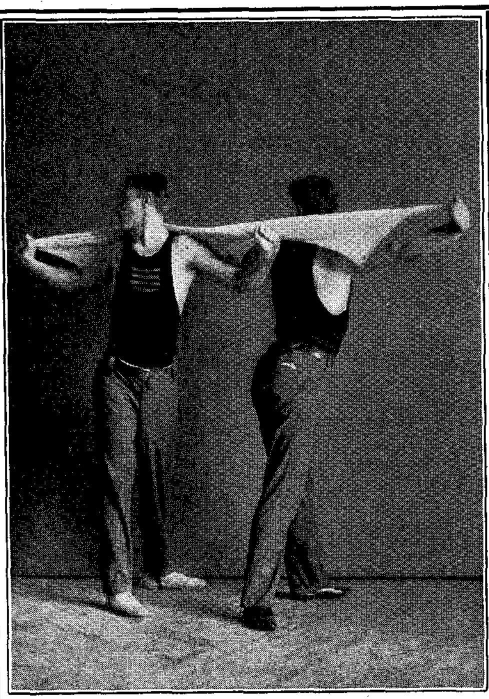
Rise on tiptoes as in position A; sink to a full knee-bend. Do not lean forward in this knee-bending. This exercise is for calves, thighs, and hips, and is also a good balance movement

takes each cell in the brain and refreshes it, and the ashes are washed into the blood-stream and pumped into the lungs to be thrown out in the breath. While asleep the heart beats about ten strokes less a minute in order to give it the needed rest, and after a night's refreshing sleep the body is as fresh and as good as new.

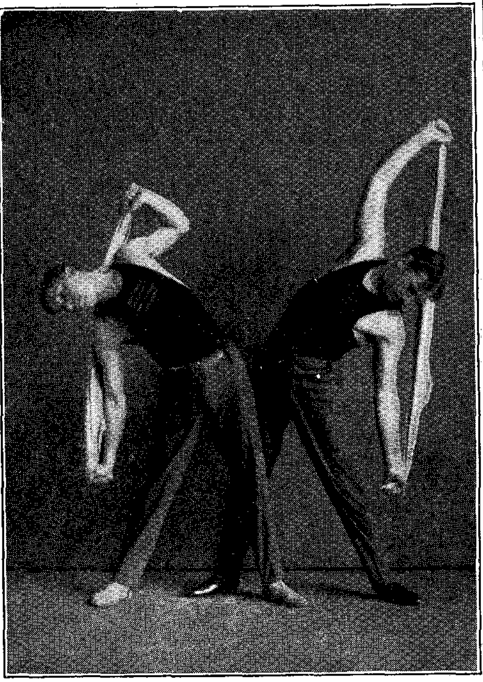
If a fireman refuses to remove clinkers and ashes from his fire-box and piles on more coal, will the fire not become clogged and go out? Certainly it will. And this is exactly what a person is doing who does not get the right amount of sleep. Where is there in the world another machine that has the self-renewing properties of the human system? How foolish, then, to fail to take advantage of its recuperative powers! If we burn the midnight oil and derange the mechanism of these bodies, be sure we shall be only too glad to return money, success, or power for the health which we once held so lightly; but it may then be too late.

Most writers upon health fail to reach those for whom the articles are specially intended; these articles are of too technical a nature, or they give the reading public credit for having more knowledge of the laws of health than they really possess. For an illustration, recently I was riding in a street car and heard the following conversation between two men: "This idea of raising windows in the sleeping-room is a stunt on the part of the doctors to make people sick," said one. "Yes," replied his companion, "we never heard of the crazy fresh-air proposition when we were boys; the doctors know that a draft blowing on a fellow sleeping is a good way to get the grip and pneumonia." "Yes," said the other, with emphasis, "the doctors know how to drum up trade."

I could not refrain from taking a look at these speakers. They certainly looked the part, for they were both under size and had putty faces. Prior to hearing this conversation, I could not believe that any man in this century was so ignorant concerning the laws of health. While this case may be an extreme one, still it is very apparent that some writers upon this subject have been too theoretical and subtle, consequently I desire to put the facts in a way that the uninitiated may understand and profit by. These exercises and hints are the result of my personal experience and observations that have been gathered in the past fifteen years as physical instructor in


A FIGURE IV B

Feet about thirty inches apart; rotate the body right as in position A; then left as in position B. This reduces fat at the waist line


A FIGURE V B

Feet apart; bend sideways to the right as in A; then left as in B. This exercise is sometimes called the liver squeezer, as it tends to make it active

the Young Men's Christian Association, and in college.

One of the great laws of health is muscular activity; every man and woman should strive to get some kind of exercise every day. The man in the shop or factory, because he uses a few special muscles at his work, imagines that he does not need any other exercise. Many trades require the use of one arm only, in which the posture of the chest is cramped, thus impeding proper breathing. Business of whatever form is work, and exercise, in order to be most beneficial, must be done at a time and a place that are congenial. It must tend to divert the mind from exacting business cares to a pleasant form of recreation.

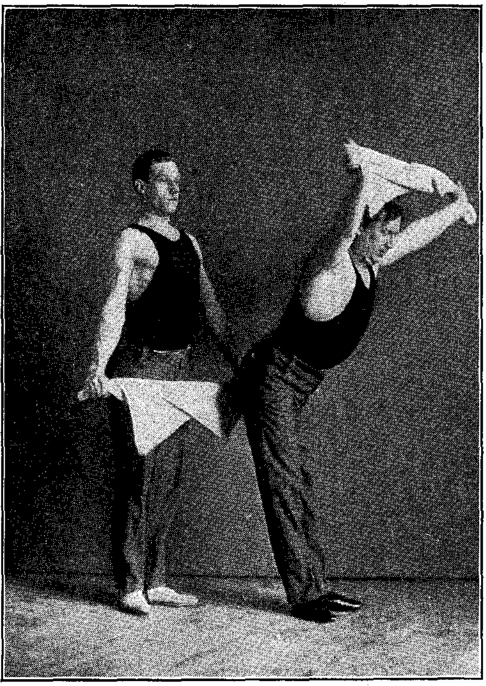
Another man says, "Our forefathers did not think of gymnasiums and athletic fields. What was good enough for them is good enough for me."

Our ancestors did not have a gymnasium for the reason that it was not needed, as their time was taken up in clearing forests and tilling the soil. It was not until people began to crowd into cities that the need of exercise and gymnasiums was felt. One hundred years ago but two per cent of the population lived in cities, while to-day only forty per cent remain in the country. The gymnasium is an artificial institution, but its need became so urgent that it was brought into being to counteract the enervating influence of the shop, school, and office.

The business man who is mentally tired, when spoken to regarding physical exercise, often replies in this manner: "The gymnasium and athletic field are good places for the young, but I am too old and awkward to begin. I realize that I need exercise even more than my children do, and would take some in the morning if I knew what kind and the amount to take." It is for such men that this article is written.

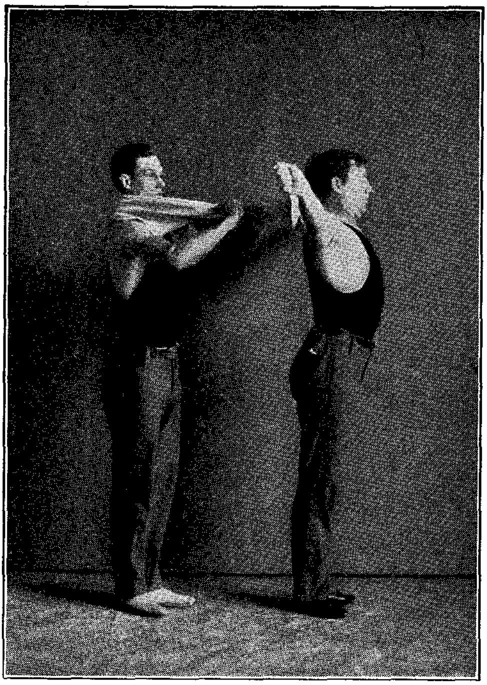
The busy woman in the home who is taking care of the children, besides cooking, washing, sewing, and sweeping from morning till night, replies, "When can I find time to attend a gymnasium? Even at night I must attend the crying child." It is for such women that this article is intended.

There are a few exercises that are basic in principle, and all others are extensions or combinations. These certain few are enough to increase the power of every vital organ and to invigorate every function, and can be



A FIGURE VI B

Towel in front as in A; bend the body forward to stoop stand position as in B



A FIGURE VII B

From position A, inhale deeply until position B is reached. From position B, exhale till position A is reached

performed daily in fifteen minutes, always bearing in mind the fact that a few moments daily are better than an hour twice a week. Some think that an afternoon on Saturday or Sunday, devoted to games or recreations, is sufficient. This is wrong. It is as essential a part of our daily life to exercise regularly as it is to eat and sleep, and fifteen to twenty minutes of exercise such as is illustrated herein, together with the weekly afternoon's indulgence in sport, is well worth while.

The best kind of physical work, next to outdoor games, are calisthenics or ground exercises. They are performed principally in the upright position, and consist in successive movements of flexion, extension, etc., of the limbs, neck, trunk, and pelvis. Every limb does work in proportion to the strength of its muscles, for it moves only its own weight, and one can in a few minutes induce an active perspiration.

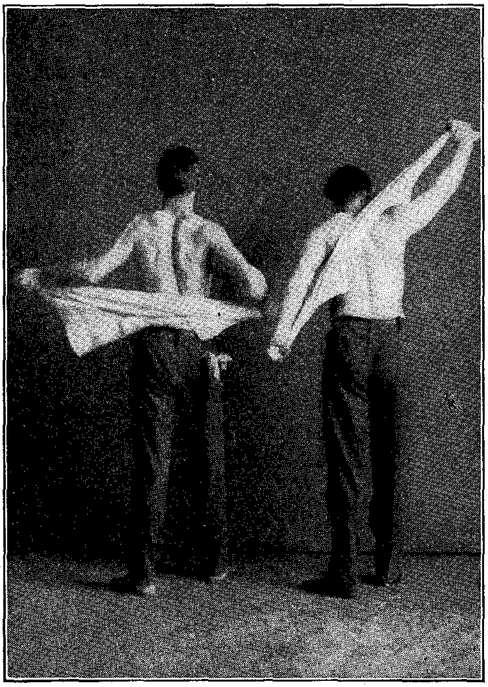
I shall not be surprised to see the gymnasium of a very few years evolve into a great hall where games, group contests, athletics, and ground exercises shall be the chief forms of recreation. Many persons have not the strength to perform upon the heavy gymnasium apparatus, and those who do soon get the characteristic round back of the gymnast.

If I were to tell you that I could prescribe a course of fifteen minutes' daily exercise that would give you health and enable you to keep it, would you refuse it? Are you willing to give up one ninety-sixth of your time in order to put it to the test? I know these exercises will help you, because I have been practicing them for years in the morning before breakfast. I perform them in much less than fifteen minutes. In our gymnasium classes in a large university, where the writer is instructor, and where there is an average weekly attendance of three thousand, the mental strain of conducting these classes is far greater than the physical. Besides this, I conduct walking clubs and exhibitions, illustrate exercises for physical defects among students on the gymnasium floor, and walk over five miles daily. But if I were to omit these morning exercises and other health-giving agencies which I shall describe, I would feel the need of them.

When you awake, do not jump out of bed immediately, nor open the eyes suddenly, but first take a little exercise. Exercise the eye while closed by turning the eyeball to the right as far as possible, then to the left, then up and down. Describe a circle with the eyeball a few times, first to the right, then to the left. This strengthens the muscles of the eyes and tones up the nerves. Now yawn a few times and stretch in every conceivable way; this starts the blood coursing through the veins with increased vigor, and one quickly gets away from "that tired feeling." Now throw back the bedclothes, clasp the hands around the knee and pull it up against the chest. Do this six or eight times with each knee. Now keep the legs stiff and raise them fifteen or twenty-five times. In the next exercise place some object on the feet, such as a blanket or pillows, to hold them down while you come up to a sitting position. Do this ten or fifteen times.

After you arise, and before dressing, go through the movements with the towel that are illustrated here. These can be done without a towel, but I find that the towel makes one work much harder than he would without it. Take a long Turkish towel, so that the arms may be extended to almost their full length, and pull on it throughout the exercises. Almost every person owns a Turkish towel, and if not, one should be purchased at once. You now have a gymnasium and bathing implement in this little inexpensive piece of apparatus. The number of times each exercise should be gone through should be left to your own experience and judgment, as one can do with impunity what would be harmful to another. Exercise should produce a feeling of fatigue but not exhaustion, induce sleep but not wakefulness, produce very little soreness, and gradually bring about a normal appetite. The morning's exercise should be finished by some deep-breathing movements such as described in Figure 7. After the exercise a bath should be taken. It is not necessary to have access to a swimming-pool, or even indulge in a tub or shower bath. Take a basin of cold water, saturate the towel, wring it out, and wash the various parts of the body. The back may be reached by following directions in illustration No. 8. Follow the bath with the rub-down exercise, same illustration, and persist in it until the body is pink or in a glow. A dry, coarse towel should be used in the rubbing down, and if you are not accustomed to cold water, start with lukewarm, taking it a little colder each morning, until you reach a temperature best suited to your condition. If you feel chilly, or your lips are blue, it has been too cold. The bath should produce a feeling of warmth and pleasant reaction. When I take a bath I kneel in the tub, pour a pitcher of cold water on the back of the neck, letting it run down the spine, then bend backward and pour another on the chest. If this appeals to you because it takes so little time, I would suggest your starting in the late summer, and, as the water becomes colder, use the water as it comes from the cold-water pipes. You will in this way gradually become used to the cold water. By cold water, however, I do not mean ice-water, as it is questionable if this is good at any time.

After the dry rub, take a mouthful of cold water and gargle the throat. This hardens it, and often prevents soreness. When the water fails, do not wait until it is necessary to see a doctor, but immediately gargle with peroxide of hydrogen or some other solution. Keep a good gargling solution on hand. Snuff some water up the nose occasionally and so keep it clean. Take a vessel with clean water, immerse the face in it so that the eyes are covered, open the eyes, roll



A FIGURE VIII B

In the dry rub-down, rub all parts of body vigorously and finish as in A across back, then as in B; saw up and down them about, in order to cleanse them of dust and other foreign matter. Another way is to take an eye-cup and cleanse the eyes daily with a weak solution of boracic acid. Rub the scalp thoroughly two or three times a week, with the finger-tips pull out all dead hair, avoid a tight-rimmed hat, and you will keep your hair much longer. Clean your teeth every morning and after each meal, and you will not have to visit the dentist so often.

Besides following the morning suggestions, it is well throughout the day to observe the following hints: Chew the food thoroughly, and get it properly mixed with saliva. Some one has said that the proper mastication of food is one-half of the digestion. If this is true, we should practice the doctrine of Fletcherism, as we have no teeth in our stomach. Do not overeat, and avoid fried articles of diet. Experience teaches you what to avoid in eating and drinking, and remember that one person's food is another's poison. Include one or two of the following laxative articles in your dietary. Pears, spinach, tomatoes, mutton, buttermilk, are easy to digest; apples, cherries, grapes, oranges, peaches, prunes, raspberries, strawberries, and veal are moderately digestible; and currants, green corn, dates, figs, oatmeal, plums, pineapple, and rhubarb are hard to digest. Drink a glass of cold water on retiring and arising in the morning. Never resist the call of nature, but encourage regularity. Cultivate a taste for buttermilk, as it tends to prevent hardening of the arteries and conduces to longevity. Do not eat much meat, especially in summer; avoid stimulants, and partake moderately of condiments.

When the eyes are subject to strain, close them a few minutes occasionally, and take the exercises already mentioned. Do not worry or hurry unduly, but cultivate a cheerful, contented disposition. If troubled with sleeplessness, first find out what causes the worry or mental strain, and strive to overcome it. Take a walk, accompanied by deep breathing, before retiring. Boiling water or milk sipped and a hot foot-bath are frequently effective in wooing sleep. Do not resort to liquors and so-called sleep-producing drugs. If all this has not the desired result, consult a physician. Perform the exercises and observe the hints for six months, and I am sure you will then make them a part of your daily duties.

The Sound of Running Water

By Keene Abbott

With Drawings by Remington Schuyler

On either side of the green-carpeted hotel passage the doors were being caught open, and startled faces peered out. There had been shouting in the hallway! But the white-haired man seated by the window and living over again the Mormon campaign of fifty-three years ago was quite oblivious of the disturbance he had occasioned. And indeed it was almost beyond belief that a voice so thin and colorless as his could have acquired such commanding strength and volume.

"Bring up your leaders! Up, I say, upstream! Now crack it to your wheelers! Hold 'em steady there! Hold 'em up!"

So was Mr. William G. Chambers, of Omaha, dramatizing for me the fording of Bear River, Utah, by the Federal army of six thousand men in June, 1858. As master of transportation for the Second Dragoons he had been given special orders from General Albert Sidney Johnston, commissioning him to see that the supply trains, herds of cattle, horses and mules were brought safely through the swift-running water.

A bloodless war, that campaign against the Mormons.[1] Buchanan's blunder, it has been called, but for all that it must have convinced Brigham Young that his hopes of empire were foredoomed to failure.

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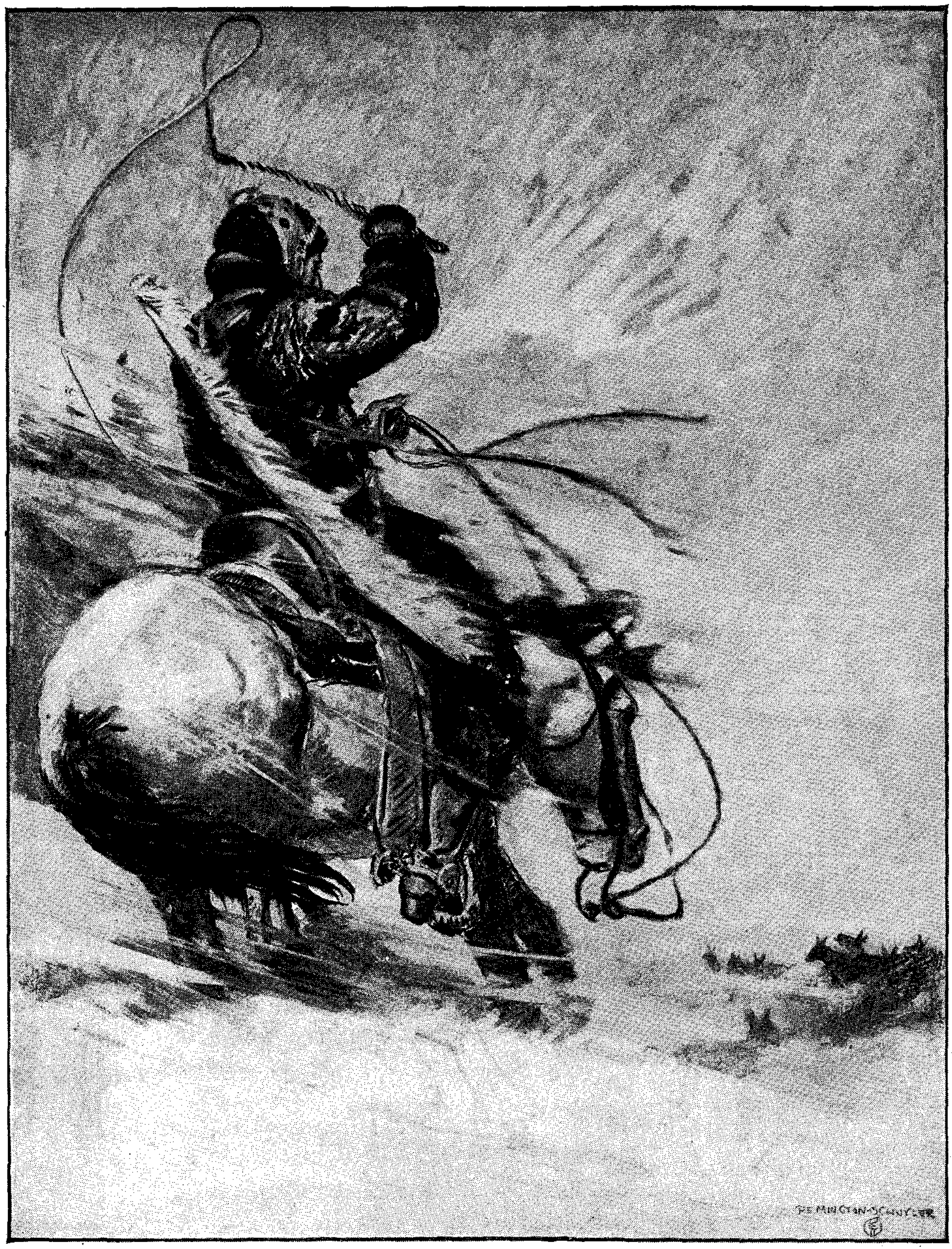
[1] The reader should remember that the struggle described in this tale occurred half a century ago, and that the bitterness engendered in that struggle is not to be understood as characterizing the relations between Mormons and Gentiles to-day.—The Editors.



"YES," MR. CHAMBERS TRIUMPHANTLY DECLARED, "I DROVE THE MULES ALL RIGHT"

After the expulsion of the Mormons from Illinois he had sought isolation for his people, far removed from all influences of the Gentile world. Here in the West a kingdom should be established, grow quickly, and develop such formidable strength as to be utterly independent. That the country appropriated by the Mormons should have belonged to Mexico was naturally of small consequence; for that weak government, so Young must have concluded, would probably offer no opposition even to polygamy.

What a disappointment, then, that Utah, along with California, New Mexico, Arizona, and Nevada, should have been ceded to the United States! Behold Brigham Young again subject to the Federal Government! Yet even as late as 1856, in a pulpit address at the Tabernacle, he disclosed the fact that he had not given up his dream of empire.

"As the Lord lives," he declared, "we are bound to become a sovereign State, or else be an independent nation by ourselves!"

Congress, it will be recalled, had been prompt in rejecting the proposed "State of Deseret." But the Territory of Utah was created in 1850. Two years later the avowed adoption of polygamy, the expulsion of Federal judges, the murder of Government officials, and other social disorders had brought the Mormons into direct conflict with the United States. As Territorial Governor Brigham Young was deposed, and Alfred Cumming, a Gentile, appointed to take his place.

Then came trouble. Utah began preparations for war. Martial law was declared, the Mormon Legion mustered, cañon passes fortified.

Word having been received that new Federal judges, a new set of Territorial officers, and twelve hundred soldiers under the command of Brevet Brigadier-General Albert Sidney Johnston were being sent into Utah, orders were straightway issued by Brigham Young to harass the advancing troops as much as possible. And that the Mormons did this is bitterly recalled by Mr. Chambers.

"It was no pleasure excursion," he said, "going with the Dragoons over the trail from Fort Laramie, Wyoming, towards Fort Bridger, Utah. That was in the fall of '57. Winter shut down on us as soon as we got into the mountains. And such a winter! Snow, snow, snow! Sage-bushes looking like mounds of salt, mules and beef cattle dying, the ground so hard we broke our wooden tent-pins, saddle-blankets freezing to the horses.

"Early in November, I think it was, when we went dragging through the gap in the Rocky Mountains called Devil's Gate. After that the weather kept getting worse and worse. Three days, three nights, it snowed. Not a storm of falling flakes; no, but a blind, choking tempest of swirling powder spray.

"Once, I remember, we found good grazing at the base of a rocky ridge; but the mules wouldn't eat. In the racing snow-blurs they looked like a dark stain; for they had squeezed themselves in close together, their tails to the wind, and their muzzles gray with frost. And their long eye-winkers got white, looked brittle, like glass; and it was pitiful to hear those animals, they cried so and moaned, shivering there in the cold.

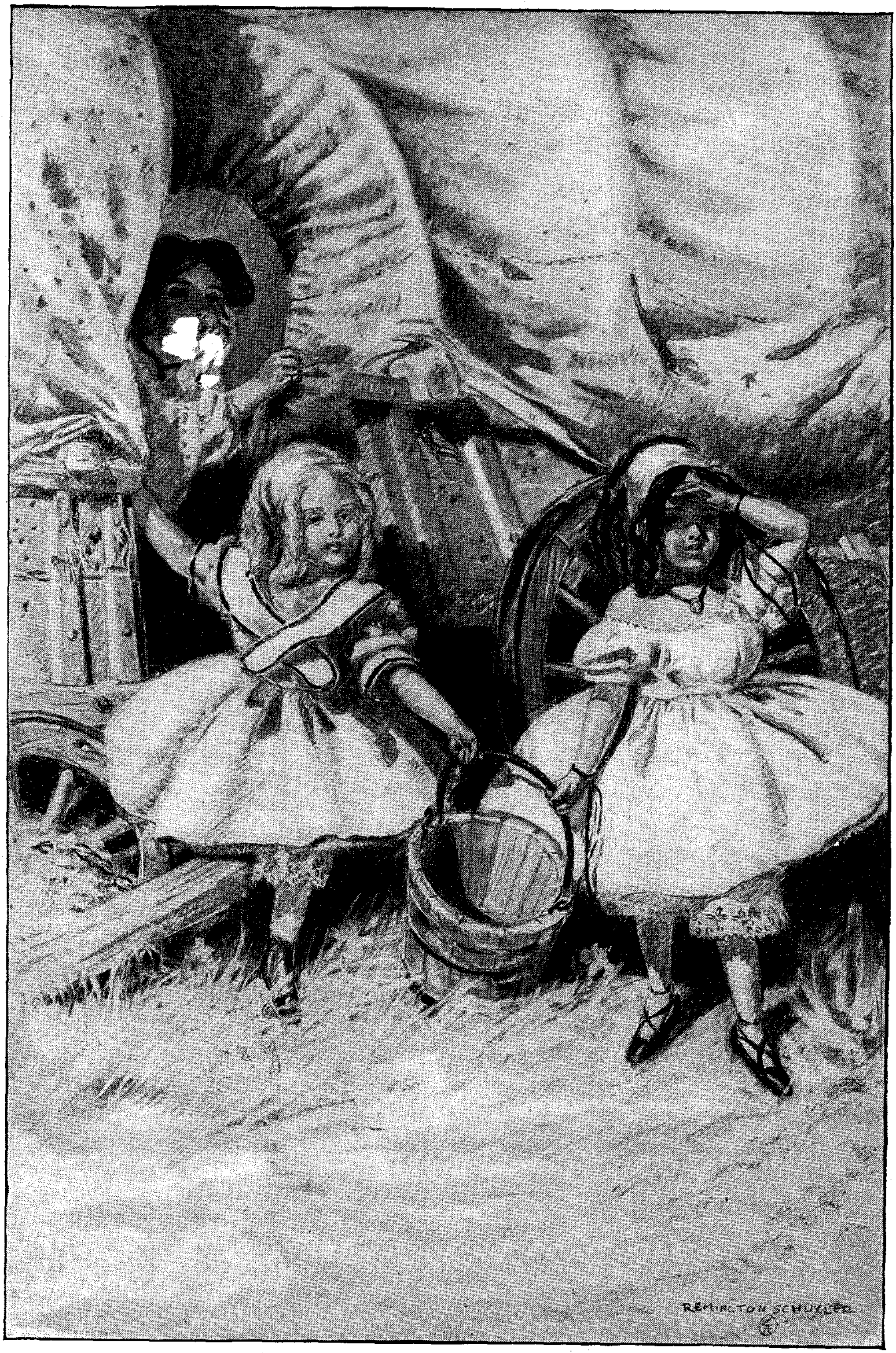
"At one place we came up to one of Russel & Waddell's supply trains, and the oxen (four yoke and eight yoke to a wagon) were all down in the snow, some with legs doubled under their gaunt bodies, others sprawled out, and dead—every one of them dead at the chain, frozen. Wagons empty, supplies all gone. Mormons and Indians had taken everything.

"And then there was that morning I started to tell you about; the sun bulging up, big and red-hot to look at, but no heat to it. And the stony, treeless hills got red, too; they tried to look warm and comfortable, but they were cold, cold, and all huddled together. And such a wind blowing! The frost stung like sand, like steel filings shot out of a gun.

"That was the morning when I found a famished mule that had wabbled up against the side of Colonel Cooke's tent. I tried to drive the animal away. He was standing there, his head hanging down and the wind ruffling the hair on his slatted sides. He stood like that; seemed to be looking at me, but I couldn't roust him out. Frozen, that's what—frozen stiff!

"Everything went wrong that morning, 'We can't pull out. We're done for.' That's what Colonel Cooke said to me, for another bunch of mules was gone—wheelers and swingers and leaders, fifty of our best mules gone. And you just bet the Colonel went for me! Colonel Philip St. George Cooke, a very peppery man with language. Talked through his nose so that you could hardly understand him, but you *had* to understand him.

"Only this time I didn't care what he said. So much cold weather, so much snow, so many losses of mules and horses and cattle—all this brings on a kind of stupor. I was sullen and indifferent, the same as my Mexican herders. Guess where those fellows had been all night long. They had been in a gulch, out of the wind, at their fire of buffalo chips and sage-brush. Stayed there in that shelter. Hadn't watched after their mules. Came into camp without them. So I was in trouble, they were in trouble. All of us were, and none of us cared. We were that miserable.


REMINGTON SCHUYLER

"TWO LITTLE GIRLS. . . . ON THE SECOND DAY THEY WERE SENT OUT TO GET SOME WATER . . . AND THEY DID NOT COME BACK"

"Aye, but I, you understand, I was held responsible. 'Maybe,' thinks I, 'maybe the Mormons have got them.' So I rode to the place where the mules should have been herded, got on their trail, followed it several miles, found them sheltered by a granite cliff, and drove them back to camp.

"Yes," Mr. Chambers triumphantly declared, "I drove in the mules all right, but when I got off my horse my feet were like chunks of tallow. I could hardly stand up; and then, when I had gone knee-knocking and hobbling into the tent, I tell you what, I couldn't get my boots off." There was wistfulness in the gray old face of the veteran as he added: "Such good boots, too! They came up high at the knees; made to order, you know; cost eighteen dollars at Fort Leavenworth. And now they had to be cut off from me!

"Well, sir, it had to be like that; my feet were so frozen. But I got them thawed out all right; I didn't lose any of my toes. My wagon-master, who had lived among the Indians, knew what to do for them; he poulticed my feet with the inner bark of a pine tree, and he gave me a pair of moccasins—Sioux moccasins made of buffalo skin, with the hair inside of them. They were big and comfortable, and that was good; my toes could swell as much as they wanted to, and when the leather got wet with the blisters my wagon-master would take the moccasins and dry them out overnight at his camp-fire.

"There were lots of frost-bites like that, and, since we were short of rations, we all had to feel the cold pretty much that winter of '57 and '8. There would have been plenty of provisions, you know, except that the big supply trains of food, some eighty wagons in all, that went with the main body of the army were captured and burnt up by the Mormons at Green River.

"That was before the Dragoons got started into Utah, and even when we did get there we found that in the valleys, where there should have been good grazing, the buffalo grass was all burnt off. The prairie looked as if it had been rubbed with powdered charcoal, and men's faces got black with the dust of the stubble as we passed over that desolate land. By the time we reached Fort Bridger we had lost half our beef cattle.

"The army post was a dreary thing to see. Nothing left but charred skeletons of the buildings. Mormons, you know! And at Fort Supply, so I heard, it was the same story: everything demolished. Grain and provisions either destroyed or else stolen and carried off.

"So we didn't stay long in camp near Bridger, on the creek called Black's Fork. The post, I believe, *was* garrisoned, but six troops of the Second Dragoons, under Colonel Cooke, were sent on to Henry's Fork, on Green River. Grazing was good there, for a snow-storm had prevented the Mormons from burning off the grass.

"All through the winter our rations were very short. The Mormons, you must understand, had orders from Brigham Young not to sell us anything. Even salt got to be a great luxury. But from time to time we got some of it from the Indians at five dollars a pound. Once a man offered me ten dollars for a steer's head without the tongue. He could make some kind of soup out of it, I suppose, and it would taste good. Once you get hungry enough, you can eat grasshoppers or anything else."

With the vivid picturing which the mind of a frontiersman often retains of early experiences, Mr. Chambers described the march of the army, the following spring, through the deserted and tomb-like town of Salt Lake City.

"Pretty late in June, I believe it was, when we came out of Emigration Cañon into Salt Lake Valley. Fine weather. The sky was blue, ever and ever so blue, and all silver-notched at the edge and tepeed with the snowy mountain peaks. I saw them pink-warm with sunup when our drums began to sound in the town, and all afire with sundown long before the last of the heavy army wagons came clacking through the empty streets.

"Such a queer, quiet town! Not a breath of smoke from a single chimney. Late in the afternoon the dust raised by column after column of the army was like a red vapor. It bloodshotted the sun, and the houses stood silent and solemn and stared at us, with their little windows that had no glass in them.

"Here and there, in the dooryards, behind the palings or high fences, the fruit trees were all splattered over and bleeding with ripe cherries. And we were hungry for them, our mouths watered for them; but not one of them was touched. Nothing was touched. Not a house molested.

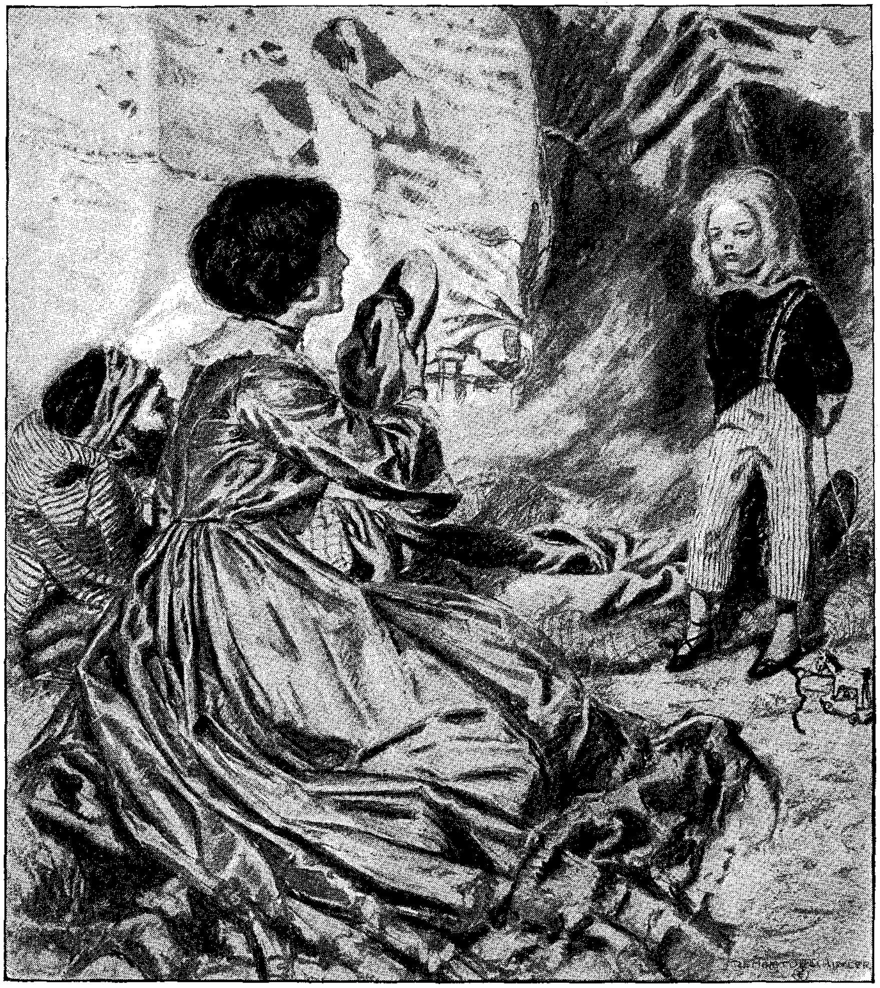
"I had my orders, personal orders from General Johnston, to keep close watch of my men. They were just laborers, mostly Mexicans, but they behaved all right; everybody did. A great man for discipline, that General Johnston.

"You'll be wondering, maybe, why people didn't come to the windows to look at us, as all day long the three columns of the army—the infantry, the artillery, the cavalry—went clamoring through the streets. Well, I'll tell you why; I found out about it afterward. The houses were deserted. Straw and hay had been stuffed into them. Brigham Young and his people had gone off, had run away, carting with them all of their belongings, and leaving only a few men behind. If the army was to be quartered on the town, then the Mormons who had stayed behind were going to set fire to everything, burn up every building.

"Well, we didn't stop in Salt Lake City; we only passed through, and then went into camp on the Jordan River, staying there but a few days. Early in July the army moved about forty miles south, into Cedar Valley, where Camp Floyd was established.

"So you see there was no fighting, after all. We scared the Mormons away without shooting off a gun. Our bloodless war was over."

The following spring, however, emigrant trains were being much harassed by Indians and Mormons. So General Johnston sent out an expedition to protect the southern route through the Territory towards California. With Captain R. F. Campbell in command, two companies of infantry and a troop of dragoons were detailed for this police duty. Leaving Camp Floyd, April 17, 1859, they passed into southern Utah, and Mr. Chambers was among those of the command



"AWNT A DINK, DADDY—ME AWNT A DINK," THE CHILD DEMANDED, BUT THE MAN ONLY GRINNED AND GRINNED" sent to a little valley some three hundred miles south of Salt Lake City.

"Guess now," said he, "what we saw there, my men and I, in that pretty little valley. The tender green of the grass all spotted over with rounded chunks of lime—they looked like lime—or snowballs as big as your head, or else like big pearly shells. Know what they were? Well, they were something that wolves had been tumbling about and had scattered over a mile or so of that prairie. And now, gleaming white in the green grass, those things were as clean as a hound's tooth. Except for the hair. Mexicans were still gathering up the matted hair and combing it out and braiding it into lariats—ten dollars a rope.

"Aye, it's mighty queer how things turn out! A year before the army went into Utah I was soldiering up in the North Platte country, along with General Harney. That was in the spring of '57—May or June it might have been—and it was then that we spied the stylishest emigrant train that ever I did see. Lord bless you, some of the women folks were driving along in carriages! Three of them, three carriages there were, and one of them fair glittered with varnish, till you'd have thought it was dripping sunlight and honey.

"Gold-seekers bound for California? No, sir; they were farmers going out to the Pacific coast to settle. They were taking with them the finest herd of cattle, thoroughbred Durham cattle, that ever crossed the big divide. People from Jackson and Marion Counties, Arkansas, mostly relatives. In their train forty or fifty wagons, I would say, and about that many horses and mules. A fine outfit, sure.

"Well, and almost two years later I saw what was left of it: those white skulls splotching the green of the grass. And the hair that Mexicans were braiding into ropes—might it not have been the hair of those nice-looking women with the frilled sunbonnets who had been driving so comfortably on the cushioned seats of the carriage with the shiny wheels?

"But no matter about that. My men gathered up the skulls and the bones, and they were buried deep in the ground, and the hair-ropes were confiscated and buried with the bones.

"That, sir, was the last of the boys and girls, the men and the women, the last of a hundred and twenty people, massacred by Mormons and Indians in southern Utah, at the place they call Mountain Meadows."

Late in April of 1859, while the military expedition was hastening into southern Utah to protect wagon trains from Indian depredations, the soldiers halted for a night at Meadow Creek. Here it was that Dr. Forney, Superintendent of Indian Affairs, accompanied by Kon-nosh, chief of the Pah-vant tribe, called upon Captain Campbell. In an army ambulance were sixteen children, survivors of the Mountain Meadow massacre, whom the doctor was taking north to Salt Lake City. Ever since the slaughter of their parents and relatives the children had been living in the Mormon settlements of Cedar City, Harmony, and Painter Creek. Now the Government was preparing to send them back to Arkansas.

"I recollect," said Mr. Chambers, "that more than the half of them were girls, and that there were some half-dozen boys. There should have been seventeen children in all, but one boy was still missing. That last child was in Cedar City, so the Indian chief stated, and what he said turned out to be correct.

"How old were the survivors? Well, they'd range, maybe, from three years old up to seven or eight. And such a snarl-headed, dirty, half-naked set of youngsters! Why, we had to fix them out with clothing from the quartermaster's wagons; that is, men's undershirts and underdrawers, you understand, were cut down and made over into funny-looking garments for the children.

"The Mormons missed it, I want to tell you, missed it bad when they thought those little tykes couldn't remember anything about the massacre. A boy six years old, you know, can remember a lot; and two of the boys were of about that age when the killing was going on.

"Well, you may know that it's not a pretty sight, a baby's head with a bullet hole through it, or a woman's skull all stove in by a clubbed musket or a stone tomahawk; yet it wasn't those things that roiled me when we were burying the bones down there at Mountain Meadows. No, what pinched me hardest was what one of the little boys had told me; and it all came into mind that day when I was looking at the grassy embankments, the remains of defensive trenches dug by the Arkansas emigrants after they had repulsed the first attack of the Mormons and Indians.

"On a level stretch of prairie just north of a clear, cold spring—that's the place where the train went into camp. The next morning, while breakfast fires were being lighted, the surprise came. Into the gulch where the water of the little stream flows away, that's where the Indians had crept during the night. Abruptly they opened fire, wounding many. A half-dozen men were killed.

"With the first volley everybody was quick to seek shelter within the walled inclosure, the corral formed by the covered wagons which were chained together, wheel to wheel. For the protection of women and children earthworks were hastily thrown up, wheels sunk in the ground above the hubs, wagon-beds filled with earth, rifle-pits scooped out under the wagons.

"So the fighting began, and it was to continue for the next day, and the next day, and the next day—four days in all. The emigrants were besieged. Their cattle and mules stampeded. No chance to get away.

"It seems strange that a child can sleep so tight that even a great deal of bustle and confusion and shooting will not wake him up. Well, but so it is. And one little boy among the emigrants couldn't at all make out what was wrong. When he called to people they didn't answer, they didn't even look at him. They just hurried on, running fast like ants in an ant-hill.

"His brother, though, wasn't such a silly as those others; his big brother wasn't scurrying about with a pistol and a gun; his brother was half sitting up, with his back against a carriage-wheel, and there was a sticky redness running down his face, from under the white cloth that bound up his head. And one of his arms kept going up and down, up and down, like a pump-handle. And his heaving chest seemed to have a hole in it, for it whistled and wheezed. And he was panting, with mouth wide open. And the sun was in his face. He was staring right at the sun, but he didn't wink or know about that.

"'Water!' he kept saying. 'A little water, please.'

"There were others like him, others who had wet, tearing noises in their throats, and some had flies in their eyes, and some whimpered and begged. Some laughed. And what they all wanted was water. But nobody gave them any. And the sun was getting hot, the September sun that can get very hot. So by and by a man caught up a bucket, crept out of the corral, and whisked away toward the spring.

"He did not come back again.

"It was the same with two little girls. On the second day they were sent out to get some water, it being supposed that nobody, not even a Mormon, would shoot *them*. They wore white dresses, blue ribbons were in their hair; and their mother kissed them, and cried, and let them go.

"And *they* did not come back.

"So, you see, there was no water to wash the bloody hurts of men who were shot, and the wounds had begun to smell bad. And the time had soon come for the chewing of little sticks to make the spittle flow in the mouth, for there was always the fever and the thirst, flesh shriveling, tongues swelling up, lips cracking open like old varnish.

"Yes, and every minute, all day and all night long, was the mockery of running water. Only a little way, just a few yards distant, you know, was the spring. There it was, so close, so awful close, with its endless plash and cool gurgle. And it never stopped laughing; always it went on laughing, in its clear, pretty way, at all that agony of men!

"And quite as care-free as the small brook was the little boy who went running about the corral, looking everywhere for his father, because he did so want his father to stop the noise and the shooting. And, besides, it gets to be very tiresome, you must know, very tiresome and lonesome, for little boys to stay so long in one place, inside a stupid inclosure of wagons.

"But the child's father was ever so hard to find, and when found he was grinning and staring in a way that was not good to see. His brown beard was all clotted; it was red as a paint-brush, and he was stretched out on a feather mattress, with pillows and folded blankets holding up his head.

"'Awnt a dink, daddy—me awnt a dink,' the child demanded, but the man only grinned and grinned. And the boy's mother went on fanning him with a slouch hat, as if that might help him to breathe better.

"Well, and on the fifth day it came to an end, all that suffering. The Mormons, you know, tricked the emigrants into giving up their guns, and also tricked them into leaving their corral. So they were mowed down, assassinated, quickly put out of the way. And about two years afterward, as I have told you, I buried the bones of them, the bones of little children, betrayed men, helpless women.

"Yet the thing at Mountain Meadows which bothered me most was not what I saw; it was what I heard; it was the sound of running water that still went softly gurgling and tittering among the stones."

The Third Empire

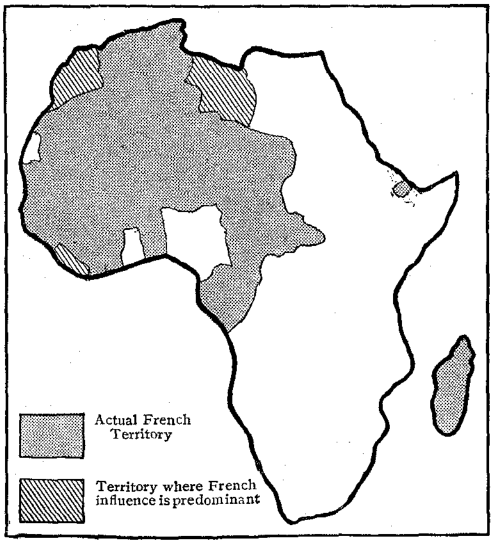
How France is Turning a Desert into a Dominion

By E. Alexander Powell, F.R.G.S.

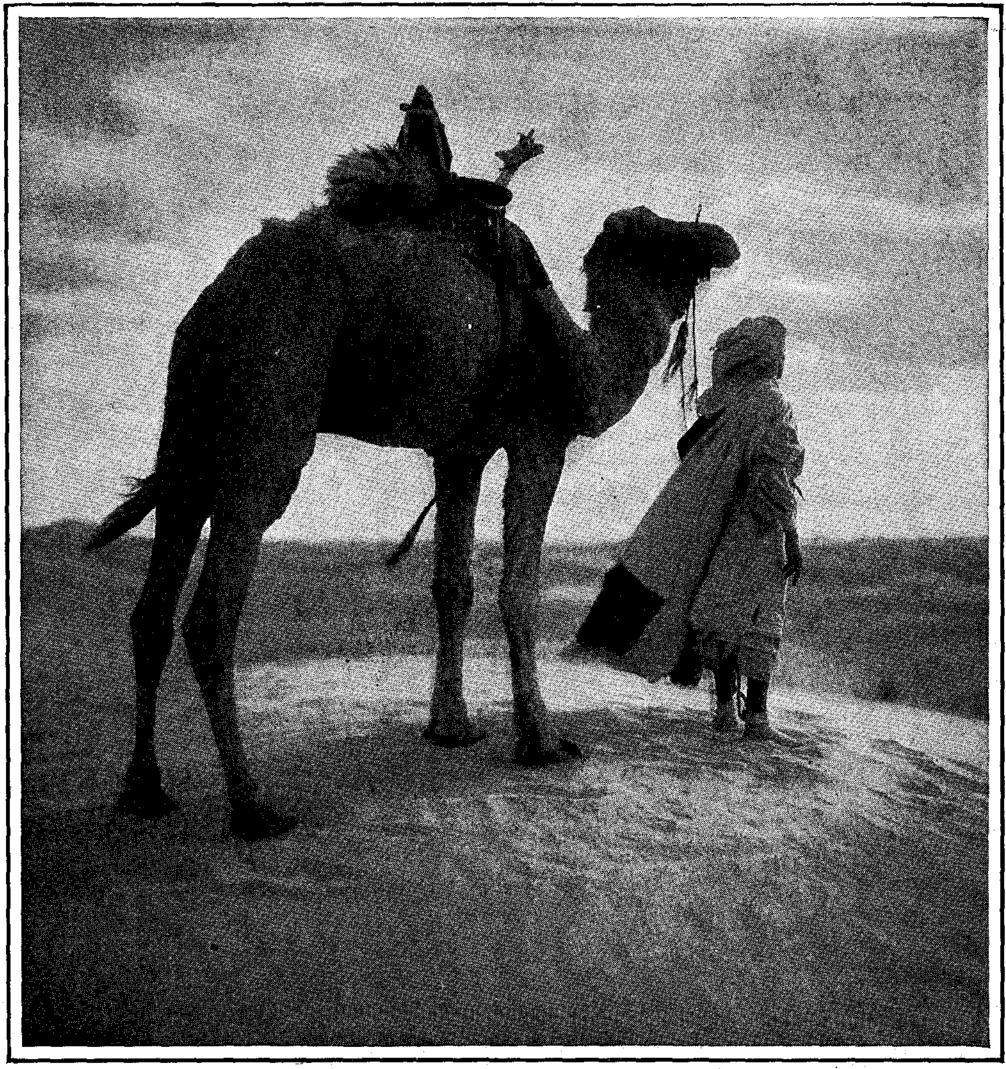
WE have witnessed one of the most remarkable episodes in the history of the world. In less than a generation we have seen the French dream of an African empire, stretching without interruption from the Mediterranean to the Congo, literally fulfilled. French imperialism did not end, as the historians would have you believe, on that September day in 1870 when the third Napoleon lost his liberty and his throne at Sedan. The echoes of the Commune had scarcely died away before the French empire-builders were again at work, in Africa, in Asia, in Oceanica, founding on every seaboard of the world a new and greater France. In the twoscore years which have elapsed since France's *année terrible* her neglected and scattered colonies have been expanded into a Third Empire—an empire oversea. She has had her revenge for the loss of Alsace-Lorraine by forestalling Teutonic colonial ambition in every quarter of the globe: in China, in Malaysia, in Equatoria, and now in Morocco, the advance of the German *vorlopers* has been met by the harsh "*Qui vive?*" of the French videttes.

Though thirty centuries have elapsed since Phœnicia first began to nibble at the continent, it was not until 1884 that the mad rush began which ended in Africa's being apportioned among a half-dozen European nations with as little scruple as a gang of boys would divide a stolen pie. This stealing of a continent, lock, stock, and barrel, is one of the most astounding performances in history. France emerged from the scramble with a bigger slice of territory than any other Power, a territory which she has so steadily and systematically expanded and consolidated that to-day her sphere of influence extends over *forty-five per cent of the land area and twenty-four per cent of the population of Africa.*

The territorial ambitions of most countries have been blazoned to the world by many wars. It took England two disastrous campaigns to win South Africa, and two more to conquer the Sudan; Russia learned the same lesson in Manchuria at even a more terrible cost, while Italy's insecure foothold on the Red Sea shore was purchased by the annihilation of an army. Where other nations have won their colonial possessions by arms, France has won hers by adroitness. Always her policy has been one of pacific penetration. Trace the history of her African expansion and you will find no Majuba Hill, no Omdurman, no Adowa, no Modder River. Time and time again, the accomplishments of her small and unheralded expeditions have proved that more territory can be won by beads and brass wire than by rifles and machine guns. Last winter I asked the Governor-General of Algeria what he considered the most important factors in the remarkable spread of French influence and civilization in North Africa, and he replied, "Public schools, the American phonograph, and the American sewing-machine." So silently, swiftly,



FRANCE'S AFRICAN EMPIRE



ON THE ROUTE TO TIMBUEJA

and unobtrusively have the French empire-builders worked that even those of us who pride ourselves on keeping in touch with the march of progress stand amazed when we trace on the map the distances to which they have pushed France's African frontiers. It is no exaggeration to say that to-day French influence is predominant over all that expanse of the Dark Continent lying west of the Nile basin and north of the Congo, a territory one and a half times the size of the United States.

With the exception of the Negro Republic of Liberia (on whose frontiers, by the way, France is steadily encroaching), the little patches of British and Spanish possessions on the West Coast, and the German colonies of Kamerun and Togoland, France has unostentatiously brought under her control almost all of that enormous tract of African soil which stretches from the banks of the Congo to the shores of the Mediterranean, and from the Atlantic seaboard to the Valley of the Nile. Algeria has been French for more than half a century, being regarded, indeed, as a part of France, and not a colony at all. Though the Bey of Tunis still holds perfunctory audiences in his Palace of the Bardo, it is from the French residency that the protectorate is really ruled. French influence and French agents have been quietly at work in Tripoli for some years past, but Italy's pretensions are predominating in interest. If occupation is half the game of colonization, then Morocco

DESERT SCENE IN THE EASTERN SAHARA

may fairly be included in France's African sphere, for it is extremely probable that she will be as dilatory in withdrawing her troops from Fez as Great Britain has been in withdrawing hers from Cairo.

On the West Coast the tricolor floats over the colonies of Senegal, French Guinea, the Ivory Coast, Dahomey, Upper Senegal-Niger, and Mauritania (the last named a newly organized colony carved from the Moroccan hinterland and bearing, significantly enough, the classic name of Morocco), the combined area of these West Coast colonies alone being about equal to that of European Russia.

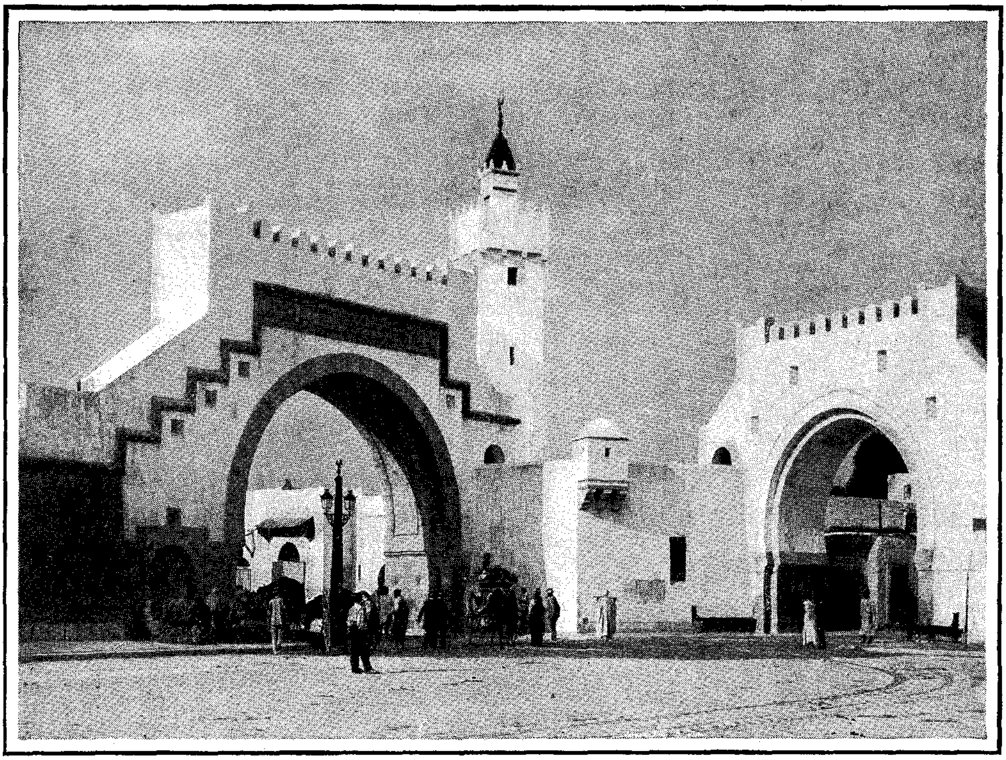
From the Congo northward to Lake Tchad stretches the great territory of French Equatorial Africa—formerly known as the French Congo—potentially the richest of the French possessions, and with an area greater than that of France, Germany, Austria, Italy, and Switzerland put together. The great Central African state of Kanem, with its organized government, its important commerce, and its considerably developed civilization, was completely subjugated by France in 1903; Wadai, its powerful neighbor to the east, accepted the French protectorate in the same year. In the center of this ring of colonies lie the 1,500,000 square miles of the French Sahara, over which French civilization is striding with three-league boots. On the other side of the continent is another great colony, Madagascar, in itself considerably larger than the mother country; while the French Somali Coast divides with Aden the control of the southern entrance to the Red Sea. Everything considered, history can show few parallels to this marvelous colonial expansion, begun while France was impoverished by the disastrous Prussian War and still torn by internecine strife, and quietly carried on under the very eyes of greedy and jealous neighbors.

"When the English occupy a country," runs a saying which they have in West Africa, "the first thing they build is a customhouse; the first thing the Germans build is a fort; but the first thing the French build is a railway." Nothing, indeed, shows more graphically the civilizing work done by the French in these almost unknown lands than the means of communication; there being in operation to-day in French Africa 6,000 miles of railway, 25,000 miles of telegraph, and 10,000 miles of telephone. Think of being able to buy a round-trip ticket from Paris to Timbuktu; of sending Christmas or New Year's greetings to your family by telegraph from the middle of the Sahara; or of sitting in the American consulate at Tamatave and chatting with a friend at Antananarivo, three hundred miles away. And, as a final touch, they have erected a wireless installation at Fez, by means of which his Shereefian Majesty dash-dotted his respects to the President of the Republic at Paris. That's the sort of work the French are doing in "Darkest" Africa.

A MASKED TUAREG

One of the savage nomadic tribesmen who have long played havoc with the caravan trade of North Africa

To-day one can travel on a splendidly ballasted road-bed, in an electric-lighted sleeping-car, with a dining-coach ahead, along that entire stretch of the Barbary Coast which lies between the Moroccan and Tripolitan frontiers. A strategic line has been pushed six hundred miles southward from Oran with Timbuktu as its destination; while the railhead of another line has remained for some time at Tlemcen, a point on the Moroccan border extremely convenient to Fez. From Constantine, in Algeria, another railway is crawling southward into the Sahara, with Lake Tchad as its objective, thus opening up the great protected states of Kanem and Wadai. From Dakar, in Senegal, a combined rail and river service is in operation to the Great Bend of the Niger, so that one can now go to the mysterious city of Timbuktu by train and river steamer, in considerable comfort, and under the protection of the French flag all the way. In Dahomey, within the memory of all of us a notorious cannibal kingdom, a railway is under construction to Chaoru, four hundred miles into the jungle; from Konakry, the capital of French Guinea, a line has just been opened



THE CITY GATES OF TUNIS

to Kourassa, three hundred and fifty miles inland; while even the Ivory Coast boasts two hundred miles of well-laid line. From Tamatave, the chief seaport of Madagascar, you can go by rail to the capital, Antananarivo, three hundred miles up into the mountains, and, if you wish to continue across the island, government motor cars will run you down to Majunga on the other side. From Djibouti, the capital of the French Somali Coast, another railway has been pushed as far up-country as Diré-Dawah, in Menelik's dominions (fare $60 for the journey of two hundred and fifty miles), thus diverting the considerable trade of Abyssinia from the British Sudan to the French marts in Somaliland.

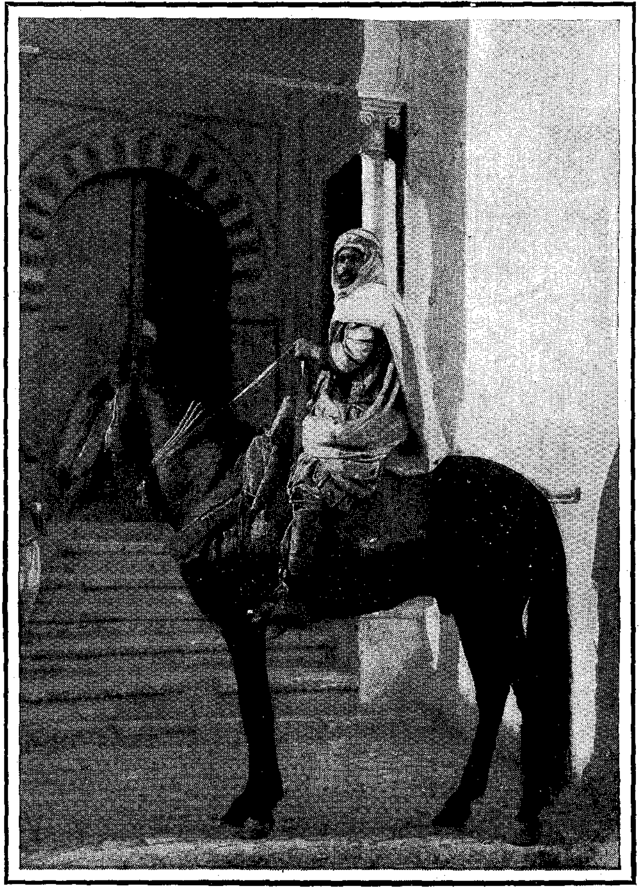
The struggle of the French colonial army to maintain law and order along the vast reaches of France's African frontiers forms one of the most thrilling and romantic chapters in the history of colonial expansion. Theirs has been a work of tact, rather than of force; for where England, Germany, Italy, and Belgium have used the iron hand in dealing with the natives, France more far-sighted, has seen the wisdom of hiding it beneath the velvet glove. It has been the consistent policy of other European nations neither to trust the natives nor to treat them with any degree of consideration. Hence the ominous murmur of "Egypt for the Egyptians;" hence the fact that no Italian official in Eritrea or Benadir dares venture outside the towns unless he is armed and escorted; hence the refusal of the natives of German East Africa to work on German-owned plantations, and their wholesale emigration from the colony.

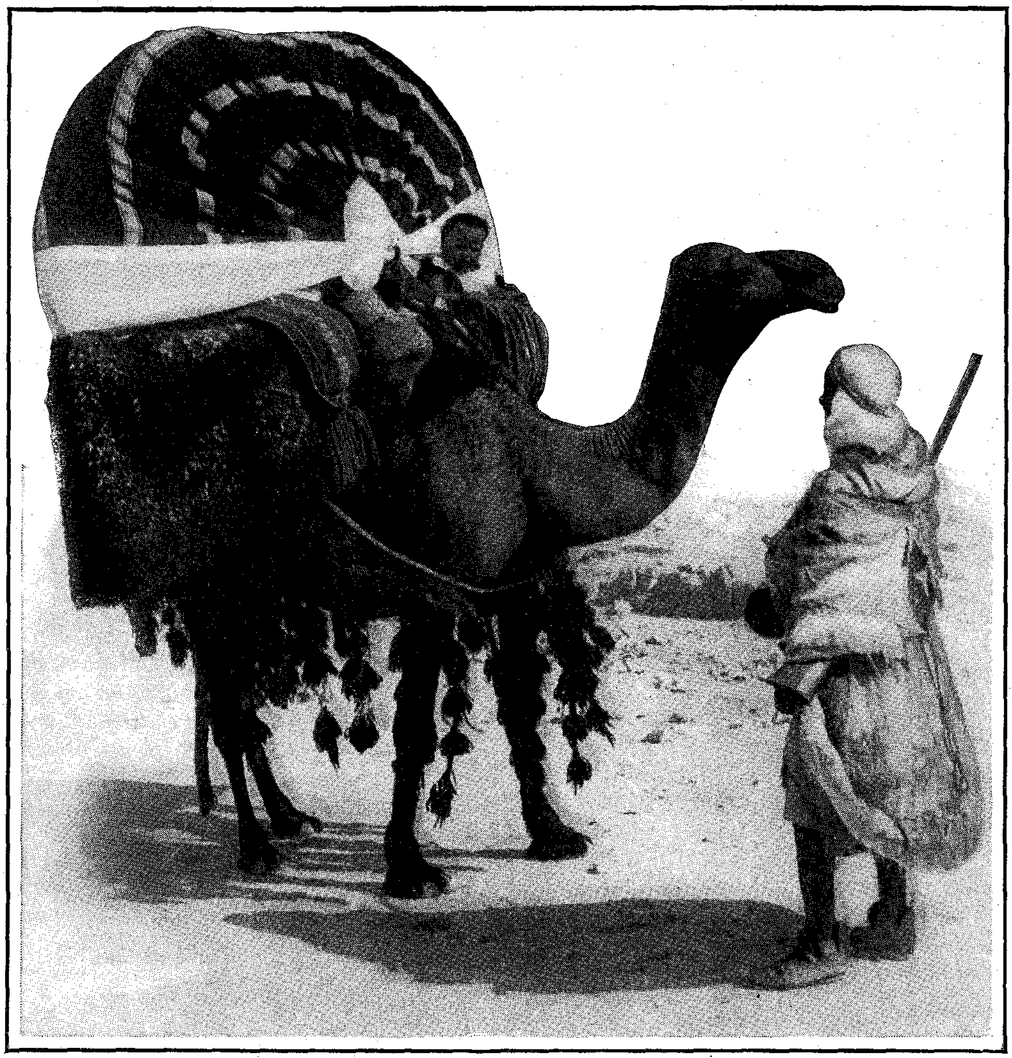
France, on the contrary, has steadily adhered to a policy of conciliation and friendship, having, by the generous distribution of commissions and decorations, built up an efficient and loyal native army. I have been assured repeatedly by North African sheiks that, should France become involved in a European war, her native soldiery would volunteer for Continental service almost to a man. That England is far from certain how her Egyptian and Sudanese troops would behave in such a contingency is best proved by the formidable British garrisons which are steadily maintained in the Land of the Valley of the Nile.

I am but reflecting the opinions of many highly placed and intimately informed European officials in North Africa when I assert that Germany's repeated interference with the French programme in Morocco is due as much to military as to political jealousy, the Germans using this means to hinder the expansion of France's African army, which has long been a bugaboo to the War Office authorities in Berlin. Whether this is the true reason or not, no one knows better than the German General Staff that, in the event of war, the Republic would be able to advance a black army to the banks of the Rhine in ten days—and that she would not be deterred in 1911 by the scruples which prevented her utilizing her African soldiery in 1870. Though France's African soldiery does not at present number more than 75,000 men—all well-drilled, highly disciplined, and modernly armed—the French drill-sergeants in Africa are not idle and they have limitless resources to draw from. The population of the Negro states under French protection runs into many millions, and would easily yield twenty per cent of fighting men. Nothing pleases the African as an occupation more than soldiering, his native physique, courage, and endurance making him, with amazingly little training, a first-class fighting man. It is no great wonder, then, that Germany looks askance at the formidable army which her rival is building up so quietly but so steadily on the other side of the Mediterranean.

The French colonial governments, by gifts and favors of one kind and another, have been highly successful in winning the friendship of the great *marabouts*, highly venerated "holy men," who possess wide influence among the wild tribes of the desert. Several times each year it is customary for the commandants of the French posts along the edge of the Sahara to organize *fantasias* in honor of the Arab sheiks of the region, who come in to attend them, followed by great retinues of burnoused, turbaned, and splendidly mounted retainers, with the same enthusiasm with which an American countryside turns out to see the circus. At one of these affairs, held in southern Algeria, I could not but contrast the marked attentions paid by the French officials to the native chieftains with the cavalier and frequently insolent attitude assumed by British officials towards Egyptians of all ranks. Were a French official to affront one of the great native chieftains as Lord Kitchener did the Khedive, when he exacted an apology from his Highness for presuming to criticise the discipline of the Sudanese troops, he would be fortunate indeed if he escaped dismissal.

At the *fantasia* in question luxuriously furnished tents had been erected for the comfort of the native guests; a champagne luncheon provided the excuse for innumerable protestations of friendship over the rims of brimming glasses; a series of races with money prizes was arranged for the visitors' horses; and, before leaving, the sheiks were presented with ornate saddles, gold-mounted rifles, and, in a few cases, with crosses of the Legion of Honor. In return for this they


A FRENCH-DRILLED ARAB CAVALRYMAN



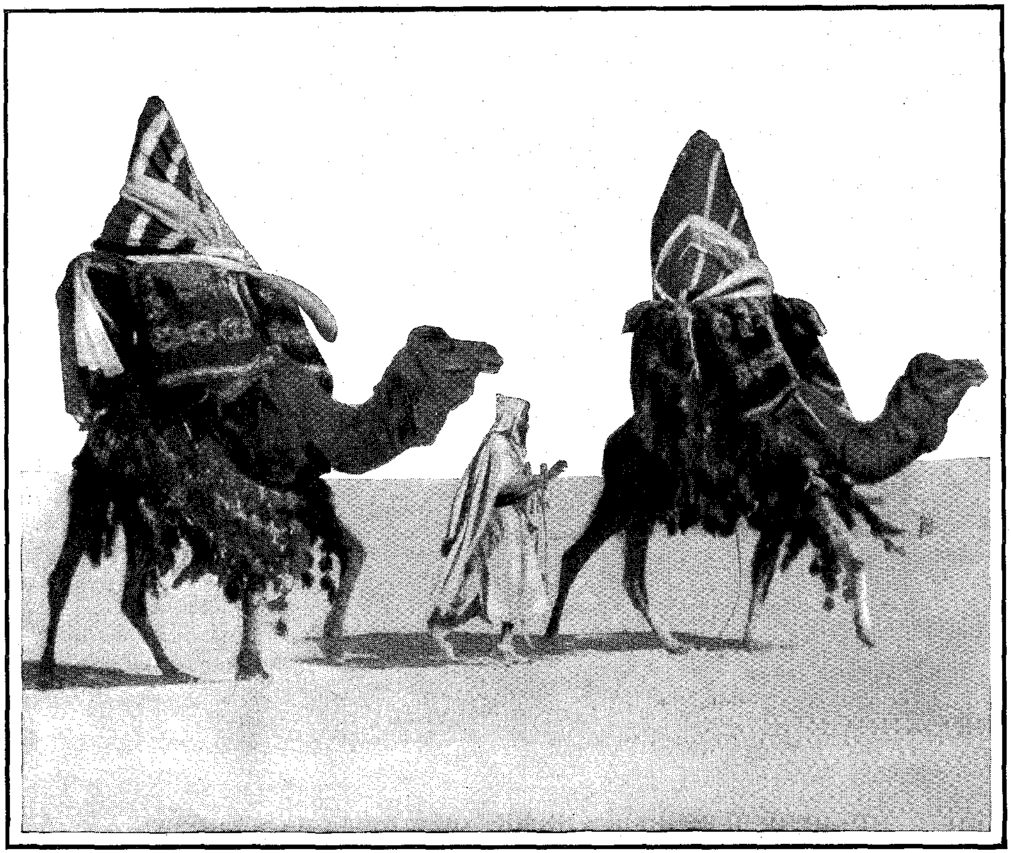
HOW AN ARAB FAMILY CROSSES THE DESERT

willingly agreed to capture and surrender certain fugitives from justice who had fled into the desert; to warn their tribesmen that the plundering of caravans must cease; to furnish specified quotas of recruits for the native army; and to send in for sale to the Remount Department a large number of desert-bred horses. And, what is the most important of all, they returned to their desert homes immensely impressed with the power, the wealth, and the liberality of France.

Straggling down here and there into the desert from some of the North African coast towns go the trade routes of the caravans; and it is the protection of these trade routes, traversing, as they do, a territory larger than that of the United States, that is intrusted to the twelve hundred *meharistes* composing France's Saharan forces. Though comparatively unfertile, the Sahara vastly influences the surrounding regions, just as the Atlantic Ocean influences the countries which border it. Were commerce to be seriously interrupted upon the Atlantic, financial hardships would inevitably result in all the maritime countries. So it is, then, with the Sahara, which is, to all intents and purposes, an inland ocean. Ever since the royal caravan of the Queen of Sheba brought gifts to King Solomon, ever since the Semitic nomad Abraham came out of Ur, it has been customary for the nomad Arab rulers, through whose territories the trade routes pass, to exact heavy tribute from the caravan sheiks; the Bilma trans-

Saharan route alone being plundered annually to the tune of 10,000,000 francs, until the coming of the French camel police. Many of these great trade caravans, you will understand, are literally moving cities, sometimes consisting of as many as 12,000 camels, to say nothing of the accompanying horses, donkeys, and sheep. Such a caravan it takes a year or more to outfit, ofttimes at a cost of more than $1,000,000, the money being contributed in varying sums by thousands of merchants and petty traders who reside in the district whence it starts. It is obvious, therefore, that the looting of such a caravan might well spell ruin for the people of a whole district; and it is by her successful protection of the caravan routes that France has earned the gratitude of the peoples of all those regions that border on the Great Sahara. By a network of small oasis garrisons and desert patrols, recruited from the desert tribes and mounted on the tall, swift riding-camel known as *mehari*, France has made the Saharan trade routes, if not as safe as Fifth Avenue or Piccadilly, certainly very much safer for the lone traveler than lower Clark Street in Chicago, or the neighborhood of the Paris *halles*. But the days of the Saharan caravan trade are numbered, for the telegraph wires which already stretch across the desert to the French outposts in the Congo, the Senegal, and the Sudan are but forerunners to herald the coming of the iron horse.

France's path of colonial expansion in Africa has been remarkably free from obstructions, for, barring the Algerian campaign of 1830 and the German-created incidents in Morocco, she has acquired her vast domain —close on half of the total area of the continent—at small cost of either money or lives. The only time, indeed, when her African ambitions received a serious setback was in 1898, at Fashoda (now known as Kodok) on the White Nile, when the French explorer Major Marchand, obeying the ultimatum of Lord Kitchener, hauled down the tricolor which he had raised at that remote spot, thus losing to France the whole of the Eastern Sudan and the control of the headwaters of the Nile.



ARAB WOMEN TRAVELING ACROSS THE SAHARA IN CAMEL LITTERS

In this connection there is an interesting bit of diplomatic secret history which, so far as I am aware, has never appeared in print. The story is told by both French and British officials—and there is every reason to believe that it is true—that France had planned, in case Marchand was able to hold his position, to divert the waters of the Nile, at a point near its junction with the Sobat River, into the Sahara, an undertaking which, from the nature of the land in that region, would present slight engineering difficulties. France would thus have accomplished the twofold purpose of irrigating her desert territory, and, by cutting off its only supply of water, of turning Egypt into a desert; for this, remember, was in those bitter, jealous days before the Anglo-French *entente*. It was, indeed, the intelligence that the Khalifa proposed, by doing this very thing, to bring Egypt to her knees, that caused the second Sudanese expedition to be pushed forward with such surprising speed. It is safe to say that England's prime reason for clinging so tenaciously, and at such heavy cost to the British taxpayer, to the arid tract known as the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan, is to safeguard Egyptian prosperity by the control of the headwaters of the Nile.

To illustrate how much the Nile is the barometer of Egyptian prosperity, I might add that, when I was in Khartum a few months ago, the officials of the Sudanese irrigation service complained to me most bitterly that they were seriously hampered in their work of desert reclamation by the restrictions placed upon the amount of water diverted from the Nile, a comparatively insignificant diversion causing widespread distress among the Egyptian agriculturists.

Because the map-makers from time immemorial have chosen to paint the northern half of the African continent a speckled yellow, most of us think of this region as an arid, sun-baked, worthless desert; but French explorers, French scientists, and French engineers have proved that this is very far from being the case; though the French Sahara, the southernmost portions of Algeria and Tunisia, and most of the colony of Mauritania is desert, or just beyond desert, it is by no means useless or past reclamation. An extensive series of experiments has shown that, like the Great American Desert, the Sahara has an ample supply of underground water, which in many cases has been reached at a depth of only forty feet. There is, indeed, hardly a desert where the experiment has been tried, whether in Asia, America, or Africa, where waters have not been found within 2,000 feet of the surface; although usually not sufficient for agriculture, enough has generally been found to afford a supply for cattle, mines, and railways. Three striking examples of what can be accomplished by scientific well-drilling in desert lands are the great wells of the Salton Desert, the flowing wells at Benson, Arizona, and a supply of 700,000 gallons of water a day from the deep wells on the mesa at El Paso, each of these supplies of water being obtained from localities which, superficially, were hopelessly dry.

It must be borne in mind, in any discussion of North Africa, that until the early '80's the Great American Desert was as primitive, waterless, and sparsely settled a region as the Sahara. Its scattered inhabitants practiced irrigation and agriculture very much as do the Arabs of to-day, and, like them, they constructed buildings of unburnt brick and stone. Though the Indian was able to find sustenance of sorts upon the American desert, just as the Bedouin does upon the African, it was of a kind upon which the white man could not well exist. The unconquered Apaches plundered wagon-trains and mail-coaches, just as the Tuareg occasionally plunders the Saharan trade-caravans to-day, and the only white men were the soldiers at lonely and scattered posts or desperadoes flying from the law. Conditions in the Sahara and in the American desert were almost identical, indeed, within the memory of us all.

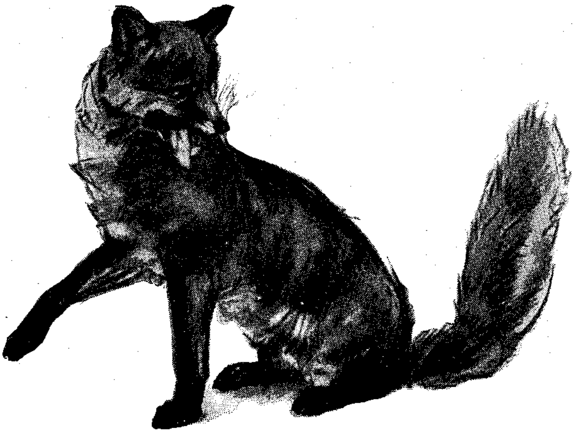
Then the railways came, and the desert was awakened from its lethargy of centuries by the shriek of the locomotive. The first railways to be constructed were designed primarily as highways between the Atlantic and the Pacific seaboards, with hardly a thought of revenue from the desert itself; but hard on the heels of the railway-builders followed the miners and the cattlemen, so that to-day the iron highway across the desert is bordered by prosperous cities and villages, by mines, ranches, and white farm-houses with green blinds and picket fences; this one-time arid area, which the wiseheads of thirty years ago pronounced worthless, now yields a wealth twice as much per capita as that of any other portion of the United States.

What has already been accomplished in the American desert, French brains, French energy, and French machinery are fast accomplishing in the Sahara. Not only have the French expeditions explored and charted the whole of the unknown regions, but they have thoroughly investigated the commercial possibilities of the immense territories which have recently come under their control. These investigations have shown that the Sahara is very far from being an ocean of sand, as the stories and pictures of so many superficial travelers have led us to believe, but is, on the contrary, of a very varied surface, here rising into high plateaus like those of Tibesti and Ahaggar, there broken into mountain chains with peaks eight thousand feet high, and again crossed by chains of large and fertile oases. Now an oasis does not necessarily consist, as the reading public seems to believe, of a group of palm trees around a brackish well; many of them include great stretches of well-watered and fertile soil, rich in fig, pomegranate, olive, and orange trees. The oasis of Kauouer, for example, with its one hundred thousand date-palms, furnishes subsistence for a score of straggling villages, with their camels, flocks, and herds. Many date plantations and vineyards have flourished in southernmost Algeria for several years past by means of water from below the surface; while the chief of the French geodetical survey has just announced that a region in the very heart of the Sahara, 9 degrees in longitude by 12 degrees in latitude, is already sufficiently watered for the raising of grain. The reports of these expeditions and commissions bear with painstaking thoroughness on the productivity of the soil, the suitability of the climate, the existence and accessibility of forest wealth, the presence and probable extent of mineral veins, and on transportation facilities by road, rail, and river over all that huge territory which comprises France's African Empire, actual and prospective.

The story of French success in the exploration, the civilization, the administration, and the exploitation of Africa is one of the wonder tales of history. That she has relied on the resources of science rather than on those of militarism makes her achievement the more remarkable. It has long been the fashion to speak of the British as the only successful colonizers, but when it is remembered that France's possessions have largely been won by pacific penetration, and England's by punitive expeditions, the statement may be amended. Look at Senegambia as it is now under French rule, and compare its condition with what it was as Mungo Park describes it at the end of the eighteenth century; contrast the modernized Dahomey of to-day, with its railways, schools, and hospitals, with the blood-soaked, voodoo-worshiping cannibal Dahomey of the early sixties; remember that Algeria under the French has doubled in population, and you will have a bird's-eye view, as it were, of what the French have accomplished in the colonizing field.

ALGERIAN TIRAILLEUR
French Colonial Army

If French Africa becomes in time a rich and prosperous dominion, and I firmly believe that it will, it is to her patient and intrepid pioneers of civilization—desert patrols, railway-builders, well-drillers, commercial investigators—that the thanks of the nation will be due; for they are pointing the way to millions of natives, on whose activities and necessities the commercial development of Africa must eventually depend. So I trust that those at home in France will give all honor to the men at work in the Sahara, the Senegal, and the Sudan, or rotting in the weed-grown, snake-infested cemeteries of the Congo and Somaliland—men whose battles have been fought out on lonely desert oases, far away from home and friends, and often from another white man's help and sympathy; sometimes with savage desert raiders, or in action against Hausa, Berber, or Moor; but oftenest of all with an unseen and deadlier foe—the dread African fever.



The Little Foxes

By Dallas Lore Sharp

With Drawings by Carton Moore-Park

I WAS picking strawberries down by the woods when some one called out from the road:

"Say, ain't they a litter of young foxes somewheres here in the ridges?"

I recognized the man as one of the chronic fox-hunters of the region, and answered:

"I'm sure of it, by the way an old she-fox has pestered my chickens lately."

"Well, she won't pester them no more. She's been trapped and killed. Any man that would kill a she-fox this time o' year and let her pups starve to death, he ain't no better than a brute, he ain't. I've hunted two days for 'em; and I'll hunt till I find 'em." And he disappeared into the woods, on my side of the road, upon a quest so utterly futile, apparently, so entirely counter to my notion of the man, that I stopped my picking and followed him up the ridge, just to see which way a man would go to find a den of suckling foxes in all the miles and miles of swamp and ledgy woodland that spread in every direction about him. I did not see which way he went, for by the time I reached the crest he had gone down and out of hearing through the thick sprout-land. I sat down, however, upon a stump to think about him, this man of the shoe-shop, working his careful way up and down the bushy slopes, around the granite ledges, across the bogs and up-grown pastures, into the matted green-brier patches, hour after hour searching for a hole in the ground a foot wide, for a den of little foxes that were whimpering and starving because their mother did not return.

He found them—two miles away, on the edge of an open field, near a public road, and directly across from a school-house! I don't know how he found them. But patience and knowledge and love, and a wild primitive instinct that making shoes had never taken out of his primitive nature, helped him largely in his hunt. He took them, nursed them back to strength on a bottle, fed them milk and rice until they could forage for themselves, turned them loose in the woods, and then, that fall, he shot them one after the other as often as he had a holiday from the shop, or a moonlight night upon which he could hunt.

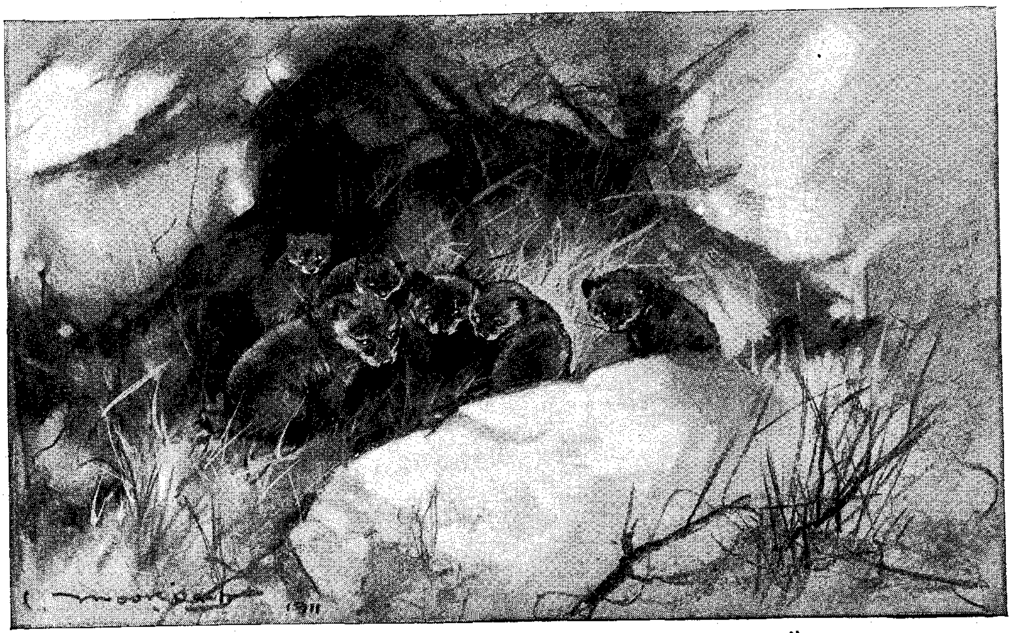
But he did not kill all of them. Seven foxes were shot at my lower bars last winter. It is now strawberry time again, and again an old she-fox lies in wait for every hen that flies over the chicken-yard fence—which means another litter of young foxes somewhere here in the ridges. The line continues, even at the hands of the man with the gun. For strangely coupled with the desire to kill is the instinct to save, in human nature and in all nature—to preserve a remnant, that no line perish forever from the earth. As the unthinkable ages of geology come and go, animal and vegetable forms arise, change, and disappear; but life persists, lines lead on, and in some form many of the ancient families breathe our air and still find a home on this small and smaller-growing globe of ours.

And it may continue so for ages yet, with our help and permission.

Wild life is changing more rapidly to-day than ever before, is being swept faster and faster toward the brink of the world; but it is cheering to look out of my window, as I write, and see the brown thrasher getting food for her young out of the lawn, to hear the scratch of squirrels' feet across the porch, to catch a faint and not unpleasant odor of skunk through the open window as the breeze blows in from the woods, and to find, as I found in hoeing my melons early this morning, the pointed prints of a fox making in a confident and knowing line toward the chicken-yard.

I have lived some forty years upon the earth (how the old hickory outside my window mocks me!), and I have seen some startling changes in wild animal life. Even I can recall a great flock of snowy herons, or egrets, that wandered up from the South one year and stayed a while on the Maurice River marshes, just as, in earlier times, it is recorded that along the Delaware "the white cranes did whiten the river bank like a great snow-drift." To-day the snowy herons have vanished from the remotest glades of the South; and my friend Finley, on the trail of the Western plume-hunters, searches in vain for a single pair of the exquisite birds in the vast tule lakes of Oregon, where, only a few weeks before his trip, thousands of pairs had nested. He found heaps of rotting carcasses stripped of their fatally lovely plumes; he found nests with eggs and dead young, but no live birds; the family of snowy herons, the whole race, had been suddenly swept off the world, annihilated, and was no more.

A few men with guns—for money—had done it. And the wild areas of the world, especially of our part of the world, have grown so limited now that a few men could easily, quickly destroy, blot out from the book of life, almost any of our bird and animal families. "Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands; thou hast put all things under his feet"—literally, and he must go softly now lest the very fowl of the air and fish of the sea be destroyed forever. Within my memory the passenger-pigeon, by some cataclysm perhaps, has apparently become extinct; the ivory-billed woodpecker also, this latter by



"A DEN OF LITTLE FOXES THAT WERE WHIMPERING" the hand of man, for I knew the man who believed that he had killed the last pair of these noble birds reported from the Florida forests. So we thought it had fared also with the snowy heron, but recently we have had word from the wardens of the Audubon Society that a remnant has escaped; a few pairs of the birds have been discovered along the Gulf coast—so hardly can nature forego her own! So far away does the mother of life hide her child, and so cunningly!

With our immediate and intelligent help, this family of birds, from these few pairs, can be saved and spread again over the savannahs of the South and the wide tule lakes in the distant Northwest.

The mother-principle, the dominant instinct in all life, is not failing in our time. As Nature grows less capable (and surely she does!) of mothering her own, then man must turn mother, as he has in the Audubon Society; as he did in the case of the fellow from the shoe-shop who saved the little foxes. And there is this to hearten him, that, while extinction of the larger forms of animal life seems inevitable in the future, a little help and constant help now will save even the largest of our animals for a long time to come.

The way animal life hangs on against almost insuperable odds, and the power in man's hands to further or destroy it, is quite past belief until one has watched carefully the wild creatures of a thickly settled region.

The case of the Indian will apply to all our other aborigines. It is somewhat amazing to be told, as we are on good authority, that there are probably more live Indians on the reservations to-day than there were all told over all of North America when the white men first came here. Certainly they have been persecuted, but they have also been given protection—pens!

Wild life, too, will thrive, in spite of inevitable persecution and repression, if given only a measure of protection.

Year by year the cities spread, the woods and wild places narrow, yet life holds on. The fox trots free across my small farm, and helps himself successfully from the poultry of my careful raising.

Nature—man-nature—has been hard on the little brute—to save him! His face has grown long from much experience, and deep-lined with wisdom. He seems a normal part of civilization; he literally passes in and out of the city gates, roams at large through my town, and dens within the limits of my farm. Enduring, determined, resourceful, quick-witted, soft-footed, he holds out against a pack of enemies that keep continually at his heels, and runs in his race the race of all life, winning for all life a long lease yet upon the earth.

For here is Reynard sitting upon a knoll in the road, watching me tear down upon him in a thirty horse-power motor car. He steps into the bushes to let me pass, then comes back to the road and trots upon his four adequate legs back to the farm to see if I left the gate of the hen-yard open.

There is no sight of Nature more heartening to me than this glimpse of the fox; no thought of Nature more reassuring than the thought of the way Reynard holds his own—of the long-drawn, dogged fight that Nature will put up when cornered and finally driven to bay. The globe is too small for her eternally to hold out against man; but with the help of man, then in spite of man, she will fight so good a fight that not for years yet need another animal form perish from the earth.

If I am assuming too much authority, it is because, here in the remoteness of my small woods where I can see at night the lights of the distant city, I have personally taken a heartless hand in this determined attempt to exterminate the fox. No, I do not raise fancy chickens in order to feed him. On the contrary, much as I love to see him, I keep a double-barreled gun against his coming. He knows it, and comes just the same. At least the gun does not keep him away. My neighbors have dogs, but they do not keep him away. Guns, dogs, traps, poison—nothing can keep the foxes away.

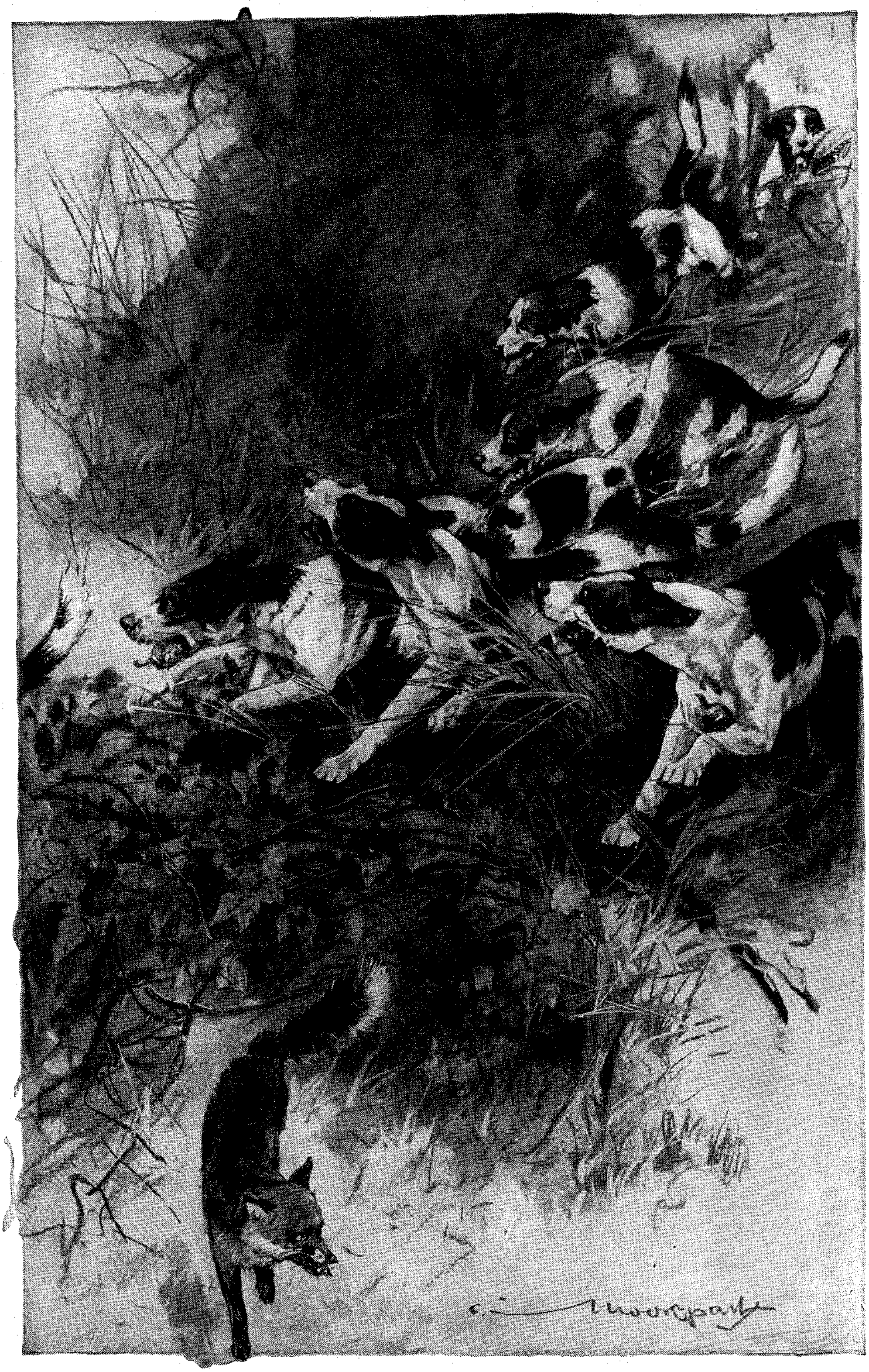
It must have been about four o'clock the other morning when one of my children tiptoed into my room and whispered, "Father, there's the old fox walking around Pigeon-Henny's coop behind the barn."

I got up and hurried with the little fellow into his room, and, sure enough, there in the fog of the dim morning I could make out the form of a fox moving slowly around the small coop.

The old hen was clucking in terror to her chicks, her cries having awakened the small boys.

I got myself down into the basement, seized my gun, and, gliding out through the cellar door, crept stealthily into the barn.

The back window was open. The thick, wet fog came pouring in like smoke. I moved up boldly through the heavy smother


C. Moorepark

"LEAPING LIGHTLY ASIDE OVER A PILE OF BRUSH AND STONES, HE VANISHED AS THE DOGS BROKE MADLY ABOUT ME" and looked down into the field. There was the blur of the small coop, but where was the fox?

Pushing the muzzle of my double-barreled gun out across the window-sill, I waited.

But there, through a rift in the fog, stood the fox! What a shot! The old rascal cocked his ears toward the house. All was still. Quickly under the wire of the coop went his paw, the old hen fluttering and crying in fresh terror.

Carefully, noiselessly, I swung the muzzle of the gun around on the window-sill until the bead drew dead upon the thief. The cow in her stall beside me did not stir. I knew that four small boys in the bedroom window had their eyes riveted upon that fox waiting for me to fire. It was a nervous situation, so early in the morning, in the cold white fog, and without anything much but slippers on. Usually, of course, I shot in boots.

But there stood the fox clawing out my young chickens, and, steadying the gun as best as I could on the moving window-sill, I fired.

That the fox jumped is not to be wondered at. I jumped myself as both barrels went off together. A gun is a sudden thing any time of day, but so early in the morning, and when everything was wrapped in silence and the ocean fog, the double explosion was extremely startling.

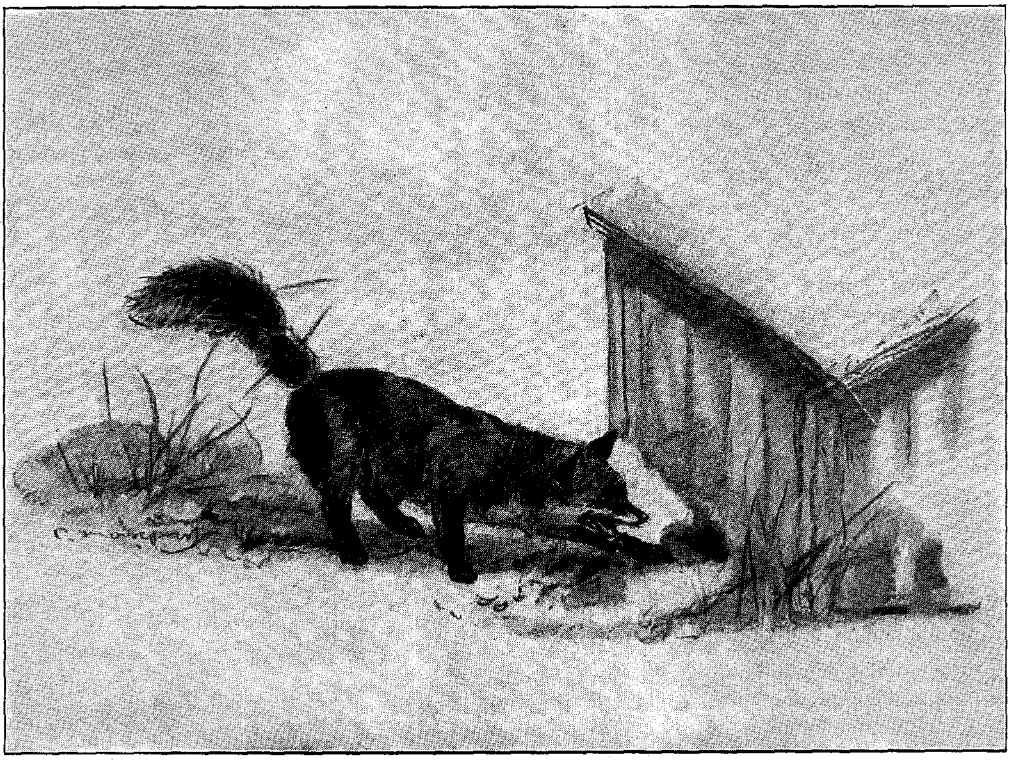
I should have fired only one barrel, for the fox, after jumping, turned around and looked all over the end of the barn to see if the shooting were going to happen again. I wished then that I had saved the other barrel.

All I could do was to shout at him, which made him run off.

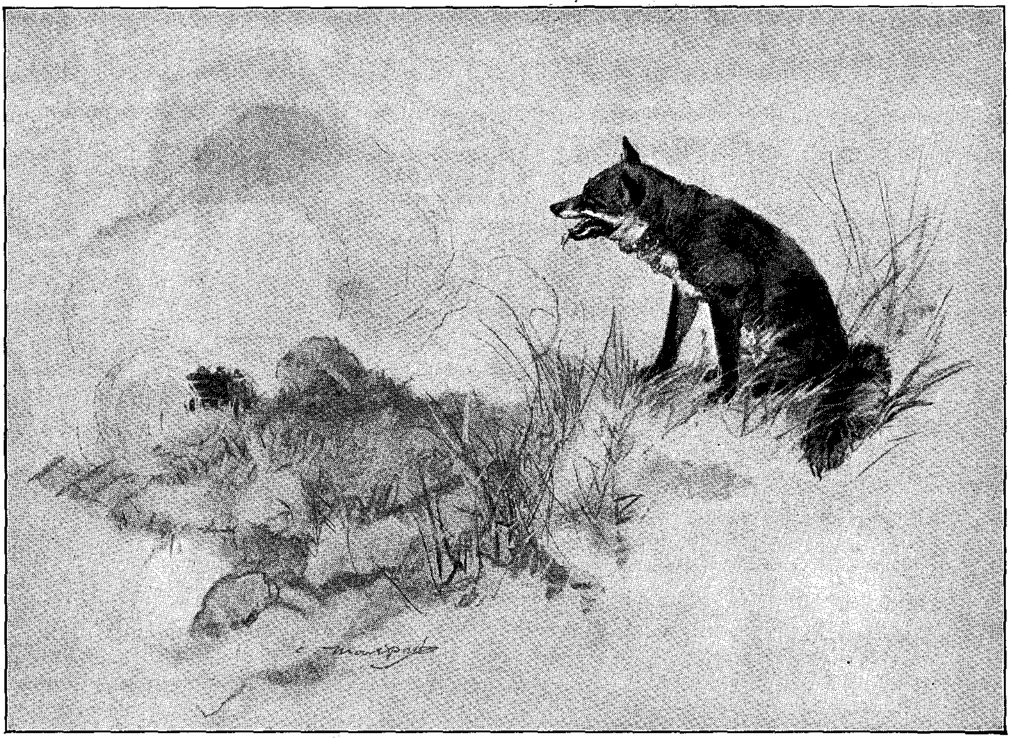
The boys wanted to know if I thought I had killed the hen. On going out later I found that I had not even hit the coop—not so bad a shot, after all, taking into account the size of the coop and the thick, distorting qualities of the weather.

There is no particular credit to the fox in this, nor do I come in for any particular credit this time; but the little drama does illustrate the chances in the game of life, that sometimes, usually indeed, are in favor of the fox.

And something indeed is due him. He not only got away, but he also got away with eleven out of the twelve young chicks in that brood. He had dug a hole under the wire of the coop, then, by waiting his chance,



"HE HAD DUG A HOLE UNDER THE WIRE OF THE COOP"



"FOR HERE IS REYNARD SITTING UPON A KNOLL IN THE ROAD, WATCHING ME TEAR DOWN UPON HIM IN A THIRTY HORSE-POWER MOTOR CAR"

or by frightening the chicks out, had eaten all of them but one.

That he escaped this time was sheer luck; that he got his breakfast before escaping was due to his cunning. And I have seen so many instances of his cunning that, with my two scientific eyes wide open, I could believe him almost as wise as he was thought to be in the olden days of fable and folk-lore. How cool and collected he can be, too!

One day last autumn I was climbing the steep ridge behind the mowing-field when I heard a foxhound yelping over in the hollow beyond. Getting cautiously to the top of the ridge, I saw the hound off below me on the side of the parallel ridge across the valley. He was beating slowly along through the bare sprout-land, and evidently having a hard time holding the trail. Now and then he would throw his head up into the air and howl, a long, doleful howl, as if in protest, begging the fox to stop its fooling and play fair.

The hound was walking, not running, and at a gait almost as deliberate as his howl. Round and round in one place he would go, off this way, off that, then back, until, catching the scent again, or in despair of ever hitting it (I don't know which), he would stand stock-still and howl.

That the hound was tired I felt sure; but that he was on the trail of a fox I could not believe; and I was watching him curiously when something stirred on the top of the ridge almost beside me.

Without turning so much as my head, I saw the fox, a beautiful creature, going slowly round and round in a circle—in a figure eight, rather—among the bushes; then straight off it went and back; off again in another direction and back; then in and out, round and round, utterly without hurry, until, taking a long leap down the steep hillside, the wily creature was off at an easy trot.

The hound did know what he was about. Across the valley, up the ridge, he worked his sure way, while I held my breath at his accuracy. Striking the woven circle at the top of the ridge, he began to weave in and out, back and forth, sniffling and whimpering like a tired child, beating gradually out into a wider and wider circle, and giving the fox all the rest it could want, before taking up the lead again and following on down the trail.

The hound knew what he was about; but so did the fox: the latter, moreover, taking the initiative, inventing the trick, leading the run, and so in the end not only escaping the hound, but also vastly widening the distance between their respective wits and abilities.

I recently witnessed a very interesting instance of this superiority of the fox. One of the best hunters in my neighborhood, a man widely known for the quality of his hounds, sold a dog, Gingles, an extraordinarily fine animal, to a hunter in a near-by town. The new owner brought his dog down here to try him out.

The hound was sent into the woods and was off in a moment on a warm trail. But it was not long before the baying ceased, and shortly after back came the dog. The new owner was disappointed; but the next day he returned and started the dog again, only to have the same thing happen, the dog returning in a little while with a sheepish air of having been fooled. Over and over the trail was made, when, finally, the dog was taken back to its trainer as worthless.

Then both men came out with the dog, the trainer starting him on the trail and following on after him as fast as he could break his way through the woods. Suddenly, as in the trials before, the baying ceased, but before the baffled dog had had time to grow discouraged, the men came up to find him beating distractedly about in a small, freshly burned area among the bushes, his nose full of strong ashes, the trail hopelessly lost. With the help of the men the fox was dislodged, and the dog carried him on in a course that was to his new owner's entire satisfaction.

The fox jumped into the ashes to save himself. Just so have the swifts left the hollow trees and taken to my chimney, the phœbe to my pig-pen, the swallow to my barn loft, the vireo to my lilac bush, the screech-owls to my apple trees, the red squirrel for its nest to my ice-house, and the flat-nosed adder to the sandy knoll by my beehives. I have taken over from its wild inhabitants fourteen acres in Hingham, Massachusetts; but, beginning with the fox, the largest of my wild creatures, and counting only what we commonly call "animals" (beasts, birds, and reptiles), there are dwelling with me, being fruitful and multiplying, here on this small plot of cultivated earth this June day, some seventy species of wild things—thirty-six in feathers, fourteen in furs (not reckoning in the muskrat on the other side of the road), twelve in scales, four in shells, nine in skins (frogs, newts, salamanders)—seventy-five in all.

Here is a multiple life going serenely and abundantly on in an environment whose utter change from the primeval is hardly exaggerated by phœbe's shift for a nest from a mossy ledge in the heart of the ancient woods to a joist close up against the hot roof of my pig-pen behind the barn. From this very joist, however, she has already brought off two broods since March, one of four and one of five.

As long as pig-pens endure, and that shall be as long as the human race endures, why should not the line of phœbes also endure? The case of the fox is not quite the same, for he needs more room than a pig-pen; but as long as the domestic hen endures, if we will but give the fox half the chance we give to phœbe, he too shall endure.

I had climbed the foot-path from the meadow late one autumn evening, and stood leaning back upon a short hay-fork, looking into the calm moonlight that lay over the frosted field, and listening to the hounds baying in the swamp far away to the west of me. You have heard at night the passing of a train beyond the mountains; the creak of thole-pins round a distant curve in the river; the closing of a barn door somewhere down the valley. The far-off cry of the hounds was another such friendly and human voice calling across the vast of the night.

How clear their cries and bell-like! How mellow in the distance, ringing on the rim of the moonlit sky, or round the sides of a swinging silver bell! Their clanging tongues beat all in unison, the sound rising and falling through the rolling woodland and spreading like a curling wave as the pack broke into the open over the level meadows.

I caught myself picking out the individual voices as they spoke, for an instant, singly and unmistakable, under the wild excitement of the drive, then all together, a fiercer foster chorus as the chase swept unhindered across the meadows.

What was that? A twig that broke, some brittle oak leaf that cracked in the path behind me! I held my breath as a soft sound of padded feet came up the path, as something stopped, breathed, came on—as into the moonlight, beyond the circle of shadow in which I stood, walked the fox.

The dogs were now very near and coming as swift as their eager legs could carry them. But I was standing still, so still that the fox did not recognize me as anything more than a stump.

No, I was more than a stump; that he saw immediately. But how much more than a stump?

The dogs were coming. But what was I? The fox was curious, interested, and after trying to make me out from a distance, crept gingerly up and sniffed at my shoes!

But my shoes had been soaked for an hour in the dew of the meadow and seemed to tell him little. So he backed off, and sat down upon his tail in the edge of the pine-tree shadow to watch me. He might have outwatched me, though I kept amazingly still, but the hounds were crashing through the underbrush below, and he must needs be off. Getting carefully up, he trotted first this side of me, then that, for a better view, then down the path up which he had just come, and into the very throat of the panting clamor, when, leaping lightly aside over a pile of brush and stones, he vanished as the dogs broke madly about me.

Cool? It was iced! And it was a revelation to me of what may be the mind of Nature. I have never seen anything in the woods, never had a glimpse into the heart of Nature, that has given me so much confidence in the possibility of a permanant alliance between human life and wild life, in the long endurance yet of our vastly various animal forms in the midst of spreading farms and dooryards, as this deliberate dodge of the fox.

At heart Nature is always just as cool and deliberate, capable always of taking every advantage. She is not yet past the panic, and probably never will be; but no one can watch the change of age-long habits in the wild animals, their ready adaptability, their amazing resourcefulness, with any very real fears for what civilization may yet have in store for them so long as our superior wit is for, instead of against, them.

I have found myself present, more than once, at an emergency when only my helping hand could have saved; but the circumstances have seldom been due to other than natural causes—very rarely man-made. On the contrary, man-made conditions out of doors—the multiplicity of fences, gardens, fields, crops, trees, for the primeval uniformity of forest or prairie—are all in favor of greater variety and more abundance of wild life (except for the larger forms), because all of this means more kinds of foods, more sorts of places for lairs and nests, more paths and short cuts and chances for escape—all things that help preserve life.

One morning, about two weeks ago, I was down by the brook along the road, when I heard a pack of hounds that had been hunting in the woods all night, bearing down in my direction.

It was a dripping dawn, everything soaked in dew, the leaf edges beaded, the grass blades bent with wet, so that instead of creeping into the bushes to wait for the hunt to drive by, I hurried up the road to the steep gravel bank, climbed it and sat down, well out of sight, but where I could see a long stretch of the road.

On came the chase. I kept my eyes down the road at the spot where the trout brook turns at the foot of the slope, for here the fox, if on the meadow side of the brook, would be pretty sure to cross—and there he stood!

I had hardly got my eyes upon the spot, when out through a tangle of wild grape-vine he wound, stopped, glanced up and down, then dug his heels into the dirt, and flew up the road below me and was gone.

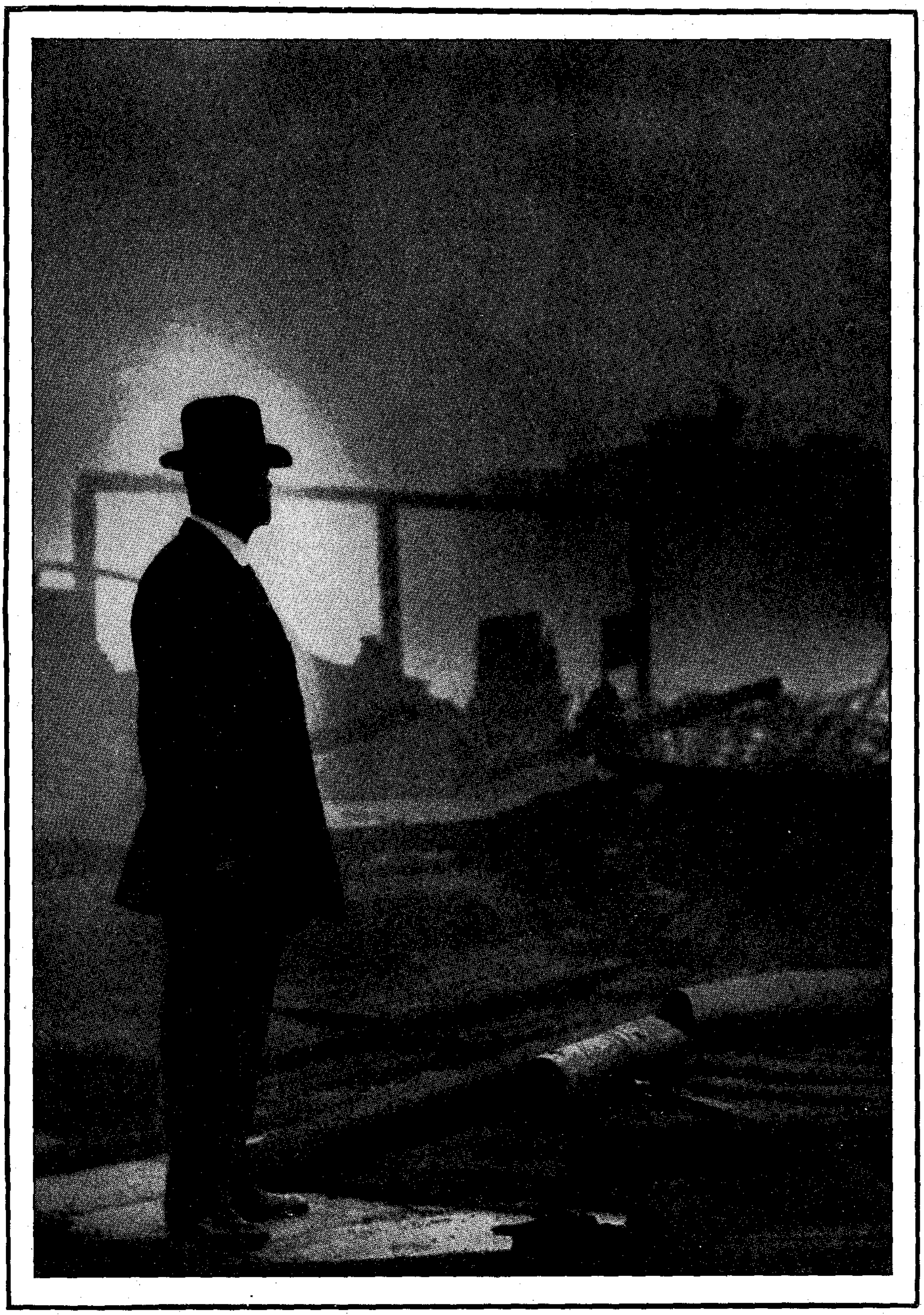
He was a big fellow, but very tired, his coat full of water, his big brush heavy and dragging with the dripping dew. He was running a race burdened with a weight of fur almost equal to the weight of a full suit of water-soaked clothes upon a human runner; and he struck the open road as if glad to escape from the wallow of wet grass and thicket that had clogged his long course.

On came the dogs, very close upon him; and I turned again to the bend in the brook to see them strike the road, when, flash, below me on the road, with a rush of feet, a popping of dew-laid dust, the fox!—back into the very jaws of the hounds—broke into the tangle of grape-vines out of which he had come; just as the pack broke into the road from *behind* the mass of thick, ropy vines.

Those dogs hit the plain trail in the road with a burst of noise and speed that carried them through the cut below me in a howling gale, a whirlwind of dust, and down the hill and on.

Not one of the dogs came back. Their speed had carried them on beyond the point where the fox had turned in his tracks and doubled his trail, on so far that though I waited several minutes, not one of the dogs had discovered the trick to come back on the right lead.

If I had had a *gun!* Yes, but I did not. But if I *had* had a gun, it might have made no particular difference. Yet it is the gun that makes the difference—all the difference between much or little wild life—life that our groves and fields may have at our hands now, as once the forests and prairies had it directly from the hands of the Lord.



THE FIRE MARSHAL AT WORK

The Fire-Fiends

By Robert Haven Schauffler

FOR the fifth time that evening came the frantic-sounding gong, the spectacular headlong rush and trample that meant fire in the tenement district.

I ran with the rest. Beyond the edge of the swiftly gathering crowd the air was already flavored with smoke. The fire-escapes of No. 97 were a sickening sight. Men, women, and children were trying to crowd all together through holes barely wide enough for one. The men were brutally forcing the rest back.

All at once the crowd began a faint, preoccupied cheer. Hugging the brick wall, two firemen were crawling along the third-floor cornice from No. 95. They reached the escape, and their great fists pounded a little chivalry into the wild beasts of men. Then they began tossing children to waiting arms below.

One could see the poor people up there shifting from one bare foot to the other as the iron landings grew hot. A sheet of flame licked out upon one still crowded platform. There was a glimpse of a large, screaming woman with her nightgown on fire. A baby was in her arms. She set one foot on the railing, and jumped . . .

I turned my head away and began to work back through the crowd. It was a hushed, pale crowd, tense with that awful stress of silent emotion with which the East Side of New York honors tragedy.

The next day I met my friend the Fire Marshal of Manhattan, and told him about the experience.

" Oh, yes," he said, " I'm specially interested in that group of fires. They're all pyro, you know."

" What's that ?"

" I mean there's a pyromaniac at work around that neighborhood."

" A pyromaniac ?"

" Certainly. One of those people who can't help making fires, just as dope-fiends can't help taking morphine or hitting the pipe."

I begged him to go on.

" They're a very different lot from the incendiaries who burn stores and houses in cold blood just for the insurance or for revenge. It's nothing but irresistible impulse that makes them set houses on fire. Pyromaniacs is the wrong name for them, though. They're not maniacs at all. They're just defective—weak-minded, you know. I'll tell you the solemn truth: *There are enough pyromaniacs in New York City to fill a special institution!*"

I stared in astonishment, and he went on to explain the special signs by which pyromaniac fires could be recognized and by which the work of different operators could be told apart.

Then we went together to his office, and he produced a pile of maps.

" This is one way we catch them," he said. " When a new pyromaniac begins work, we start a map for him, and mark the location and order of each of his fires. After a while we set a force of plain-clothes detectives to watching the region, and when we find our man he's pretty sure to be either living or working near the geographical center of his fire zone.

" Look here, for instance—" He shoved forward a map splashed with red ink spots showing where between February 1 and July 12, 1910, one person had set fire to fifteen crowded tenements in a Harlem district measuring six blocks by eleven. " Sure enough, when we caught him he turned out to be a defective young fellow of twenty-five who was working as errand-boy for a store near the center of things."

Until the small hours the Marshal was good enough to talk on about his experiences.

I left, reflecting grimly on the comfort of living in a place that harbored enough loose fire-fiends to fill an institution. The subject would not let me alone. Whenever there came the clang of the gong, the stampede of the horses, and the crowd of bright-eyed men and boys rushing along in their wake, I would picture to myself the match stealthily struck in the deserted basement, the smoke-filled hall, the scenes on the frail fire-escapes (than which Dante in his " Inferno " never imagined anything more gruesome), the alarm turned in most likely by the fiend himself, the sudden illumination of morbid ecstasy on his dull features when the engine clashes by, the smothered babies, the flight of blazing fellow-creatures through the air, the brave fire lads

A "PYRO"

He was convicted and sentenced to serve thirty years in prison for destroying considerable property in Gloucester, Massachusetts, and at Flushing, Long Island

crumpled up under falling walls. And, especially, the heartrending voice of a little shaver I once heard crying for his mother, who was at that moment lying smothered with her baby in a fifth-floor hallway on Third Street.

Imagination had led me this sickening chase a score of times before I met my friend the Fire Marshal again.

" Well, did you get your man ?"

He remembered our last meeting like a flash, and his keen eye lit up with pleasure as he answered:

" You bet! And he was a pyromaniac, just as I said. Turned out to be an interesting case, too."

Then he related the story of C. J.'s capture after he had set fire to eight houses and destroyed $100,000 worth of property and ten human lives.

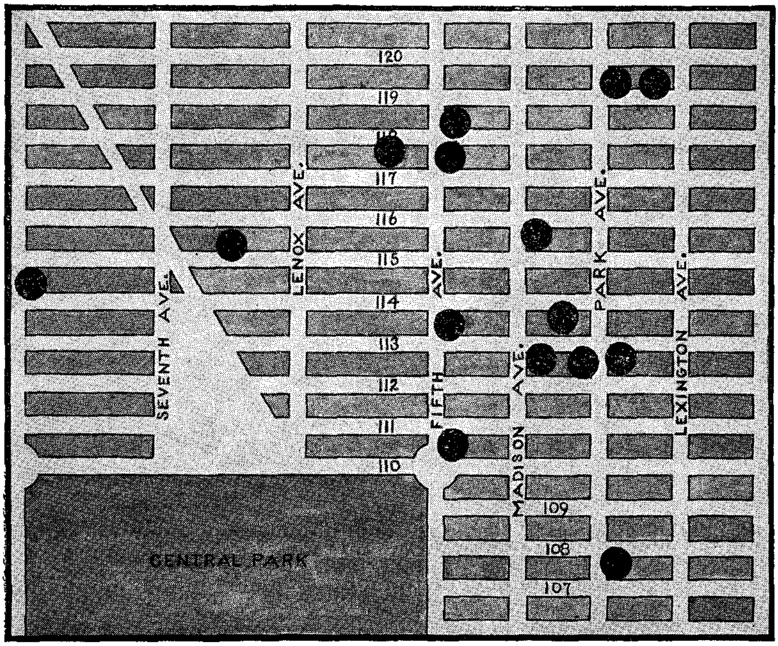
C. J., it seems, was an attractive-looking young fellow of twenty-four, well dressed, with pleasant manners, and mentally not as far below normal as pyromaniacs usually are. He was a church member and took an active part in church affairs. His father had once been wealthy. C. J. was a cigarette-fiend and an exemplar of perpetual motion. He paced back and forth constantly, like a caged beast, and kept lighting one cigarette from another. Some time before he had served a term in the Elmira Reformatory for setting fire to a house. He had been engaged to a school-teacher and had written her affectionate letters from the Reformatory, even after she had given him up. His deeds did not seem to disturb his conscience. He spoke of them in the cool, impersonal way in which Dr. Jekyll might have referred to the crimes of Mr. Hyde.

This is part of the statement he made at the time of his arrest:

" Yes, sir, cigarettes have brought me to this. Ever since I was a boy I was crazy for them. And with this craving there came that other passion, which I cannot understand—an overwhelming impulse to set fire to something—and I was forced to obey it. If I see an engine, I chase after it, no matter how far. I never can stop till I get to the fire."

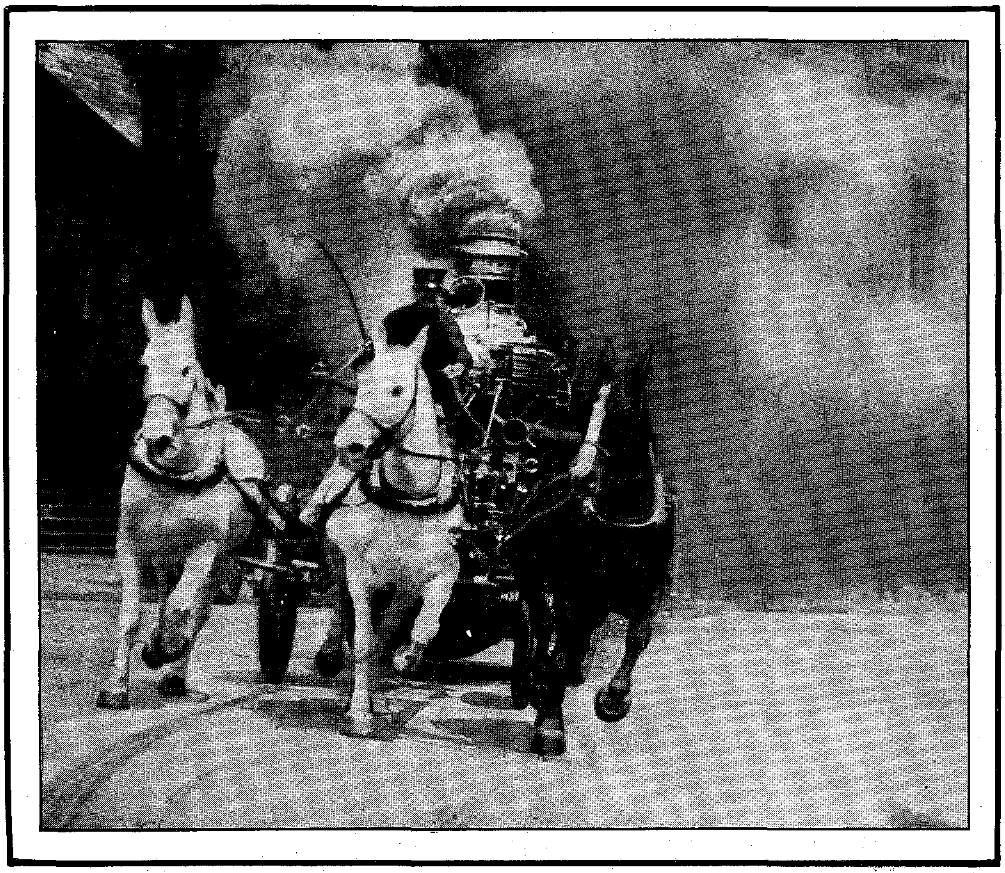
He breathed in a large volume of smoke and exhaled it through his nostrils.

" I am a pyromaniac. It is a disease for which I need medical attention. I cannot help it. I am guilty of all the crimes charged against me, but I ought not to go to prison. I ought to go to a place where I can get a



THE WORK OF ONE FIRE-FIEND

The dots in the accompanying map mark fifteen fires which this pyromaniac started in New York between February 1 and July 12, 1910



"I LOVE TO SEE THE ENGINES"

doctor's care and no cigarettes. When I set fires, I simply want to destroy property and see the tenants run. I have no intention to kill. I want to see the flames and the engines and enjoy the excitement."

He made a clean breast of his misdeeds and pleaded for mercy on the ground of irresponsibility. This is part of the lengthy plea which he wrote and presented to the trial judge:

"Your Honor: God is my witness, I cannot control myself unless my mind is attended to from a medical standpoint. I am willing to do right and be an upright citizen. My thoughts as to what ought to be done are clear to me, but I cannot carry them out on account of a giddish, weak, and childish thought which gets the better of me, off and on, lasting two, three, or four days at a time."

He was sentenced to twenty years at Sing Sing, but was transferred later to the Matteawan Hospital for Insane Criminals.

During the weeks after hearing about C. J. the fire gongs affected me more unpleasantly than ever. I began to grow restless, to wonder what could be done about this problem, to desire some more expert knowledge. So I hunted up a scientific authority on the subject in the person of Dr. Gregory, of Bellevue Hospital, and asked for more light on pyromania.

"My dear man," said the doctor, "pyromania is not a disease, as you seem to think. It's no more a disease than a cough is. It is simply a symptom. We wouldn't any more talk of a child's being born a pyromaniac than of its being born a 'cougher.' The child is born weak-minded or neurotic. Then in early life it happens to receive some strong pleasurable sensation in connection with fire. Noise and excitement are very attractive to the weak-minded. Sometimes the first experience of the charging engines and the flames will be enough to establish in their minds what we call a 'compulsive idea'—that is, an idea which it is almost or quite impossible for them to resist. And that idea is to set a fire so that they may enjoy the delicious excitement again. Often, after that first experience, the mere thought of the engines and the excited crowd will bring back the idea, which becomes more compulsive each time."

I thought of C. J., the cigarette-fiend, with the lives of ten on his soul.

"Might there not," I asked, "be some direct connection between a weak-minded boy's first delightful experience in setting fire to a cigarette and the idea of setting fire to something larger—a house, for instance?"

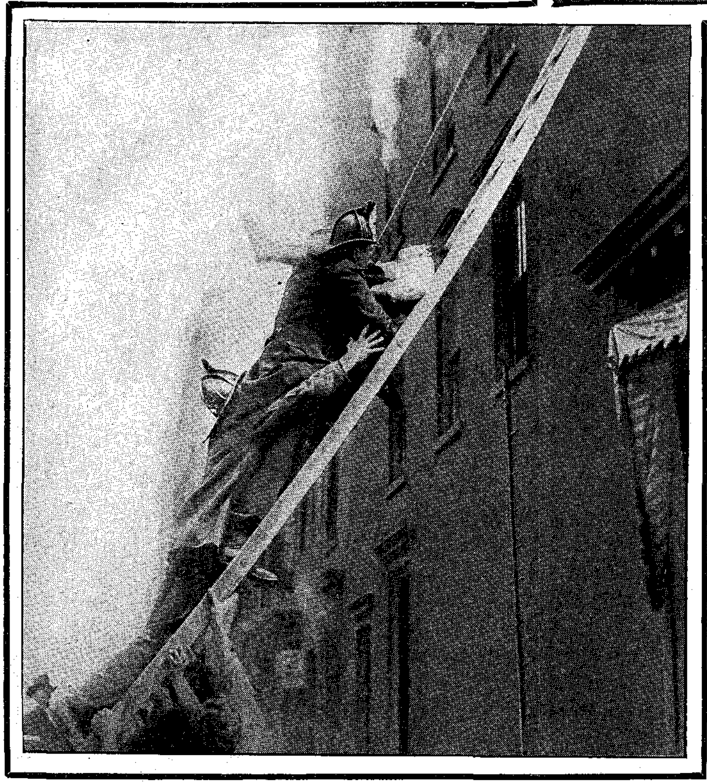
"Undoubtedly," the doctor replied. "You see, a defective child is an unexposed photographic plate. It just depends on what it is exposed to whether the child becomes a drug-fiend, a kleptomaniac, a Jack the Ripper, or a pyromaniac. It all depends on the kind of suggestion that first photographs itself on his hypersensitive mind. He's the ready victim of whatever evil influence first seizes him.

"In the same way, just as these varied careers of crime can be suggested to him in different ways, he might, for instance, be introduced to pyromania through a number of different doors.

"Why, even over normal people fire seems to have a mysterious and powerful influence. I have half a dozen friends with perfectly good minds who yet seem compelled to follow every fire-engine they see. Haven't you?"

I confessed that I had, and related a recent experience. A friend had asked me to dine with him at his club. As the steak came in an engine thundered through the street below. He jumped to his feet. "Where are you going?" I asked, and he answered, hurriedly, "Very sorry, old man, but I'm so built that I can't resist the call of the engines!" And away he rushed, leaving me, his guest, alone in a strange club.

The doctor nodded. "There you are! Now just take that tendency and add to it a weak mind, and you get a pyromaniac. Poor creatures! Most of



"WHEN I SET FIRES, I SIMPLY WANT TO DESTROY PROPERTY AND SEE THE TENANTS RUN" them are no more responsible for their acts than a man in an epileptic fit is responsible for his acts."

He made a gesture of disgust.

"And yet we Americans usually treat them as criminals, and punish such creatures for deeds for which they are not responsible, and then, when their terms are up, let them loose on the community to make more fires. Or else we treat them as insane, just as though they weren't capable of a certain amount of education, and of nearly supporting themselves, under proper supervision."

I left Bellevue determined to know more about these perilous folk—these lurking human firebrands whom we have not yet learned how to quench. So I sought the records, and these are a few of the cases I found there:

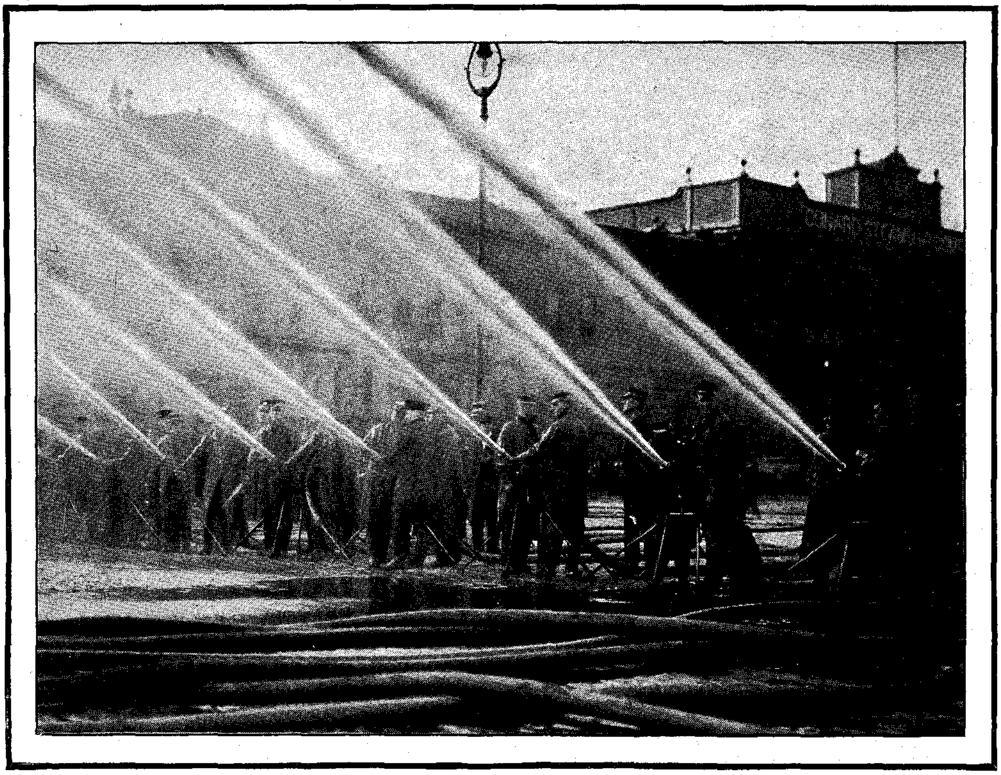
B. S. was a lad of fifteen, with an awkward, shambling gait. He was very thin, with arms long like an ape's and hands about twice the normal size. He had a weak chin, and ears of the most approved criminal type—the kind without any lobes. His eyes were small, and his lips thin and cruel-looking.

He had left school and was driving a delivery wagon for a fish-market when a series of cellar fires suddenly broke out and for two months kept a certain section of Brooklyn in a constant state of excitement. Forty plain-clothes men were detailed to watch for the incendiary.

One day two of them were standing opposite the fish-market when the fire-engines galloped past. They saw the delivery boy run out and stare at the engine with genuine delight written all over his usually dull face. He was arrested on suspicion, but confessed, under skillful questioning, that he had set fifteen fires in different cellars while leaving fish.

The examination brought out one of those isolated flashes of shrewdness which defectives often show. It appeared that the boy knew perfectly well that he was being followed by the police. "When I was driving the wagon from the market," he told the Fire Marshal, "I raised the curtain at the back, and always saw the same wagon following me. Policemen disguised as laborers were inside."

"Did you want to see people burned when you made these fires?" he was asked.



THE IDEA OF THE "PYRO" IS TO SET ANOTHER FIRE SO THAT HE MAY ENJOY THE THRILLING EXCITEMENT

"Oh, no," he answered, indifferently; "nobody was ever hurt. There weren't any houses burned up. They were all little fires, and didn't hurt any one."

The boy's parents were deeply shocked to find that he was a pyromaniac. His worst failings, so far as they had known, had only been a passionate devotion to cigarettes and to five-cent literature of the Jesse James and the "Seven Buckets of Blood" order. It also came out that he was an epileptic and suffered from frequent fits.

Thereupon this weak-minded epileptic was convicted and sent to the Elmira Reformatory for a year and a half. At the end of that period—although no punishment can wipe out a compulsive idea—he was set free. At this moment he is back at his old work of driving a delivery wagon in Brooklyn—an occupation, by the way, that offers unusual opportunities to the firebug. This lad's name is not mentioned here, as he has never been in prison.

The case of Joseph Dugan goes to show how oblivious the pyromaniac is to everything but the satisfaction of his master passion. Dugan was sickly from his birth, and at seven received a severe sunstroke. He had ordinary schooling and afterwards worked as a poorly paid clerk. When he was twenty, there was a long series of incendiary fires near his home in Brooklyn. It was noticed that Dugan was always on hand and seemed to be absolutely wrapped up in the work of the firemen. He was suspected, and shadowed. He was arrested after firing his sixteenth house, and held for the Grand Jury in $5,000 bail. And then, for a man out on heavy bail, Dugan did a rather unique thing. At a time when the solemn impression of the recent court-room scene would have been uppermost in any normal mind, he set fire to a baby-carriage in the hallway of a crowded tenement. He was caught and sentenced to seven years in Sing Sing.

Another pyromaniac, like the fish-wagon lad, set his first fire at fifteen, when he burned down his grandfather's house at Gloucester, Massachusetts. He saved himself from being burned alive only by jumping from an upper window into a cherry tree.

By the time he came of age he had started a number of other fires in Gloucester, for which he was sent to the House of Correction for two years and a half. After his release he reformed for a short time. Then a serious fire was started in the town, and he was suspected of setting it. But nothing was done. A little later he took a dislike to a row of beautiful summer cottages on Gloucester Point. These were owned by clergymen and called "Holy Row." One by one he burned them down. Finally he destroyed the home of the District Attorney's father, and vengeance fell. The Grand Jury indicted him eleven times. He was convicted and sentenced to serve not less than four years nor more than ten years.

While in Charlestown prison he became deeply religious. The chaplain of the institution accordingly used all his influence to have him released. This was finally accomplished, with the understanding that he would leave the State and never return. So he went to New York and became an inmate of Hope Hall, at Flushing, Long Island, which was maintained by Mrs. Booth, of the Salvation Army. From there he went to a Long Island town. In the fall of 1907 a fire occurred in a lumber-yard there, and after it was put out the pyromaniac was found drunk and staggering about the premises.

There was too little evidence for his arrest, but later a fire broke out in a barn, and on the same night the house of the Bayside Yacht Club was also burned. He was seen going away, and was arrested on suspicion. He gave the Fire Marshal the story told above, and was sent to Sing Sing for thirty years.

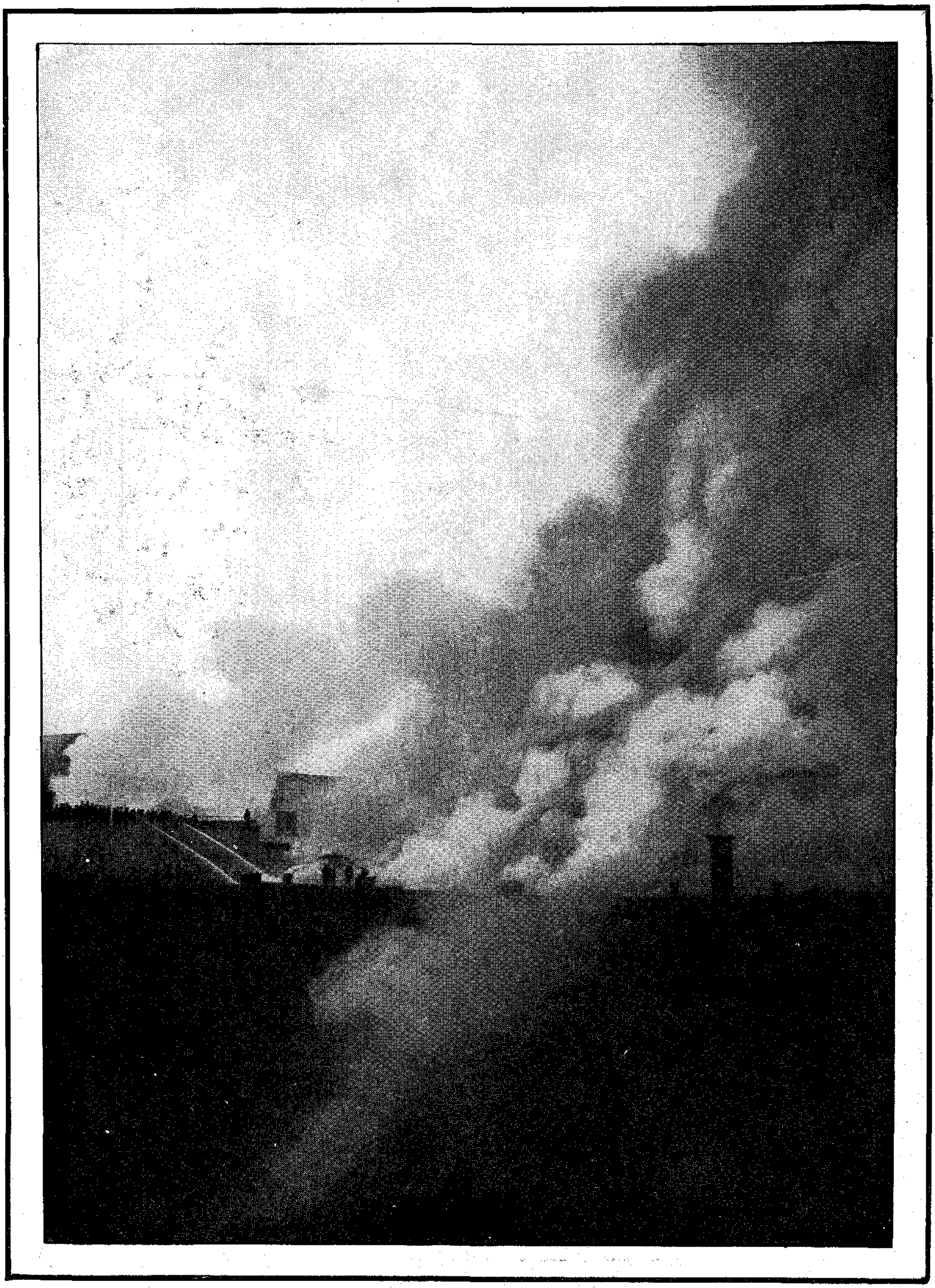
One of the most striking cases is that of a person who may be known as George Turner. He was born in Greenwich Village, New York City, and was never considered bright. At nine he was kicked in the head by a horse, and later had a severe fall from a trolley car. Both of these accidents were bad for his already weak mentality.

When he was fourteen his mother died, but his elder sister gave him a mother's care. For this, as will appear, she was ill repaid.

George went to work as a laborer, but did not have the physique for it, and took to driving delivery wagons. About this time he became a cigarette-fiend. At twenty he enlisted in the army, but did not serve his country long, as he was soon—to quote official language—"dishonorably discharged for erratic conduct in violation of United States army regulations."

He returned to New York. What happened then is given as Assistant Fire Marshal Pyle told it to me the other day.

"First thing we knew we had a fire in



"I WANT TO SEE THE FLAMES AND ENJOY THE EXCITEMENT" the first-floor hallway of an Eighth Avenue tenement one midnight, and the same thing next door at three o'clock. I questioned the people in a near-by saloon, and found that a man named Turner had been seen walking into one of these houses at three o'clock, and that he had previously borrowed a couple of matches.

"I hunted Turner up and talked with him, and saw at once that he was a little weak-minded, like his chum, Albert Ross, with whom he was rooming. Ross told me that Turner could always be seen hanging about night watchmen who had built big fires in the street to keep warm. I hunted up several of these watchmen, and they told me that both Turner and Ross were in the habit of staying up all night staring into the flames as if fascinated.

"Well, we had Turner up in the office, and went at him easily, as you have to with those fellows, and got him to give us an outline story of his life. We found out about the horse kick and the fall from the trolley. But we couldn't get any evidence to convict him of the recent fires, so had to let him go, though we were morally

THE TERRIBLE ASCH FIRE

"All the world knows what happened in the next fifteen minutes" certain that he was the man. Then all at once he disappeared absolutely; but we followed up his chum, and one day Ross told me positively that Turner had once told him in a burst of confidence that when he was on Eighth Avenue and had matches in his hands he simply couldn't resist setting something on fire. Well, now, the Marshal can tell you the rest better, because he put the case through."

Then, in his genial way, Marshal Beers took up the thread of the story. "Yes, I recall the case perfectly. I was Fire Marshal of Brooklyn at the time. We were up in arms about a bad series of fires on the Park Slope, extending over ten square blocks, and Pyle sent word over to me that from what he could hear they were of the Turner type. I sent some detectives to catch the man, but they got off on a false scent.

"All this time Turner was living at his married sister's and working as a delivery boy, and having the time of his life. He was setting from one to three fires a day, and the Department was simply worn to the bone. The whole city was up in the air over the 'Park Slope Firebug,' as the unknown terror was called.

"Well, after a while Turner made a fire in the cellar right next door to where he lived, and it gutted both houses and endangered the lives of nearly all the occupants. His own sister and her baby had a fearfully close call. After that Turner took a furnished room in the neighborhood. One day we caught him in one of his slack moments. He was coming out of a house where he had been fool enough to leave a candle burning on the stairs. Two detectives trailed him to his room and sat up all night watching the door. Finally, at five o'clock they grew so cold they couldn't stand it any longer. So they went in and took him—without a warrant, mind you—and brought him to me. I got a full confession out of him. But it was only by sheer luck. It was only because I happened to know certain things he had done and told them to him with an impressive manner and a tremendous amount of detail. That's almost the only way to get a confession out of a pyromaniac.

"At that he broke down and told me his whole story, and how he had set forty-five fires and destroyed a quarter of a million dollars' worth of property. He was arraigned and pleaded guilty and was sent to the Elmira Reformatory. But now comes the most terrible part of the story. In exactly one year and two months this man was put on parole. He won his discharge six months later. For some time now he has been a hospital attendant over across the river in New Jersey. But I'm afraid he is no exception to the rule that pyromaniacs cannot be reformed.

"I'll tell you why. Not long ago a series of incendiary fires began in the city where Turner is working. From all the accounts I get of them I am convinced that they are of the George Turner type. I was so sure that I even wrote to the Fire Marshal there, explaining the circumstances and offering to co-operate with him. The man never even answered my letter. And I can tell you that his ignorant indifference is fairly typical of the general attitude toward this question."

The Marshal threw up his hands and added, shortly, "God help them that won't help themselves!"

The few cases I have outlined above are typical of a large class of defectives. It is estimated that of New York City's more than twelve thousand annual fires at least six per cent are the result of pyromania, although but three pyromaniacs in every hundred are ever arrested. That this number is even as large as three is largely due to the ingenuity and persistence of William L. Beers, the Fire Marshal, who has long made a special study of these unfortunates, their technic and habits, their wiles and weaknesses.

Thus we are face to face with the appalling fact that New York suffers every year from more than seven hundred pyromaniac fires. And a glance at the police and fire reports of other cities will show that this curse is not peculiar to any one American city.

Within five years one Western State has convicted forty-four pyromaniacs of arson. Not long ago, in Massachusetts, a defective lad of sixteen confessed that he had entirely destroyed seven buildings. During 1908 a young boy in Rochester, New York, set twelve buildings on fire.

Most of these persons will doubtless be freed, after a few months or years, to play again the losing game with their besetting temptation.

What misery and loss might not have been spared if, for example, a certain Chicagoan had been placed under permanent custodial care as soon as he was known to be seriously defective. This, briefly, is the man's record:

August 9, 1892, three years Illinois State Reformatory.

November 9, 1896, Illinois State Reformatory.

November 9, 1899, paroled from Illinois State Reformatory.

From May 21, 1903, to August 2, 1903, he was known to have made twenty-four fires in Racine, Wisconsin.

July 6, 1904, tried in Chicago for arson and released.

February 13, 1905, arrested in Chicago for arson.

April 28, 1905, arrested in Chicago; sent to Illinois Northern Hospital for the Insane; released August 30, 1907.

December 22, 1908, arrested for setting fire to a building, and suspected of burning six others at different dates.

December 31, 1908, again found guilty of arson and sent to Illinois Northern Hospital for the Insane.

Similar cases might be multiplied almost indefinitely to prove that neither confinement nor anything else can cure pyromania. In turning over the records one finds case after case of arson after one, two, three terms in jail, arson while out on probation or bail, arson under all conceivable circumstances.

And one is more and more impressed with the magnitude of the loss we incur by treating these people as responsible for their acts. The mere money loss runs into hundreds of thousands annually. The destruction of property, of course, is heavy, and the various fire and court officials and squads that deal with the average pyromaniac case cost the taxpayers of New York, for example, nearly a quarter of a million dollars a year. Now pyromaniac cases consume so much more than their proportionate share of time and attention that the proper care of these defectives would reduce this one item of expense by far more than the cost of their maintenance.

To support a defective in one of the New York State charitable institutions costs $161.20 a year. On the other hand, it has been estimated that one certain family of feeble-minded persons that has been allowed at large has cost New York State more than has been spent for the building and maintenance of the Custodial Asylum at Newark since it was first established.

This family, moreover, was of the ordinary feeble-minded type. If it had consisted of pyromaniacs (who are the most expensive kind of defective), the family might easily have cost the State as much again.

The financial loss involved, however, is the least expensive result of the way we Americans handle our pyromaniac problem. Each year these human firebrands cause an appalling mortality of the most revolting kind; because they usually make their fires at night in cellars or lower hallways of tenements. "The danger to life is great," writes Marshal Beers, "for if the fire is made at night, while the tenants are sleeping, serious accidents incidental to trying to escape are bound to occur."

But in our method of treating the pyromaniac there is an even greater menace—the menace of racial degeneration. For when not actually in prison he is free to produce children, who are almost sure to be delinquent or defective, or at least dependent, and who, in their turn, leave children no better equipped than themselves.

And they are most prolific. It has been calculated that if the defective women at the Newark Custodial Asylum were at large they would during their lifetime bear not less than five thousand children.

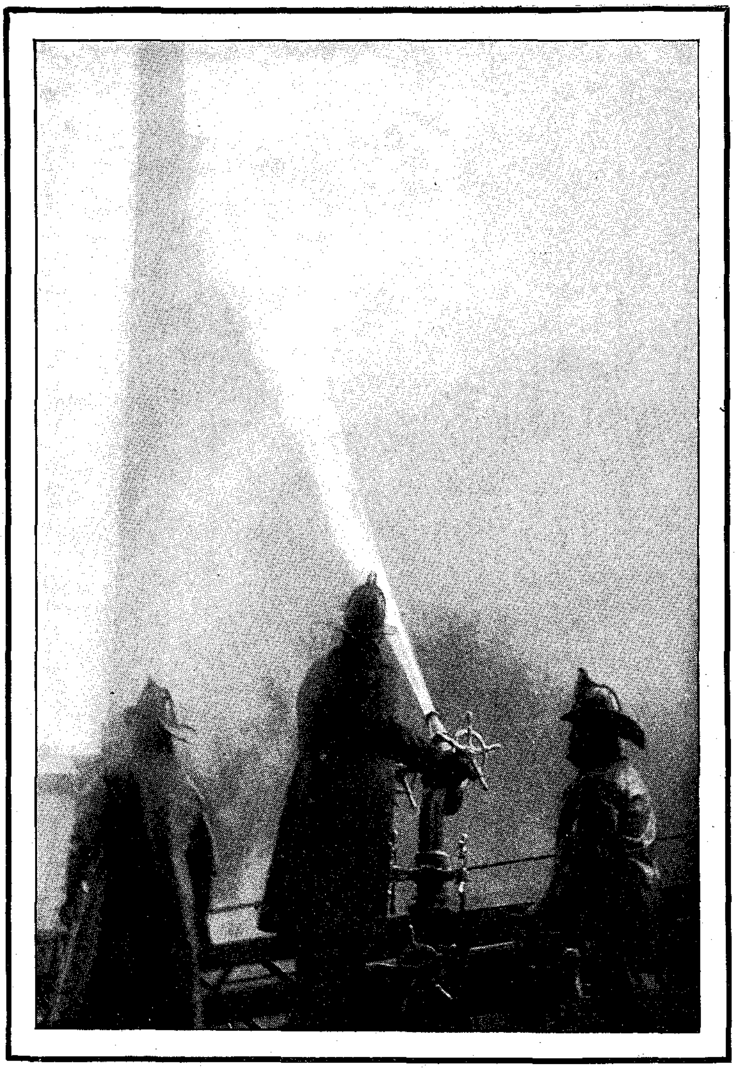
When we grasp the significant fact that one-third of the boys in the Elmira Reformatory are defectives, we may form some adequate idea of what it will mean to the race when they are turned loose—as they soon will be—upon the community.

The whole trouble is simply this: America has not yet waked up to the fact that the moral defective is fully as dangerous a person to have at large as the purely mental defective, and that they both need custodial care. Medical men speak to-day of intellectual or moral idiocy, meaning "a specially marked deprivation of intellect or of moral sense."

This latter distinction is as yet too difficult for most of us, but it is as important as it is subtle. In the new Encyclopædia Britannica a distinguished authority writes: "The everyday observer has no difficulty in recognizing as a fact that deficiency in receptive faculty is evidence of imperfect cerebral development; but it is not so patent to him that the perception of right or wrong can be compromised through the same cause, or to comprehend that loss of moral sense may result from disease."

Once we have mastered the fact that an apparently bright mind may be morally deficient, we will be in a fair way, not only to stamp out the scourge of pyromania, but also to attempt effectively the noble task of weeding all defectives out of the race by segregation.

A humiliating truth must be faced. Among civilized nations we are well-nigh the most backward in our treatment of these unfortu-



EVEN PICTURES OF FIRES MAY EXCITE A "PYRO"

nates. The enlightened intelligence which sent the author of forty-five fires to a reformatory for fourteen months, and then freed him to make perhaps forty-five more, seems to some of us as defective as that other enlightened intelligence which prescribed the sink-or-swim test for the witches of old Salem.

Our duty lies clear. We should take a line from Europe and register all defectives. Then the right to decide whether or not they should be at large should be taken from parents (who are themselves often defective) and given to a board of experts. Finally, pleasant, modern communities should be provided for them. These should be of the type of Letchworth Village, New York, which, if it is ever finished, will combine a healthy, happy, educative, partially self-supporting, almost normal life for defectives, with absolute separation of the sexes.

In the case of pyromania the result of this policy would be immediately apparent. As soon as it became known that pyromania was no longer punished as a crime, that it involved no criminal taint on the family pride, but that it was treated as a symptom of a dangerous and incurable disease, then relatives and friends would stop shielding the pyromaniac, and become as willing to work with the authorities for his segregation as to-day they are unwilling.

Meanwhile, until the day comes when all defectives shall be living happily in communities of their own, we must try to do away, wherever we can, with the things that breed compulsive pyromaniac ideas in feeble brains.

The high-pressure system is to be encouraged, not only for its effectiveness in putting out fires, but also because it eliminates that brilliant, fascinating, romantic spectacle of the fire-engine which has meant the undoing of so many unfortunates. Motor power for the hose-cart, etc., also has the added advantage of being less spectacular. The sight of a man at a quiet steering-wheel is healthier for hypersensitive nerves than the wild clash of hoofs and the snort of frenzied steeds.

The Mulct Law in Iowa has stripped alcohol of its glamour by prohibiting seats, screens, food, music, private rooms, excessive drinking, and long hours in saloons, and has thus reduced drunkenness and crime as by magic. Likewise we may strip fire of much of its unhealthy glamour for the weak by making our fire departments as quietly, somberly effective as possible. Bonfires such as fascinated Turner and Ross all night might be forbidden. The laws against the sale of cigarettes to minors should be relentlessly enforced.

Even motion pictures of fires excite the "pyro." Fire marshals and alienists declare that a large number of pyromaniacs draw their chief inspiration from such shows. For example, the errand-boy whose case was given first in this article confessed that he made his fires only after seeing the charging engines at the nickelodeon. Then only was he seized with the uncontrollable impulse. A young girl pyromaniac of good family recently made a similar confession.

At the time I am writing a series of pyromaniac fires is terrorizing New York in the neighborhood of Seventh Avenue and Twenty-seventh Street. It has already cost one life. When will America wake up to the fact that this sort of thing is a relic of the darkest nineteenth century?

I had barely finished these last words and laid down the pen when a faint, confused murmur below made me glance out of my high window into the Square. A few people were running toward Washington Place. Then a small puff of smoke rose from the Asch Building.

All the world knows what happened in the next fifteen minutes. I noticed a couple of girls at a tenth-floor window, and supposed that they were simply daring spectators. But in another moment I caught the glare of red flame in the floor beneath. The two girls crept out upon the stone edge, closing the window after them. One of them seemed beside herself. She wrung her hands, and even across the corner of the Square I could see the bare forearms reddening in the awful heat. She swayed back and forth on the narrow cornice. Her calm comrade held her back from jumping. She tried to climb down the bare side of the building, but pulled herself back with a superhuman effort. Then she jumped straight out, and there went up from the crowd a dull, thrilling roar, half groan, half shriek, and I realized then that I had heard that same roar many times before during those moments of suspense, and I knew what was being hid from me in the windows below. The calm girl, left alone on the ledge, seemed to consider a little, then opened the window and crawled back into the smoke. In a moment she returned. Her arms were now a dark red. Calmly she sat down, her feet almost in the sprouting flames, then quietly slipped away upon her long journey, the indomitable human spirit master to the end.

I did not know how the holocaust had started, but my thoughts recoiled with a terrible impact to the myriad pyromaniacs hidden away in the cities of America, each one capable of causing a horror like this, and then capable of smiling delightedly to himself as he watched the girls fly flaming down to eternity.

And all through our criminal ignorance.

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A SPRING MAID

The Festa in America

By Mary Master Needham

IF a loitering home-grown American had turned into Oak Street that afternoon he would have blinked his eyes in wonderment. Could this be a corner in a city in southern Michigan in the United States of America? Surely it was an unwonted scene—these women and children and two or three men in the street, dancing some strange folk-dance to the rhythm of the plaintive gypsy strain they sang, their eyes flashing and their nut-brown skin contrasting with the red handkerchiefs knotted round the necks of the men and the splash of color in the costumes of the women and children. As the picturesque dancers became more exhilarated, they beckoned to a group of students who stood awkwardly at one side.

Clumsily the students joined in. It seemed very strange; they had danced with their feet before, but not with their whole bodies—*so.* No, they had never danced with the life and spirit of these Hungarian folk. But as soon as the contagion crept into their veins, they found themselves swinging their partners and laughing with them as if they had been comrades always.

It was a perplexed group of students who, disillusioned by this experience, started home. "Why—they're *human!* I don't think any of them ever committed a *murder!*" said one girl. "And they're not even dirty!" said another, in a somewhat disappointed tone.

When an unsympathetic, non-conforming instructor in a normal school told the students that the work in her class would consist of gathering material for and presenting a Hungarian festival four weeks from that day, they felt puzzled, almost rebellious. She offered them such little help! And when neither dictionary, encyclopædia, nor librarian could provide any information dealing with "Hungarian festival," their patience with "such teaching" was at an end.

"Who ever heard of giving out a lesson that you can't find in a *book!*"

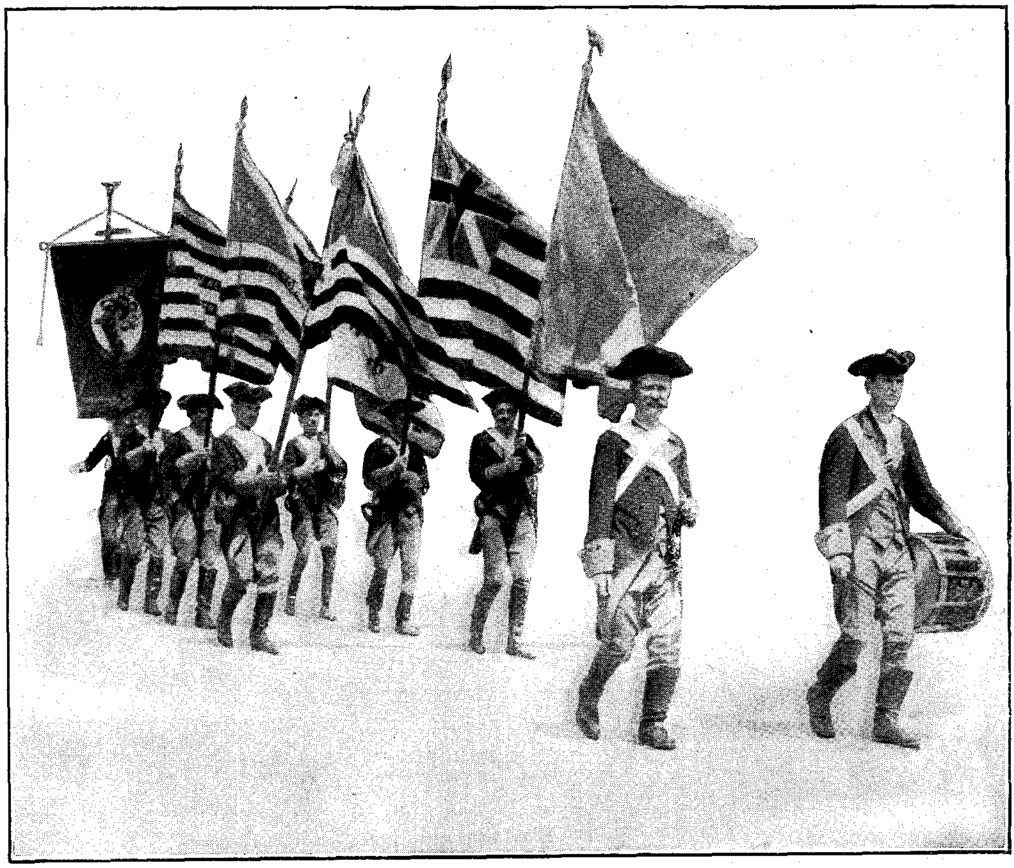
The next morning the instructor could tell from the ill-hidden impatience in their eyes and manner that, as a member of the faculty, she had been "found wanting." She was somewhat petulantly informed that they couldn't find out anything, that there wasn't anything to be found.

"Isn't there a Hungarian quarter in the city?" was her only answer.

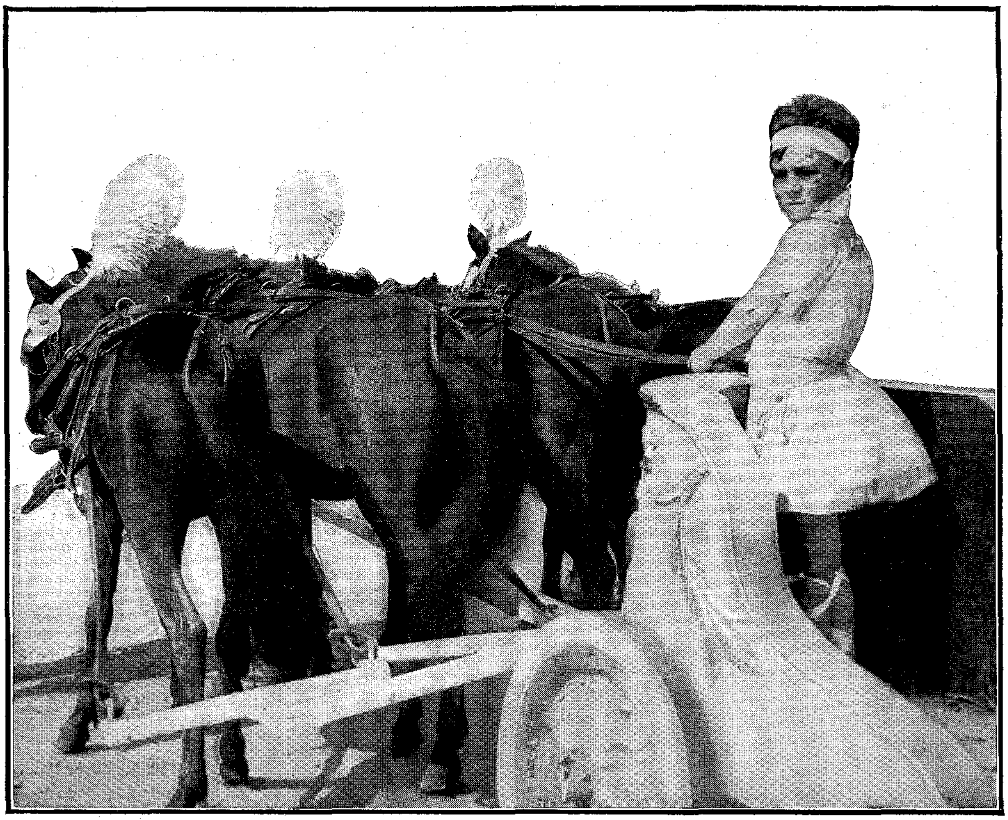
Did she expect them to go to a quarter of the city famed because of a recent murder? To talk to foreigners who were nothing but "ruffians" and "thieves" and "murderers"!

"Perhaps you are mistaken," said the instructor, with a woeful lack of sympathy; "perhaps I am mistaken. But this is research work, and the Hungarian quarter, for the time being, is your laboratory."

And so it was that, four weeks from the day when Oak Street in the Hungarian quarter had first been the scene of such an upheaval of traditions, there was a gathering in the grove of the school to see a "festival." It was an Indian-summery day, as if nature, too, had caught something of the spirit of the festa. In the audience were a number of dark-skinned, eager-faced, vital creatures in holiday attire. "They are the Hungarians who taught the class," it was whispered; and more than once the spectators turned from the dancers and the games and the folk-tales



THE MINUTE MEN



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FROM THE LAND OF OLYMPUS

acted out on the green to these eager, responsive people, brought to this grove for the first time, and bound to this class by a common tie of festal spirit.

It was not a finished performance. How could it be with so little preparation? It did not pretend to be. There is still a glory in the unfinished. But if the production had crudities which protracted rehearsals would have smoothed out, there had not been time for the glow of enthusiasm to be lost—enthusiasm that comes to students who are doing their first creative work.

This was an experiment demonstrating the fact that public education has some other function than to impart to the students learning gleaned from books. A school is a center. As such it should have an influence radiating into all quarters of the community. The work done along the line of the Hungarian festival not only excited interest in an isolated quarter of the city, and so abolished a civic dead-line, but it helped to germinate a festal feeling in the student body, the growth of which feeling is as necessary to the virility of this Nation as are the pageants and processionals essential to the life of a foreign country. There has been no great country without its processionals, its pageants, and its festas.

With the advent of Christmas an American festival was at hand. Since the Hungarian festival that word had taken on a new meaning to the students, and now they realized that on this day—our most generally celebrated holiday—the festal spirit had always seemed to be lacking. The only thing that had saved Christmas was the children—the younger children, who alone knew how to play, how to keep a holiday—for the rush and the speed of this rapid America have not yet inclosed them in the shades of the prison-house. These shades soon begin to gather, as witness:

Shortly before Christmas of last year the members of the staff in a Chicago library situated near the downtown district were startled by a sudden explosion in a hitherto peaceful quarter. The patience of one of the staff, who shortly before the approach of

A FOLK-DANCE

each holiday was besieged by children swarming to find material on that holiday for their "English" class, had ever been a subject of wonder. But on this day the bombardment had been successful and the fortification fell.

"Material for essays!" he stormed. "I have got it for them. I will get it for them. Essays on every subject; physic and metaphysic; wild and sane. But when it comes to hunting up stuff on 'how the little Assyrians celebrated Christmas,' 'how the little Babylonians celebrated Christmas,' 'how the little Egyptians celebrated Christmas,' my task is done. To find how Christmas was celebrated before there was a Christmas is a soaring too flighty for me."

What wonder that the vision of Christmas fades into the light of common day!

Curiosity in the school grew in proportion to the secrecy maintained by the class preparing the Christmas festival. The sight—and sound—of wooden shoes as they stumbled around corners after school hours, the excited information that some of the class had been seen in "Dutchtown" talking to the Hollanders as they worked in their celery marshes, served to increase suspense even while it offered a clue.

In the city was a large Dutch settlement with quite the aspect of a miniature Holland. In little houses copied after those that they had left at home these people lived in the marshes where they grew their celery. Through the marshes ran the streams which irrigated their product. Over these were small bridges, and here and there a windmill dotted the landscape. Occasionally, if one rambled through this quaint quarter, he might meet a group just arrived from the old country, wearing their wooden shoes and queer Dutch costumes. They were a peaceable, law-abiding people, these Dutch; some had become Americanized enough to be

ON THE GREEN

elected members of the City Council and to interest themselves and their neighbors in the affairs of the city. But, on the whole, they kept pretty well unto themselves; went to their own school, attended their own church, and worked in their own marshes. Their customs, their traditions, were as foreign as their home. To become acquainted with these people the students went down into "little Holland," and, going from house to house, saw life from a different angle. Frequently they had to turn away because the people could neither speak nor understand English; but here and there they gathered their information, a game, a dance, or a song. Some went to the Holland school at recess time, and the school-children would recall the games they played at Christmas time before they crossed the "Big Water."

"We have our *holiday* Christmas on the 5th and 6th of December," said the little Dutchman, "because the 25th is the birthday of Christ and it is *holy* day; then we go to church and we hear the story of Christ, and we come back to our houses and have chocolate and little cakes. But on the 5th and 6th we have awfully good times. Saint Nicholas comes, with his black helper, and fills our shoes, after he has taken out the grain which we put there for his reindeer."

With such bits gathered from this child in the street or in the school, from that old man in the shop and this old mother over her oven, the students found the material for their Christmas festival. Interest in these "new people" heretofore had never been manifest; but on the 5th of December, when the festival was presented, not a seat was vacant. The first scene was a Dutch home on the night of the "holiday" Christmas. The mother and the father and the children were around the hearthstone, where were the wooden shoes filled with the grain ready for the reindeer. As they talked together about what they had done in other years at Christmas, they conveyed to the audience the customs and traditions of the Dutch people. Then suddenly St. Nicholas arrived, and before he could escape the children caught him and made him play some games with them. After he had slyly slipped away they consoled themselves by playing with their gifts and dancing some of their folk-dances.

As the curtain went up on the second scene the atmosphere had changed; it was no longer gay, it was religious. This was the morning of the 25th, and as the mother told with great simplicity in the language of the Bible the story of the birth of Christ, it was remembered that this was a holy day as well as a holiday.

In the audience this time was a new group, a Dutch-American group, that stood out in great contrast to the group of Hungarian-Americans, who also were there.

This country, with its "Americans of all nationalities," has a wonderful fund of imported festa-lore that could be transplanted into our own gardens. In fact, there is such a great percentage of foreign population in many of our centers that this lore *must* be made a part of one great national feeling if America is to preserve its political and social freedom. The lore of all countries contains the same fundamentals of joy and courage and religion and truth. And when we have borrowed of our foreign Americans some of the festal feeling that they so easily express, we shall learn how to play and how to observe our holidays.

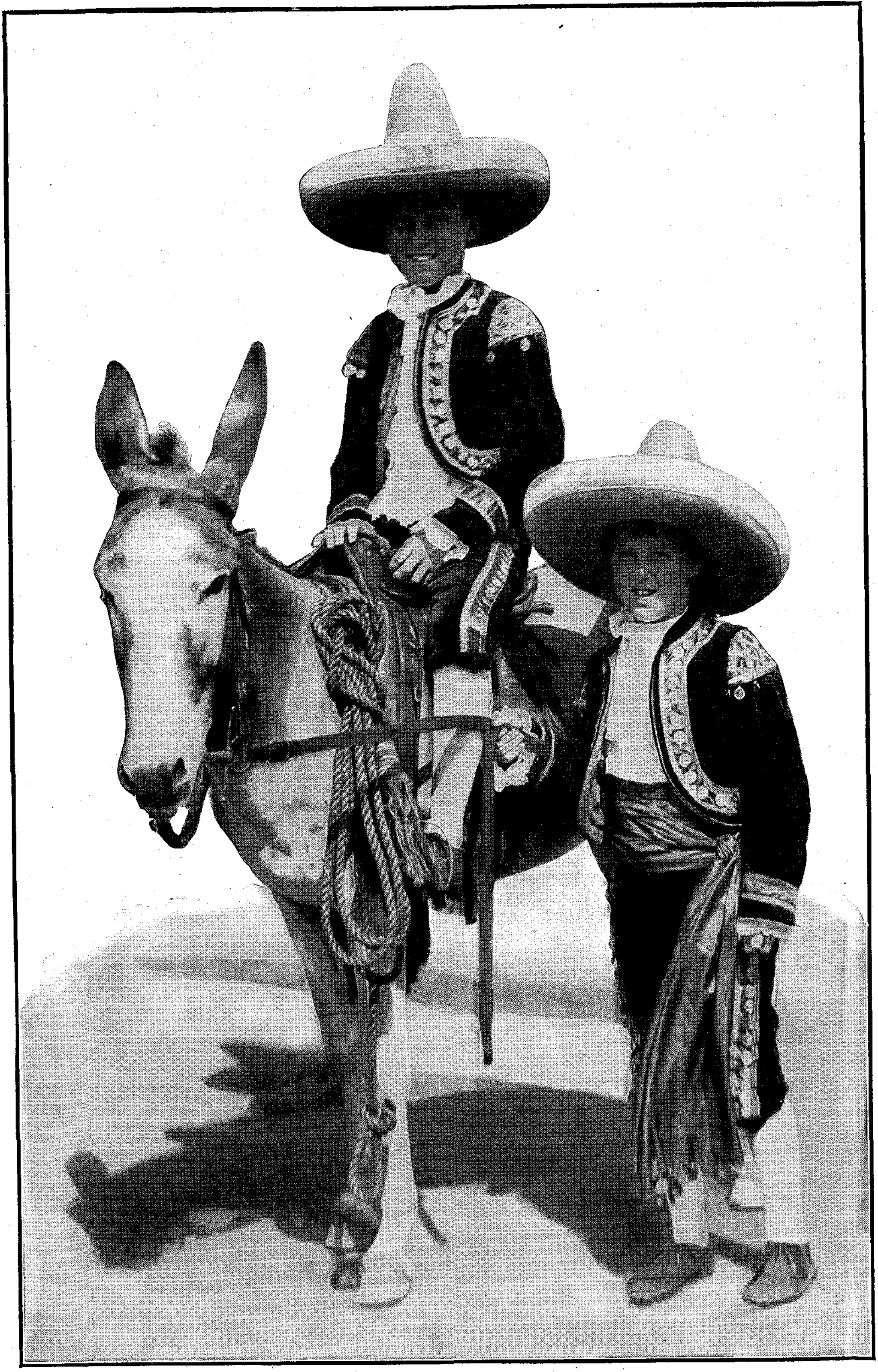
For a holiday is not made by law. Certain days in our calendar have been set aside for the commemoration of some event. The banks and schools and public buildings are closed. And still we have no holiday, for we have no proper idea of what a holiday is. Our idea of a holiday has seemed to be a day given over to speeches and banquets and parades and athletic games. But this new feeling that is in the air has awakened the people to the inconsistency of our commemoration. Through the efforts largely of the man in the pulpit, Thanksgiving Day has ceased to be the occasion for the "greatest football game of the season." Through the activities of the Grand Army of the Republic and of the patriotic societies, the objectionable features have been abolished from Memorial Day and Washington's Birthday. Thus what is deteriorating has been eradicated, but the holiday is not yet. We have days set apart for celebration, and no celebration.

In Chicago civic organizations and women's clubs are striving for a "Sane Fourth," in Philadelphia for a "Saner Fourth;" either way the term is unfortunate, repelling to our youth, for whom, by ancient and honorable custom, the Fourth of July is the second most important holiday of the year. For what we take away from young Americans to safeguard them from injury—and to rid ourselves of din and noise—we must give them something truly adequate in return. To filch from a boy a real cannon and give him instead a picture of a real battle is about as "sane" as the Biblical exchange of a stone for bread. The military tournament on Chicago's lake front in 1910 did more than this; there was the thrill of a sham battle, with all the noise any boy could ask; there were waving colors, galloping horses, smoke and dust, and make-believe wounded regulars. But still it was a vicarious holiday enjoyment for the boy who desired to be on the mimic battlefield himself.

Recognizing the value of research work in "holiday-making," appreciating the need of fostering a true festal feeling, the practical, unimaginative faculty of the normal school in southern Michigan offered to teachers in surrounding cities an extension course in festivals. In the spring of 1910 this course was given in Grand Rapids, Michigan, to some teachers from that city and from its environs. As they gave their names for enrollment, each, with a puzzled look, asked what a "course in festivals" included. They were compelled in their schools to have "visitors' days," "mothers' days," "rhetoricals," "exercises," and what not, but to them a "festival" meant a picnic, or, as defined in the dictionary, "an entertainment, often public, at which eatables are sold for some charitable object; as, a strawberry festival, a fair and festival;" and for a synonym the reader is referred to "banquet"—a definition which to the average individual is entirely adequate. But what had school-teachers to do with "strawberries" and "banquets"!

So, with something of the spirit of one who starts to blaze a lonesome trail, each took up his work on festivals—a course offered by this unpoetic normal school.

When May-day was suggested as their first laboratory work, the way seemed to open, for they had all wound the May-pole, and had



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MEXICANOS

sometimes made May-day baskets and hung them on their neighbor's door. With this as a nucleus, they were put to work in their laboratories—their school-rooms were their laboratories—to work out a May-day festival that would express the spirit of spring. Some planned an old English May-day, with a May-pole dance and the old English songs, and with the pretty little masque between old King Winter and the Queen of May. Some journeyed farther and gained their material from the land of Olympus, and danced the stately dance of the Grecian maidens before the altar of the gods, and made alive again in pantomime the story of Spring, of Ceres and Proserpine. Some went to Germany for their customs, some to Italy, but all found a new spirit, a deeper meaning, a festal feeling which in their usual American May-day they had felt but dimly.

This was the simplest experiment tried in this laboratory of festivals. As the spirit of the festa came into fuller bloom, they realized that this was a thing of the people, and, that being so, the source of their material should be primarily the people themselves, rather than the written records; for these were somewhat bloodless and meager, and frequently lacking altogether.

In their pioneer festival they gained a new insight into the undaunted spirit of their forefathers. Other countries may have their processionals, representing old kings and courtiers, warriors and statesmen, and arts and treasures. But here is a country, a world-power, casting the influence of its institutions on other nations, and yet privileged to sit by the knees of its grandfathers and learn from their own lips how they felled the first tree in some Western primeval forest and raised the first hut in what is now a progressive State of the Union, how they built up the industries and drafted the city charter as the two or three huts grew into a municipality.

For in less than three hundred years we have developed this country, and when we in the West go back even one hundred years we come to the Indian tepee and to the unbroken forest. To bring America to the place which it now holds has taken strict adherence to material things. Our birth was labored and our growth sudden. We have had no time for anything but sticking to it. But here are our fathers and our grandfathers—nation-builders—so near to us that we can reach out and feel them. And so we—unlike other countries—have opportunity to transmute these vital, intimate feelings from generation to generation, and make them live as National stimuli.

This was realized by the extension class in their last experiment, a pioneer festival. One in the class lived in a little town just a mile up the river from Lake Michigan. As she began to inquire about the founding and growth of this settlement, she felt a keen interest stirring in the village. Embers started under cover of the ashes. When the people learned that the school-children, *their* children, were to re-enact some of the crucial incidents in the development of the village, they vied with each other in recalling experiences told them by their fathers: of how two boat-loads rowed silently up the river, drew up their boats on the bank, and made their prayer to the Father that he would bless their new abiding-place; of the trading with the Indians; the alarm given one dark night that the Indians were coming; how they divided, some guarding the village, some crossing the river to meet the foe; and how they encountered and defeated them. Some told of the first wedding in the old church; others of the first meeting in the school-house. And two or three old men who, every Memorial Day, took from their trunks their greatest treasure, an army suit of blue, and marched to the cemetery to replace the little faded flags with bright ones, told of the first news of the war, and of how the boys packed their bags and bade good-by and started for the battle-ground. Trunks unopened in years discovered costumes worn in the old meeting-house. Some Indians who lived on a near-by reservation were persuaded to loan their trophies. From attic and cellar and shop and store were the costumes gathered. As each child brought from his hearthstone a gift from the past, he unconsciously helped to build a corner-stone for the future. And when the people of that village watched their children present the episodes that had gone to the making of their present life, a spark flamed up into a community feeling that is to-day a dynamic force in the building of the future.

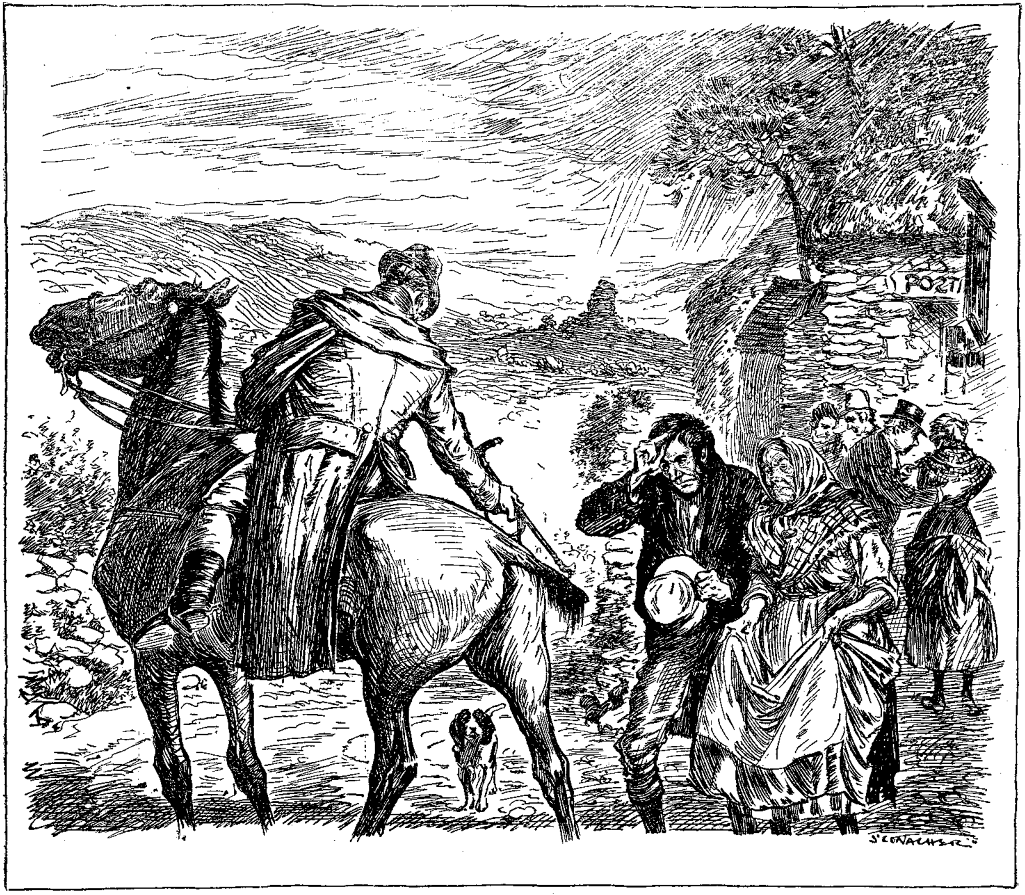
All this is evidence that there has germinated in this country a festal feeling. It will take much pruning and grafting to insure the survival of the fittest, but the promise is in the germ. "Street fair weeks" are being supplanted with "home-coming weeks," and while these celebrations, largely commercial, and lacking unity of idea, leave much to be desired, they do represent a step in the process of growth; for people leave their business ties to renew those more vital ties of human relationship.

The Hudson-Fulton Pageant in New York, the Gloucester Pageant in Gloucester, the Renaissance Pageant in Chicago, the Northwestern Pageant in Evanston, Illinois, are all evidences of this same festal spirit. These, however, were so pretentious that there was too much of what children call "pretend" about them. They could not, I believe, get to the fiber of the people in the same way as do the cruder, more unfinished festivals, for these are sown and reaped by the people themselves.

With the stupendous overleaping exaggerations of the Hudson-Fulton Pageant in New York compare, if you will, the laboratory work of a little woman in the extension class of the normal school. As the teachers began their work on the May-day festival one knew from the appeal in her eye how difficult and lonesome was the "new way" for her, and she came to be distinguished as the "caged thrush," for she seemed rare and very shy. After some time it developed that she taught a district school of about thirty pupils, ranging in age from four years to fifteen. It was the usual little white school-house on the cross-roads, and the Board's chief concern seemed to be one of economy. She had no money to get a book containing May-day songs, and none of the farm book-shelves in her district seemed to hold anything so foreign. As for games and dances, where to get them she could not think. It was a puzzling situation.

"Then, you see, what amuses the little tots seems so silly to the big boys," she said. Some of the others came to her assistance and offered to show her the steps of the May-pole dance. These she practiced in the school-house after the children had gone home. Her problem, so different from the others, was watched with much interest, and upon inquiry—she seldom offered any information—she said: "Oh, yes, we are getting along, although I don't quite see how it will turn out. But the big boys promised to get an old pole that used to belong to a wagon of Mr. Smith's. He said we could take it, and the boys will put it up in the yard for the May-pole. Then one of the girls in the school said she found some cheesecloth that was used at a social, and we could take it for streamers. But, you see, I'm afraid to take the time in school to teach them how to wind the pole or dance the dance, because I'm afraid the Board wouldn't like it, so I have to do it at recess time. One thing did encourage me. One of the boys, John, suggested that we make Jane—she's the littlest tot—the queen, and put her in an old milk-cart that John thought his father would loan us, and trim it with flowers, and let some of the boys draw it. I'm rather afraid they might overturn the cart, they're so mischievous. What do you think?" It was suggested that she try, at least—it was all one could do in a laboratory. Then, in her quiet voice, she anxiously added: "But the songs bother me. Do you think we could use the songs we know, 'Marching Through Georgia' and 'John Brown's Body'?" A copy of some May-day songs was quickly offered her by those who felt that the songs she spoke of, with their somewhat militant associations, were hardly fitting, and she went away with a clearer light in her eye.

After it was all over, she slipped up to the instructor and said: "I thought you might be interested to know how it all turned out. I was so surprised! The children came dressed in their prettiest clothes, and the people came, too, some from *thirty* miles! I think it is the first time that they have ever come together; and we had such a good time!" Then, with a little catch in her voice, "Do you know, after it was all over, the fathers and mothers brought out ice-cream and cake for a surprise! And they want another next year." As she turned away, she added, as an afterthought, "Oh, yes, and the Board raised my salary."



IT WAS SETTLED BEFORE EVER THE MARQUIS RODE THAT HE WAS TO MARRY AISLEEN IN THE MORNING

As It Was Told by the Lazy Bush

By Ruth Sawyer

With Drawings by J. Conacher

FOREWORD

There are many lazy bushes in Ireland. They stand at the cross-roads leading to the towns, where they throw a kindly shade for loiterers on their way to market or to mass. They are often gentle, or fairy, bushes, and many tales are woven about them. Here the *leprechaun*, or fairy cobbler, hid his crock of gold; here the fairies made their magic ring, or stole away a new-born child. All the gossip of the four roads reaches the Lazy Bush, and, as an old stone-breaker of Donegal once said: "If yondther bush had a tongue, there would be many a queer tale it could be tellin' to them that rests on the Gray Stone undther her."

IT is seed-time, when every thorn-bush tells memory stories to her children, that they may know and dream them through the long winter sleep, in whatever place the Great Sower plants them. And when they grow rootlets of their own, and bud and branch and flower and seed, the stories will lie safe in their hearts to tell again to the children they will bear. Already the rooks have circled twice, the plover and curlew fly south, and the corn bends low with its load of grain. Heavy am I with fruit, and drowsy from the slow run of sap in my veins and the song of the Samhain wind in my leaves. Sweet and welcome is the song, with its "Sleep, sleep, sleep, the earth grows cold;" and again, "Listen, the year is fulfilled."

I am old—yet how old I cannot be telling. This I know—there is no thorn-bush in Ireland that remembers what I remember. Long have I kept the cross-roads, with an eye to the ways that cross and an ear to the winds that pass, and a shade for every traveler spread over the Gray Stone. I can count two famines and the fevers that followed, the building of three chapels, and the coming of five marquises to the Manor House. I am the last of the fairy bushes. Twelve of them have stood on the foothills of Binn Ban; twelve have blown and seeded and withered away; and now they stand, black stumps, on the slope, with never a leaf or a bud to shroud them. I wonder does the Great Sower gather up the souls of us who wither away, to plant them again yonder?

The fairies no longer dance here on Midsummer Eve, tossing the primroses as they ring about me; no crocks of gold are hidden now beneath my roots; and it is long since the *leprechaun* sat mending his shoes under my branches. Now it is the children who come here to play and brush the dust about me with their bare brown toes; sometimes they string my berries into chains, or weave my blossoms into garlands for their hair.

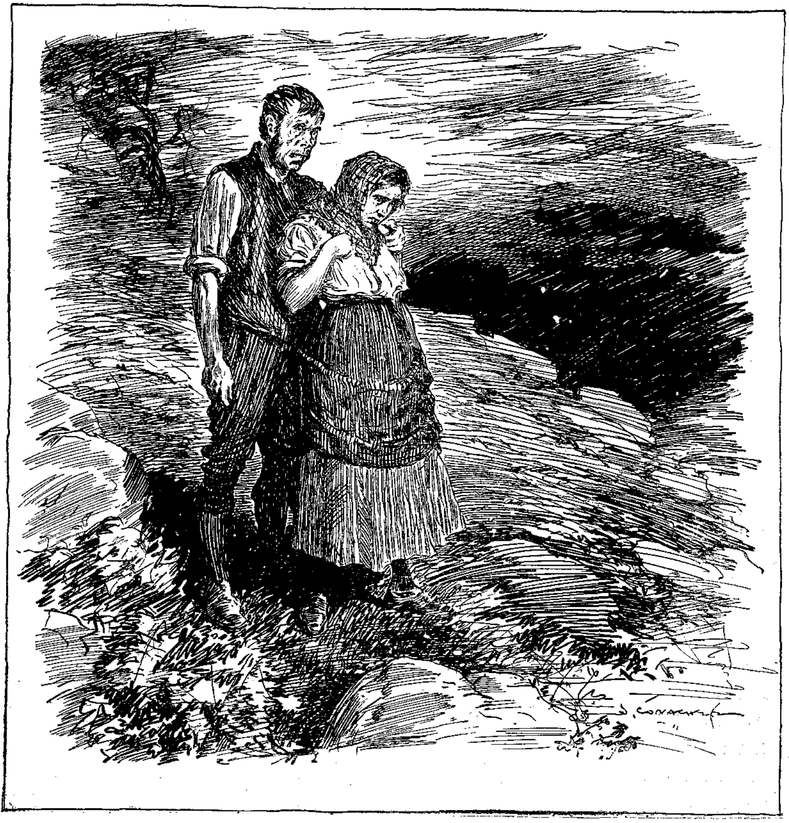
There are many stories I could tell this seed-time, but my mind turns ever back to the fairies, and it is a story of them I would be telling. For I would keep their memory green in the land, that they may live forever in the hearts of our children—aye, and the ones still to come after. Better that the grass should wither and the springs dry and the Gray Stone crumble away, than that the fairies should be lost out of Ireland.

It was in the winter of the White Frost. I cannot be counting the years; but it was before the famines, before the priests came to bless the Valley of the Long Sleep and lay their dead within. Not more than a score of cabins filled the hollow of Carn-na-ween, and the nearest chapel was at Frosses. It took the whole of a Sunday morning to walk there and back, and the road was mortal long on a confession night. Father Mat kept the parish alone, and his work was hard: masses and confessions and long rides over the hills at night to a sick-bed. The Bishop heard of it at last; and, the parish being too poor for a curate, he sent a young student from Menuthe, a promised priest, to stay with Father Mat and lighten, where he could, the burden of his work. Michael Kavin was his name, but the people called him the Peace Man, and the reason for it was plain. No matter how great was the anger, hate, or brawling when he went into a cabin, he left naught but peace behind when he came out. Man, woman, and child loved him with a love that was near to worship, and there was no living thing too ugly, small, or cursed for him to tend. But with all the goodness in him there was little help he could give Aisleen, the child, and the way of it was this:

'Twas All Souls' Night, the year of the White Frost, and the air was sorrowful with the fairies' *caoining* for the dead summer. Not a cabin in Carn-na-ween but had its dole of food upon the threshold for the spirits of the dead and the fairies as they passed by. Aye, and for the mortals, too, who might be coming back that night from Tir-nan-og. For the spell is off the hills on All Souls' Night, and many a lad or maid stolen away by the fairies has been brought back by the prayers which have been said for him or her around the hearth. Behind the covered threshold the doors were locked and barred, for people fear the evil spirits that ride along with the good. The elders sat close to the blazing turf, telling their beads with shaking hands while their tongues chattered of weddings and fairs, that the children might not see their fears.

In the cabin of the O'Friels, Maire and Manus were telling their story to the Peace Man, as he sat knocking the ashes from his pipe. The two of them told it, knitting it together as two hands weave a basket from the sally twigs. Their chairs were drawn close, and Maire's hand lay between Manus's two; this was because of the prayers and the loneliness that had been theirs for sixteen years. When the story was told, there was little to show where each had pieced and joined to make it all complete.

"Father Mat was ill with the fever at the time—that is why she was never baptized—and that day we forgot to put the tongs across the cradle. Ochone, it was the sorrowful day for us! It was the first day I was about at all. I was away to the spring



ALONE WITH NEVER A LIGHT ON THE BRAE

and back in the wink of an eye, but the cradle was there, as empty as a winter throstle's nest, and the pain that came into my heart that night has never left it, waking or sleeping. Aye, 'tis the truth. . . . Never was there such a child: the gold o' the sand was in her hair and the blue o' the sea in her eyes. She laughed with the first breath she drew—do ye mind? Aye, a wee wisp of a child; and 'twas the twelfth night after the birthing she was took. . . . Myself heard the cries o' the fairies as they carries her over the brae; and himself, coming in a bit afterwards, saw the flash o' their lights in the dark, sparkling like ripples o' starlight on the water. Half crazy we were as we followed them; but hands swept out o' the blackness and held us back, and something brushed over our eyes and blinded us. When the sight came again, we stood alone—with never a light on the brae—and we knew the soul of the child had gone to be cursed for all eternity. . . . Many's the prayer we have said, and many a candle burned before the Blessed Mother in yon chapel. 'Tis sixteen years ago come Bealtaine Eve, and I'm thinking all the prayers and candles are for naught. We've prospered well, the cattle have multiplied, no blight has touched them or the land, no sickness fallen on us; and there is gold a-plenty put by for the child that is lost. But our hearts are bitter for the longing for her, . . . and our days are empty with the loss of her."

Then Michael Kavin spoke: "The prayers may bring her nearer to our blessed Lord, for, of a certainty, we do not know that every unbaptized child is cursed. I am thinking that God has chosen a place for such small souls, very close to him, where those who never heard his name on earth may learn it there in heaven."

Above the rushing of the wind and fairies' *caoine* there was heard a soft knock, which came again and yet again. Maire was for not opening the door, "'Twill bring to us no good this night." But Manus drew the bolt aside; and in there stepped a smallish man who wore a leather jerkin down to his knees and a peaked cap; and the eyes in his head were sharper than the needles of Peter, the tailor, and black as the bogwood.

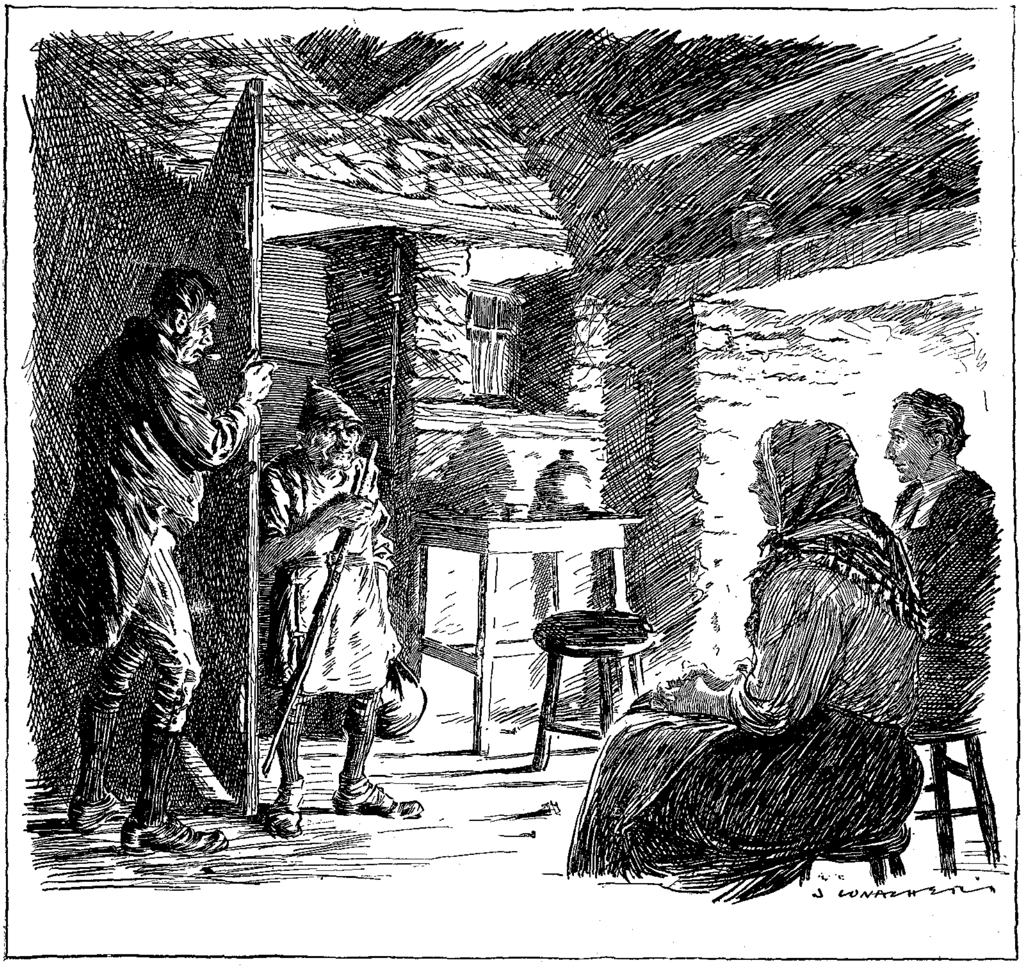
"'Tis a brave evening, this; may the luck rise with ye!" he laughed. "I am a man from another country, and a cobbler by trade. It is far I have traveled the day. Will ye give me a bowl o' the stirabout I see boiling in your pot, and a place by the fire, with a bed on the floor for the night?"

"Ye are welcome to what we have—neither more nor less," was the answer Manus made him. With that he set a stool by the hearth for him, while Maire filled a bowl and brought a pitcher of sweet milk and a plate of oaten cake. There were few words between them. The cobbler ate his supper and the Peace Man smoked on; but Manus drew his chair closer to Maire's and folded her hand again in his. Then came the voice of Father Mat—calling over the brae. It was thrice he called before ever they could catch his words:

"Maire, Manus, open your door! Do ye not hear?"

They threw the door wide and stood upon the threshold, peering out. But the cobbler sat on, eating his supper. His eyes grew sharper as he watched them, and a light sprang into them like a spark on dry turf. Then Father Mat stepped out of the darkness, and by the hand he was leading a small wisp of a girl.

I have not the words to tell you half the beauty of her; but remember this—the like of her has never since been seen in Donegal. 'Twas like a king's daughter she stood, though her clothes were poor enough. Her hair was the color of the sun in seeding time, and wreathed about it was a string of rowan berries. Her dress was colored like the thorn buds in early spring; her arms and throat and bare feet, which showed beneath,



IN THERE STEPPED A SMALLISH MAN

were white as the breasts of St. Columcille's birds. And over all she wore that strange thing men call Mystery. Great was the wonder of those who crowded about her; and Maire touched her hands and stroked her hair, while her eyes grew soft with mother love.

"Aye, take her to your heart," said Father Mat, "for it's long ye have been waiting for her to come back to ye."

"How do you know it is the child?" asked Maire, herself knowing full well it was.

"Listen, and I will tell ye how I know. I prayed to-night, as I have prayed for ye on All Souls' Night these many years, when a voice came to me above the prayer. I rose and followed it afar over the brae, and found *her* asleep under the hedge—not a pipe's length from the door. God's ways be strange. He gives and takes away, and gives again; and now her soul is ours for the keeping—aye, and for the saving, too."

So that was the way Aisleen came to the cabin in Carn-na-ween, though none was knowing how she came under the hedge that night. They warmed her by the fire, and spoke soft, loving words to her in the Gaelic tongue—she knew no other. And after she was warmed and fed she went about the cabin, touching everything with wondering fingers, asking Maire strange questions about them, showing she had never seen their like before. But longest did she stop before a picture of the Virgin.

"How beautiful! Who is the woman?"

Michael Kavin took her by the hand and led her back to the hearth, and there, his eyes on hers, he told her the story of the birth of Him we call the Harvester. And all the while good Father Mat and Maire and Manus watched them.

"Youth turns to youth as flowers to the sun," Father Mat smiled. "The lad shall teach her; 'twill take a gentle hand like his to lead her back to God and to the Church. We will have her ready to confirm when the Bishop comes, I'm thinking."

But I am forgetting the cobbler. He sat where the burning turf cast a shadow in the corner; and while he watched the others and Aisleen, they neither saw nor remembered him. When Michael Kavin had finished the story, Aisleen rose to look again upon the Virgin's face; but as she crossed the room her eyes fell full upon the cobbler watching her. A wee chirp of a cry she gave; she drew her hand over her eyes and looked again. 'Twas as if she had seen a face she knew, but in a moment she passed on, and no one heeded.

They piled the turf high on the fire and swung the kettle fresh; and all the neighbors came to see the child. They were merry that night, aye, all of them; and Father Mat blessed the house before they slept. When all had gone, and Maire and Manus lay asleep—their hearts free from the long pain—Aisleen left her bed and went into the kitchen, where the cobbler sat before the cooling hearth.

"Why did ye follow me here? Ye know your people gave me leave to come."

The cobbler drew his hands about his knees as he sat all hunched up in the darkening room, and laughed.

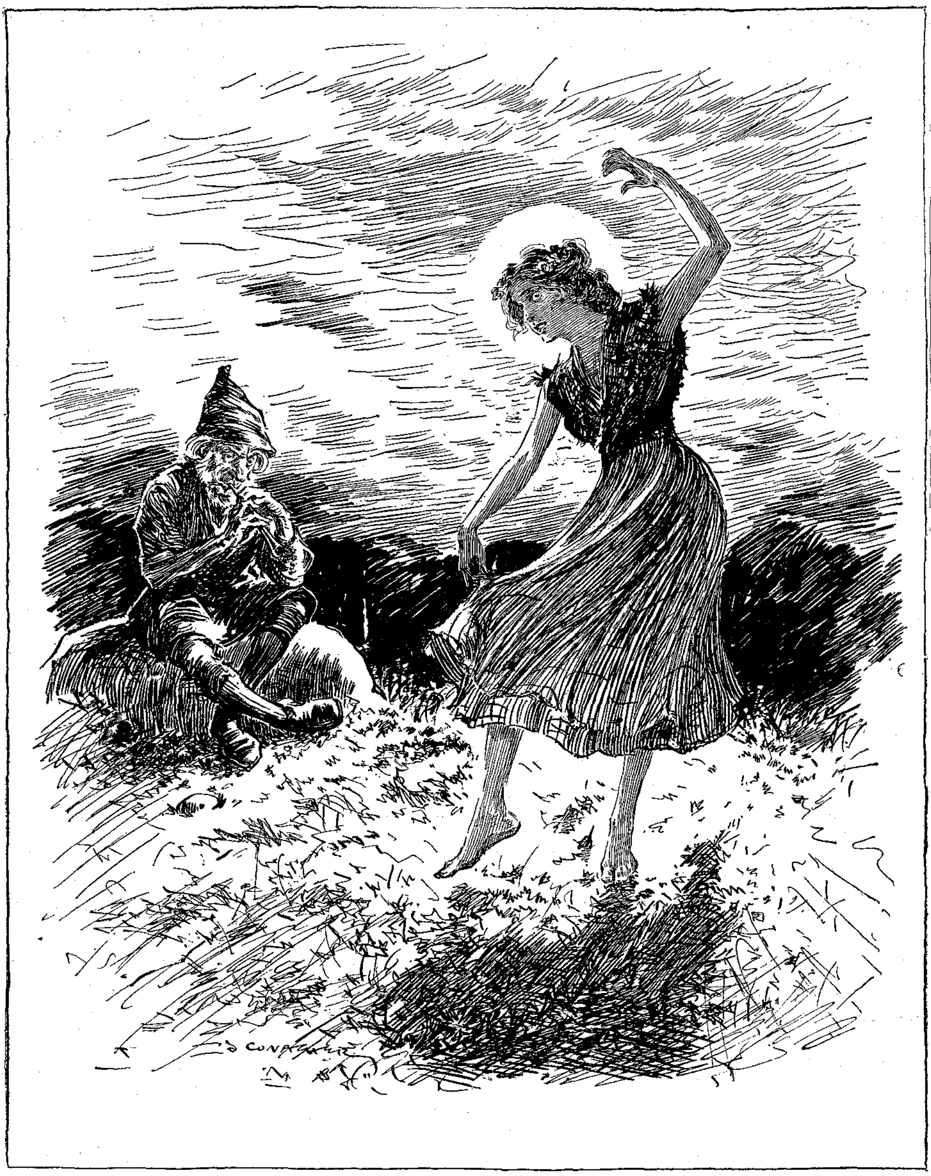
"It was a fancy, just, to see a fairies' child turn into a mortal maid; to see ye spin and knit and cook their food, and wash until your hands grow coarse and all your beauty fades; to wait beside ye here till human toil grows irksome and their foolish cares too heavy; then to bear ye back to Tir-nan-og, where already they grow weary for a sight of ye."

"I shall never go. My eyes have seen my people the night, and this hand has touched the hand of her who gave me birth. It is enough. Henceforward I belong where people toil and sorrow and grow old. I am free at last—free to share a human heritage, here on earth, among my kind. It is mine, aye, all of it—work, hunger, pain, love, and the bearing of children. Let me drink deep, for I am human at last—human and free!"

"There is more in the heritage than ye have named," said the cobbler. "Ye have forgotten fear and hate and bitterness and cruelty, and long dull days as colorless as leaden skies. The time will come, mark ye, when your heart will grow sick because of these, and ye will find this freedom but a harder bondage. 'Tis not far off, I'm thinking, and I'll wait by ye till it comes."

"Ye are wrong, and little good the waiting will do. When they let me come hither—the fairy people—I made the promise with them that if I ever turned against my kind, or if my heart cried out against some cruelty of theirs, I should give the Cry and they should bear me back to Tir-nan-og. But I know the promise will never be fulfilled."

And the cobbler laughed again, "Aye, maybe; still, I'll stay a bit and watch."



AND DANCED TILL RING O' DAY

Little I heard of the days that followed. I lay in the deep sleep of winter and the frost covered the earth. But in the spring the robins brought me bits of the story that they had picked up from the fowls in the yard, where they had gone searching for feathers and down for their nests. Aisleen learned quickly. She carded and spun and wove, and did the tasks about the house better than those who had been busy at them a lifetime. At first she sang like a linnet about her work; but Father Mat was afeared it might be fairy music and bring evil to the house and her, and so he stopped it. Aye, and he stopped her dancing too, for he said there was wickedness in the wild, mad way of it. Aisleen wondered at this and could not understand.

" The reeds dance with the wind by the loch," she said, " and the waves dance on the shore, and there is no wickedness in that. The sunlight dances all day upon the hills and the sea, and there is no wickedness in that. But I—I must not dance to the music in my own heart. Tell me why, Father ?"

There was little Father Mat could be saying to that; so he patted her head and told her to be a good child, and went his way. But after that—late o' the nights, when there was nobody to see—Aisleen would be off to the brae and dance till the ring o' day. And often and often the cobbler sat near, a-blowing a tune on a small reed pipe.

Michael Kavin taught her the catechism and the prayers, and told her the stories of the saints—St. Patrick, St. Martin, Columcille, and St. Bridget. It was beautiful to watch the two of them together—like a pair of throstles they were—bursting with the gladness of spring and with the love that was growing in their own hearts, and yet neither of them knowing it. It was the gentle goodness of the Peace Man that spoke to Aisleen. She watched him as he carried the over-small, tired children up the hill after mass, or lifted a creel of turf from the back of some old granny to bear it himself to her door. I mind well the light in her eyes the day he warmed a wind-beaten throstle against his breast. There is but one man in a woman's life can make her look that way.

Aisleen was as slow in learning the word of the Church as she had been quick with the work. She was full of questions which Father Mat or the Peace Man could find no answer for. She puzzled them with her arguments and the queer ideas they could not put out of her head; and one day, when Father Mat was near losing his patience, she said to him—and there was a weight of weariness in her voice:

"Take care that ye do not drive me to God, or I may lose the way to him. Sometimes I think I could be finding him better alone."

Father Mat held his way, and in spite of the teaching and help he gave her, Aisleen was not ready for confirmation when the Bishop came. Maire was near breaking her heart with the sorrow and shame of it; but Manus spoke sensibly:

"She is naught but a child in many ways. What harm will come of it if we wait a bit longer? Tell me that."

Yet harm did come; and it came in the shape of fear. Aye, the thought came to Maire and Manus, and to Father Mat, that if Aisleen had not been brought into the Church before Bealtaine Night the fairies might be stealing her again. Then their labor would be for naught, and her soul would be lost for ever and aye. While they reasoned this wise among themselves, and grew in fear, Aisleen grew happier with the joy and love that filled her heart; and often she would whisper to the cobbler, as he sat at work: "Why do ye wait? Can ye not see I am content?" And the cobbler's answer would be, "Aye, I see; but the year is not run out."

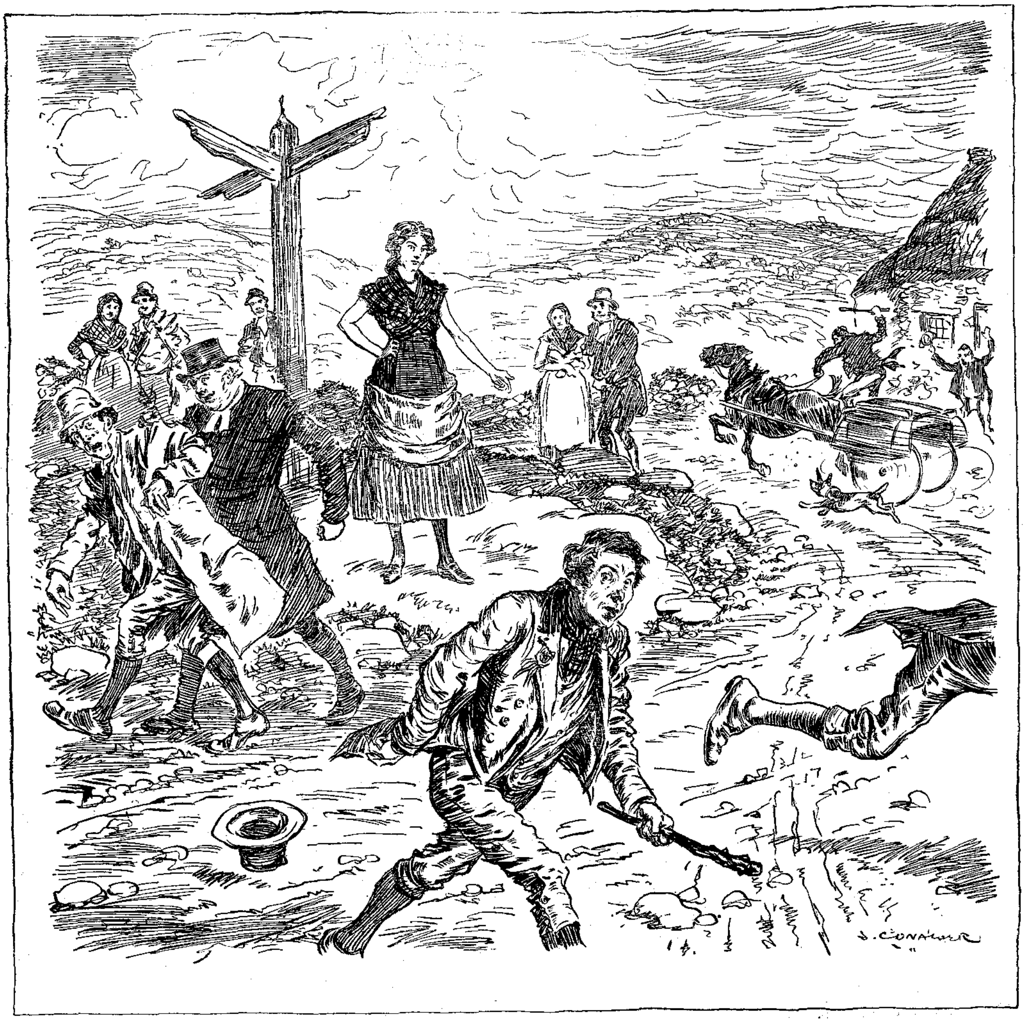
There was a cross-roads dance the day before Bealtaine. I mind it well how the maids and lads came from the four hills about, and Barney O'Flynn did the piping. Aisleen sat on the Gray Stone, watching the dancers, and beside her was the Peace Man. Yonder, by the hedge, stood Father Mat with Maire and Manus; and their faces, as they spoke together, were troubled.

"If we could find a husband for her before Bealtaine I am thinking we could keep her safe," said Father Mat. "What with her beauty and her goodness—aye, for she is full of goodness even if she has not the faith yet—and the fine marriage portion that ye will be giving her, surely there's not a lad in the parish but would be mortal glad to take her."

The two agreed. So it came about that Father Mat himself offered Aisleen that day at the cross-roads. She was offered to whichever lad would take her, along with fifty pounds and a goodish bit of land—not to mention the cow. When Aisleen heard, the blood rushed into her cheeks and stayed there—for she had known naught of the agreement. The eyes of her flashed while she waited for the answer to come. But the lads—with their mouths close shut—edged away, one by one, as if she had been an unholy thing; and Maire started up the road, sobbing. Then it was that mockery came to Aisleen. She sprang upon the Gray Stone and faced the lads.

"Well, why don't one of ye take me? Are ye afeared I am not comely enough, or is it a hundred pounds instead of fifty ye are wanting for the trouble? Like as not I'm too old for ye—being most seventeen. . . . I can knit socks for ye, Padraic, as good as your mother; and there's Cathal—I can spin all the wool that his sheep have to their backs. Or Barney, maybe, will be letting me come and sew and clean for him—sure it's both he's needing. I will work hard and keep my place, if only one of ye will take pity and marry me."

They paid small heed to her mocking. The lads were afeared of her—afeared of her strange beauty and the mystery that



THE LADS WERE AFEARED OF HER

hung about her. Moreover, they knew that she had not made the confirmation, and they were fearsome lest harm would come to whomever took her as wife. So it happened, before ever I rustled my leaves, that there was not a lad left at the cross-roads—barring the cobbler, who sat under the hedge, and Michael Kavin, the Peace Man.

The eyes of Aisleen grew soft in a breath as they looked away from the backs of the flying lads to Michael beside her. "Ye are not afeared of me, Master Kavin. Maybe ye would be taking me yourself, and loving me a bit on my own account."

The words were so low no one heard but myself and Michael. Glad I was that things should end this way for Aisleen, for I had no heart in the agreement. But I had forgotten that Michael Kavin was a promised priest and bound with his oath to the Church. It was his face that made me remember. Never again have I seen in a man's face what I saw in his that day. It was stricken with pain and terror, and it was full of the greatest hunger that a man ever had for a woman. When he looked at Aisleen, he shook, as if blown by a strong wind.

"Child, little child, forget that ye have ever said the words. Don't ye know that marriage, aye, and love are not for me? God send a man to bring this love to ye before it is too late! . . . The Blessed Mother keep ye!"

He turned away and took the road leading to the open sea, and in a moment he had passed from our sight.

As Michael Kavin went down the hill the Marquis from the Manor House rode up. Never was there a man who had so little of a man about him. Nearer to a beast he was, with a face heavy with drink and unclean living, and a heart as dead as the leaves blown away by the Samhain wind. The children turned from him as he passed by; but the cobbler stopped him and whispered something in his ear. The Marquis roared and rubbed his hands together in great merriment.

"By Peter and St. Patrick, 'tis a good joke! Show me this fairy changeling."

And then he saw Aisleen—standing afraid, aye, afraid and hurt for the first time. "Zounds! Were she the devil herself, I'd marry her for her looks, and the few more pounds there'd be for gaming. Where's her father?"

The story is near told. It was settled before ever the Marquis rode away that he should marry Aisleen on the morrow. They brought her home and covered the ache in their own hearts with idle, foolish words—telling her of the grandness of the Manor House, and what a lady she would be. The child sat down on the creepy-stool, close by the hearth, and stared at the blazing turf, and the cobbler stitched away in his corner and sang. He was merry that night, and the song that he sang was the song of the *leprechaun*. Once Aisleen spoke:

"Ye know not what ye do. Man mates with maid, and beast with beast; God willed it so; but sin and rottenness were never meant to be the price of one poor soul."

On Bealtaine Day they brought the bridal dress of white for her to wear and crowned her hair with yellow roses. The maids came early to dress her; and then they waited through the long afternoon for the bridegroom. A strange waiting it was. Maire wept silently by the open window and Manus stood beside her, his eyes on the road leading from the Manor House; the maids talked apart in little groups, while Aisleen sat alone and told the rosary through as Michael Kavin had taught her. The shadows grew longer in Carn-na-ween and the night wind sprang up before the Marquis came. It was the look on Manus's face that told the others; and then the door was thrown open and *he* came in, reeling, full of the liquor. He stumbled as he crossed the cabin to Aisleen, and the hand was mortal heavy that he laid on her shoulder.

"It's devilish late, my dear; ye'd better be hurrying. Soul or no soul, I'll not live another instant without ye."

The hush that hangs over the Valley of the Long Sleep is not more still than that which came over the cabin that night. Aisleen trembled like the quicken leaves, and drew away from him. Her hands went to her breast as if she would stop the beating there; and then, of a sudden, she turned to Maire and to Manus:

"I would have stayed with ye, but ye have made the burden of it too heavy. Don't ye be grieving for me, for I know that He who gave this soul to me will keep it safe. . . . The promise . . . is . . . fulfilled!" And then she gave the Cry.

A rushing wind swept through the door, and something brushed aside the blazing turf so that darkness covered the faces of those who watched. When the light came again, Aisleen was gone and nowhere could they find the cobbler.

The wind blows chill and I am full of sleep; long shadows now are filling Carn-na-ween. The tale is told . . . and it is the truth I have been telling you.

THE ELDERS

BY PRISCILLA LEONARD

We are the crest of the wave, on its height—yet our strength is as nothing;
Soon we must vanish, be scattered in foam; our force and our urging are past;
Behind us, beneath us, is gathered the power of the onrushing wave,
We are lifted, borne onward, upheld; we seem mighty—and yet we are powerless;
Forward it rushes, and bears us forward; we neither control nor can conquer
Its impulse that drives toward the future, toward shores beyond the horizon,—
And behind us come wave upon wave, sweeping on from the infinite ocean,—
With them is the power; with Youth is forever the strength of the morning.

THE SPECTATOR

It was the Spectator's own troublesome and inalienable reputation which set him to work on the investigations that he proposes to chronicle here. He was spending the summer in a tiny village among the New England hills; and he was at first amused, then puzzled, then, by and by, curiously annoyed to find that the villagers looked on him as a very rich man. *He* rich! He, the Spectator, with his Harlem flat and his carefully administered income—no new overcoat the year of the Encyclopædia Britannica, no opera and theater tickets ever in the same week! The joke was excellent, and he enjoyed it for a day or two. But nobody likes to pose long as that which he is not, even in fun; and presently the Spectator inclined to prick this bubble. A simple statement would do it, of course. "See here, my friend, I suppose I should feel flattered that you take my wealth for granted. But you are mistaken; I am really quite a poor man." How easy that sounds! The Spectator learned last summer for the first time how impregnable a reputation can be when it once gets established; and henceforth his sympathy is profound for all baffled people who helplessly beat against the bars of their own false positions. Nothing that he could say had the least effect on the villagers' rating of him, and nothing that he could do (such as dropping a fifty-cent piece instead of a five-dollar bill into the contribution box) produced any result save a critical glance—"Well, one would think, under the circumstances—" To the end of the summer he was regarded as a niggardly Crœsus.

◆

The Spectator always likes to get to the bottom of things when he can, for he considers that no human development is wholly irrational. Therefore, resigning himself to his inevitable situation, he set himself to study its causes. There must be some reason why all these people so invincibly united in estimating him as a rich man.

◆

He began with the people themselves. What were their standards?

One day he was driving with a fine old fellow—one of the "first gentlemen" of the village—and he turned the talk to the subject of the valley's evident prosperity.

"Good farms about here," the Spectator said. "I don't see any indications of real poverty anywhere."

"No," his companion assented; "we ain't got many poor folks, that's a fact. Scursely any paupers. There's a poor farm over the mountain, but it don't have to amount to much."

"On the other hand, I suppose," the Spectator ventured, "that there are no really rich people resident here."

But the fine old fellow was instantly up in arms, his rugged face earnest to defend the dignity of his valley.

"Good land! of course there are," he exclaimed. "What made you think that?"

◆

The Spectator was humbled; he felt himself in a delicate position. But he held to his inquiry; he was in earnest too.

"Pure ignorance," he apologized. "I didn't know. But I am interested. Who are the rich people? You don't mind telling me, do you?"

On the contrary, his companion was delighted. Perhaps he suspected ulterior purposes in all these questions, and saw himself the proud mediator between two parties in high finance. He sat up straight and pondered shrewdly, his eyes on his horse's ears.

"William Andrew's the richest man," he said at last with deliberation. "She had money, too. Him an' her together—well, I guess they must be worth from ten to twelve thousand dollars."

The Spectator made a swift calculation. Six hundred dollars a year! Then he thought of his own salary, and confessed that he began to see some light on his reputation.

◆

The next day chance played into his hands by giving him the companionship of another of the villagers on an evening stroll. A middle-aged man this time, dignified, well dressed, the owner of one of the prettiest houses on the village street. Security and comfort looked out from his quiet eyes. Of his own accord he told the Spectator that he and his wife lived on three hundred dollars a year. He stated the fact merely as a fact; there was neither complaint nor congratulation in his even tones. Was it chance altogether, or had the Spectator's very reputation something to do with the ease which attended the process of analyzing it? Perhaps there was that in his wealthy presence which naturally led people to think and talk about financial matters. At any rate, all his investigation conducted itself for him; and he did not once find himself involved in the courteous scruples and hesitations which he had anticipated. Quite spontaneously, a woman deplored the increased cost of living to him. "They've raised my taxes to seven dollars this year," she regretted. Taxes on what? On a house and a barn and an acre or so of land.

◆

"Well," the Spectator concluded, "it just shows the difference between living in the city and in the country. I *am* rich—I admit it—according to this village standard. But that takes no account of the more complicated demand of life in the city. I could live lavishly here, whereas I have to scrimp in New York."

* * *

Then one more experienced came his way, and after that he was entirely humbled.

"You come from New York?" The farmer's wife of whom he asked a drink beamed at him. "That's interestin'. My married son lives in New York."

"Oh! is that so? In what part of the city?" the Spectator asked.

"Well, I guess it ain't right in the city; it's in what they call Yonker. He's doin' well, too, he's makin' money; an' he must live in a handsome house, for he pays fifteen dollars a month for it."

This was a statement which cut both ways, laying bare the country standard again, but also revealing the possibilities of the Spectator's own home environment. Even in Yonkers, so close at hand, he could live in a handsome house at fifteen dollars a month! Perhaps it might not seem handsome to him—that was a matter of standards, too—but at least it would be comfortable and respectable. He had only his own folly to blame if he did not seem to himself that which he seemed to all these country people—a very rich man.

* * *

Since these experiences he has taken less interest than formerly in "high cost of living" discussions. He feels inclined to dismiss them all with one word: poppycock! If three hundred dollars a year can supply the necessities of life for two full-grown, active, thoroughly self-respecting people, it must be sheer luxury that compels the Spectator and others like him to spend so many extra hundreds. Pressing luxury, if you like, grown almost essential through long habit, but still not entirely binding if life can dispense with it. And if not quite indispensable, then no stuff for a manly spirit to vex itself about.

If all poor people were willing to live in the country, or even in "Yonker" at fifteen dollars a month (there would be a luxury in that), a good many of them would suddenly find themselves as rich as the Spectator.

THE NEW BOOKS

"The Man in the Shadow" is the title of the first of a number of short stories by Richard Washburn Child now collected in book form. This story deserves the prominence given it, for it is certainly one of the two or three best stories in a notably good collection of tales. Mr. Child has shown not only in these stories but perhaps even in a larger degree in his novel "Jim Hands" that he is in the first rank of American short story writers. On him, more than upon any other recent writer, has fallen the literary mantle of O. Henry. We do not mean that the two writers are strikingly similar in manner. But Mr. Child, like O. Henry, has the knack of catching his reader's attention at the outset by an unusual situation, and later of making a sharp, unexpected turn in the development of the situation which surprises and amuses the reader. (The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.50.)

Mr. Frederick Trevor Hill's book entitled "On the Trail of Grant and Lee" draws out in a decidedly interesting way several notable parallels in the personal history of the two great war leaders. Thus, members of the Grant and Lee families have been brought into historical prominence simultaneously in three civil wars—the English uprising against Charles I, the Revolutionary War, and the Civil War of 1861–65. This is only one of several such parallels which Mr. Hill has noted. Apart from this, the story of the two great generals is here told in a notably vivid, and often even dramatic, manner. The book has the advantage of six reproductions in color of paintings by Mr. Arthur E. Becher, and is in form quite attractive enough to make a good holiday book. (D. Appleton & Co., New York. $1.50.)

A season of fiction would be incomplete which did not have a detective story by Anna Katharine Green. Her new book, "Initials Only," is ingenious, and introduces an entirely new method of murder, which will, however, probably not prove popular. We cannot say that the book has distinction, nor that it depicts character finely, nor that it entertains in any other way than by exciting curiosity and plunging the reader into the depths of an apparently insoluble mystery. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $1.30.)

We are told that about one hundred thousand copies of the regular editions of Florence Morse Kingsley's "The Transfiguration of Miss Philura" have been sold. And now it appears in a holiday edition, with decoration, colored pictures, gold cover design, and other allurements for the buyer of gifts. Years ago Mrs. Kingsley wrote one of the earliest of the "best sellers," a religious romance as different from the present pretty little love story as could possibly be conceived. Evidently she has more than one secret for reaching the heart of the story reader. Miss Philura is human, natural, and amusing. (The Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York. $1.)

A volume of strenuous stories, not always very probable and quite often excessive in sensationalism, is called "Across the Latitudes." The author is John F. Wilson. Most, or all, of the stories deal with sea life. Whatever else they are, they are not dull. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $1.25.)

At first it might seem as if Mr. Edwin J. Clapp's "The Navigable Rhine" would interest only those particularly interested in that subject; and of course ninety-nine out of every hundred such persons are Germans who live in Germany. But Americans may well read the chapter in which the author contrasts the Rhine and the Mississippi and applies to our great river the lessons in waterway transportation taught by the Rhine. (Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $1.)

Mr. Albert F. Calvert is well known as an authority on Spain. In addition to his previous books on that country he now issues two large quarto volumes. As may be fancied, they present a comprehensive survey of the historical, archæological, and artistic monuments of Spain. Like Mr. Calvert's other books, they are remarkable, first of all, because of their superabundant illustration; there are over seventeen hundred pictures. But the text is well worth while. It has been written by one who has a genuine and affectionate admiration for the proud, courtly, hospitable, true-hearted, and self-reliant Spaniard as well as for his country. The volumes should take their place among the notable holiday books of the year. (J. M. Dent & Sons, London, England. $15.)

The "Players' Edition" of Longfellow's "Hiawatha" has received ample and interesting illustration, and is put into the form of a fair-sized quarto. There are many pictures and a foreword by Dr. Gunsaulus. The photographs are notable because they were taken from life at Wa-ya-ga-nug, near Petoskey, Michigan, where the story of Hiawatha is annually reproduced as a drama by native Ojibways. (Rand, McNally Company, Chicago. $2.)

A translation from the Russian of Mr. Pierre Ponafidine's "Life in the Moslem East" has now appeared, and should find wide reading. Mr. Ponafidine is the Russian Consul-General in Constantinople, and formerly occupied similar positions in various parts of Persia and Turkey. In two respects his book differs from most other accounts of Mohammedans: first, because of a very individual point of view; and, second, because the author's purpose is apparently to interest others rather than to instruct them. The work, therefore, will probably find more popular reading than had its title covered a pretentious history or an exhaustive treatise on the places and countries upon which it touches. Many places and countries come under the Consul's view—Babylon, Bagdad, Mecca, Medina and the holy places of the Shiites, Muscat, Mesopotamia, Arabia, Persia, and India. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $4.)

Like all the other Asiatic colonies, so the Dutch colonies are tending towards autonomy. But their hope for a freer future, as Heer A. Cabaton says, can be attained only under the Dutch flag. With the title "Java and the Dutch East Indies," a translation from the Dutch has now appeared of Heer Cabaton's comprehensive and informative survey of that subject. As might be expected, the book gives an ample account of the natives of the islands, of their agricultural and other resources, of their administrative divisions, and of their antiquities and religions. But the English-speaking reader will probably be most interested in comparing the Dutch colonies with those of England and the United States. The book has value alike to the student of economics and commerce, to the student of colonial administrations, and to the general reader. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $3.)

In the dedication of his latest book Professor Hugh Black tells his friend that in resisting the temptation "to write a book of learned appearance with scholastic words and large foot-notes" he has written "a book on Happiness without once using words like hedonism and utilitarianism." His treatment of the hackneyed subject of rival philosophies that have divided and wearied the world is fresh and felicitous, æsthetic in form as well as distinctively ethical and religious in thought. In typography and binding as attractive as in literary style, the book commends itself as an appropriate gift, especially at the approaching joyous season of the year. (The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. ($1.50.)

"The Joy of Gardens" is the delightful title of a book which is distinctly out of the ordinary class of garden books. It is written by Lena May McCauley, and, while it has a practical side and not a few definite suggestions about garden-making, it is in the main a series of talks and essays on the uses, pleasures, and lessons which one may draw from one's own garden. The book has pictures in color and pictures in black and white, and its cover is tasteful and fitting. (Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago. $1.75.)

The capture by Chinese rebels of Wuchang, the capital of the province of Hupei, lends interest to the description of that place which we find in Mr. William Edgar Geil's "Eighteen Capitals of China." Mr. Geil divides these into the Southern Capitals, the Yangtze Capitals, and the Yellow Capitals; the last named are the northernmost. This critic's comment on Chinese life in a capital, or in any other city, is worth attention, because it is the comment of an observer who has had singularly picturesque and wide opportunity for the study of that life. Among other exploits, he has ascended the Yangtze River to its watershed, and he has traversed the Great Wall, that hugest of man's work, from end to end. We know of no other traveler who has made both these trips. Thus Mr. Geil knows his China well. In the present volume, however, he does not essay to write mere travel chapters. What he does is to describe, not so much the eighteen cities—all of which he has visited—as cities alone, but as eighteen vital points in the new China. The only fault to be found with the book is that it is full of information of the kind to appeal perhaps not so much to the tyro as to one who already knows China, the people, and their language. (J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. $5.)

LETTERS TO THE OUTLOOK

A DESERVED "V"

Will you not add to your trinity of newspaper needs detailed in your editorial on William E. Curtis—"vigor, virility, vivacity"—another "V," which needs exercise in our profession: veracity? LEIGH MITCHELL HODGES.

The "North American," Philadelphia.

A CORRECTION

A correspondent calls our attention to the fact that The Outlook referred to Mr. Ballinger as delivering an address at the Conservation Congress. We acknowledge the error. The address to which we referred is that which he made at Denver on September 28 before the Public Lands Convention.—THE EDITORS.

ENGLISH GRADE CROSSINGS

In your issue of October 7, page 303, you state that in Great Britain grade crossings are not allowed to exist. From personal observation during seven weeks' residence in England this summer I know that grade crossings in Great Britain do exist. I noticed them frequently, especially in and about the town of Lincoln. But it seemed to me that the English grade crossing is much safer than ours, at least to the pedestrian. The gate, instead of being a bar swinging into the air, is an ordinary fence gate which swings across the track when no train is approaching. In the center of the gate is a large circular danger signal, which at night is illuminated. No train can pass over the crossing when the gate is open to the roadway without breaking down the gate. And when the gate has been closed—that is, swung away from the track—a real barrier has been placed across the roadway. No gate, of course, could prevent collision between a train and a heavy vehicle—no gate could stand that strain. But this English type of gate certainly does prevent that reckless walking across the track in front of an approaching train so common in America. For it is a great deal more than a bar which can be easily "ducked under" in case the pedestrian is in the conventional American hurry.

LAURENCE L. BROWN.

Derby, Connecticut.

PANAMA AND ALASKA: A SUGGESTION INDORSED

I have read with much interest your editorial in the issue of September 2 on "The Panama Railroad and Alaska: A Suggestion." This editorial is so exactly in line with what many of us on the Isthmus have been thinking for some time that I cannot forbear to comment. I doubt whether you realize how entirely feasible, in every detail, the general idea you propose is for execution.

The construction of the Panama Canal has afforded a fine training school for the five thousand Americans on the job. No other construction job in the world has ever offered as broad and varied a field as this work. The personnel includes every class of construction men—dredge and steam-shovel men, locomotive engineers and conductors, drill-runners, track foremen, and all classes of mechanics and artisans. The men on the job to-day represent a "survival of the fittest," as there has been a constant process of elimination for the past three years. The end of the Canal work is in sight, and a number of this personnel would welcome an opportunity in Alaska.

The Commission has assembled on the Isthmus a plant which in point of completeness no contractor could hope to duplicate. It is modern in every respect, and it covers every branch of construction work. It has been well kept up and is in good condition. Some of it is being retired from the service now, more will be retired within a year, and the bulk of it will be available within two years. It covers everything necessary for harbor work and terminals and for railroad construction. There are hand and shop tools to equip shops, and rolling stock to equip the railway after it is completed. There would be plant suitable for opening up the mines. There is an all-water haul from Panama Bay to Controller Bay, and transportation charges would be small. The Panama Railroad owns its own steamships, which would be available for handling the transportation of this plant.

The five-foot gauge of the Panama Railroad, to which you refer in your article, should not be an obstacle in the construction of a railway in Alaska. The line from Controller Bay would be a spur, and would probably never form a portion of any trunk line.

The Government should not stop at constructing the terminals and the railway, but should itself open up some, if not all, of the coal-fields, certainly enough to take care of its own requirements on the Pacific Coast and the big coaling stations to be established on the Isthmus after the completion of the Canal. This would absorb a large output.

Your plan is one that can be carried out in every detail, and, what is more, I believe it is a plan that will appeal not only to the good sense but to the imagination of the American people.

R. E. Wood,
Captain United States Army, Assistant Chief Quartermaster.

Culebra, Canal Zone.

PERHAPS—SOMETIME

Under the present system of "maintaining peace"—by the support of large armies and navies—it is but a question of time before most of the great Powers of the world will become financial bankrupts. I do not know whether the suggestion I shall make has ever been publicly advanced. If so, it has failed to come to my notice.

Suppose all the world Powers entered into an arrangement to disband their armies and navies, each agreeing to provide its *pro rata* share to maintain a united army and navy for the enforcement of international peace? The details as to what proportion each nation shall contribute, the kind and number of men to be selected, where such a force shall be quartered, and similar problems, should be worked out by an international congress to be selected.

If the Powers of the world are in earnest in their expressed views upon "peace and arbitration"—in view of the terrible strain, waste of power and energy, and the suicidal methods of "keeping the peace"—may not such a suggestion as here presented be worthy of consideration and discussion?

The annual aggregate budget of ten nations (taken from "The Statesman's Year Book, 1910")—Austria-Hungary, France, Germany, Great Britain, Italy, Japan, Russia, Spain, Turkey, and the United States—amounts to $1,655,889,000. The total annual military expenditure of the world approximates $2,250,000,000. The vast armies of able-bodied men withdrawn from productive fields might be equivalent to the loss of a like sum.

An international army and navy as here suggested could be maintained at less expense than it now costs any one of the great Powers, and perhaps with a greater prospect of preserving security and peace.

Scores of difficult problems would have to be met and solved by such an international congress if a plan of this nature were before it; such as, to what extent in this country shall militia, and similar organizations in other countries, be allowed to preserve internal peace, the regulation and control of the "world's peace army and navy," and a hundred kindred problems; but a world's congress composed of the world's greatest men who are thoroughly in earnest for the peace and betterment of the world would undoubtedly find a solution to most of them. H. H. Herbst.

Ann Arbor, Michigan.

LAND RENT AND ROBBERY

The question as to whether land rent is robbery or not is a matter of extreme importance, and I take the liberty to make a few remarks thereon. From the standpoint of the actual farmer, the title deed is a great bunco scheme, a tremendous delusion. Because of the private ownership of land the farmer is robbed unmercifully; the same is true of the wage-worker. The economic waste is enormous; the landlord and the land speculator are vampires. All land should be owned by the Nation and be under National control; the land could be allotted to the farmers under a system of unlimited lease, transferable as a deed is now. The farmer could improve his allotment as he chose, and remain in possession of it as long as he wished to stay. If he wanted to move away, he could transfer his lease and sell the improvements; but he should not be allowed to sell or rent the land or bequeath it, though he may properly bequeath the improvements.

The only reason that any one can advance in objection to this proposition is that he wants something for nothing.

A title deed is of no advantage to the small farmer. He is discriminated against in assessing for taxes; when he wants to sell, he often has to wait a long time for a purchaser; and if he patronizes a real estate agent he is compelled to pay a large commission. The high price of land does not benefit the farmer; his assessment is increased on that account. It is of no advantage to the farmer to sell dear when he has to buy dear also. William Northon.

Santa Rosa, California.

BY THE WAY

Mr. Alfred Tennyson Dickens, a son of the novelist Charles Dickens, is in America. He is to lecture on his father's life and works. His life has been spent mostly in Australia, where he has resided for forty years. In some respects he is said strongly to resemble his famous father.

Baroness de Laroche, besides being the first licensed woman aviator in France, is the first woman to make a flight in the presence of royalty. At a recent aviation meet at St. Petersburg which was attended by the Czar, the Baroness made a successful flight, rising to a height of about five hundred feet.

Both Africa and America claim to have the greatest waterfalls in the world—the former in Victoria Falls and the latter in Niagara—and now South America enters a claim for the Kaieteur Falls, in British Guiana, as described in the "National Geographic Magazine." Kaieteur is 741 feet high and 369 feet wide—five times as high as Niagara and nearly twice as high as Victoria; but the volume of its flood must be inconsiderable compared with either of its rivals.

Much fruit has been shipped from Michigan this season to Chicago and other Western cities by trolley lines. Trolley freight trains that stop only to take on fruit are despatched from the fruit-growing region late in the afternoon, and the fruit is sold in the city markets the next morning. Perishable fruit thus quickly reaches its destination without refrigeration.

In Kentucky recently fourteen counties united in a project to construct a highway between Paducah and Hopkinsville, to be known as the Jefferson Davis Highway. Memorials of this kind are much more useful, and certainly can easily be made more beautiful, than the ordinary statue.

In a private and closely guarded shop in a Swedish hamlet, says "Cassier's Magazine," a man toils in secret. The result of his labors is known and appreciated by machinery manufacturers the world over. His name is Johannson, and his product is known as the Swedish combination gauging system, by which greater accuracy is attained in mechanical manufacture than has heretofore been possible. Johannson's work is a "one-man product," for even his own sons do not share his secret.

The women's National golf championship was won for the second time by Miss Margaret Curtis, of Boston, at Baltusrol, New Jersey, on October 14.

Although the first practical aeroplane was built in America, the sales of aeroplanes at present are much greater in Europe than in this country. France leads the world in the industry, the Blériot factory alone employing about six hundred men. It is estimated that up to the present 1,500 aeroplanes have been constructed, and sold at an average price of $5,000 each.

Unfortunate Empresses seem to have long lives. Carlotta, the ex-Empress of Mexico, is still living, at the age of seventy-one, but for years has been hopelessly insane. Eugénie, ex-Empress of the French, is now in her eighty-sixth year. Since the downfall of the Second Empire she has lived in England.

Ground was broken at San Francisco on October 14 for the Panama Pacific Exposition by President Taft, in the presence of 100,000 people.

Experiments in mixing iron with other elements, which of late years have produced nickel, chrome, and vanadium steel, each with its special characteristics of strength or hardness, have now been followed by the production of titanium steel. This promises to be especially useful in adding to the durability of steel rails.

Domestic science as at present taught is criticised by a woman writer in the current "Atlantic Monthly." The object of the schools of domestic science, the writer asserts, "should be, not to make women better keepers of their individual homes, but to set their minds working toward the formulation of a plan to revolutionize the whole housekeeping system" so that gifted women may satisfactorily keep house and yet not be compelled to abandon artistic or professional careers. The most valuable witnesses as to the quality of such housekeeping would be, we imagine, the members of the household.

The largest mountain park in the world, says the "Canadian Magazine," is the forest reserve recently set apart by the Canadian Government in the Rocky Mountains, forming a tract about three hundred and fifty miles in length and from ten to fifty miles in width.

In the furor that attended the championship series of baseball games, a characteristic incident was furnished by a Negro enthusiast in New York. Penniless but determined to see the first game, he stood in line all night waiting for the sale of tickets to begin. By the time his part of the line had reached the box office his pathetic and humorous appeals for nickels and dimes to enable him to "see dat game or die" brought him the requisite dollar, and he was one of the happiest "fans" at the game.

A new life preserver has as a novel feature an electric lamp, to be worn on the forehead. It will burn three or four hours, and will enable a rescuing party readily to see the swimmer at night.

The fortieth anniversary of the Chicago fire, October 9, was observed in several Western States as Fire Prevention Day. Exercises in public schools, meetings of business organizations, and proclamations by mayors, formed part of the plans for calling attention to fire waste and for instruction in methods of fire prevention.

Spain, which is often regarded as stationary or even retrogressive in its civilization, is preparing to spend $8,000,000 on an irrigation canal in the province of Andalusia. This will reclaim a large area of land which at present is infertile on account of lack of rain.

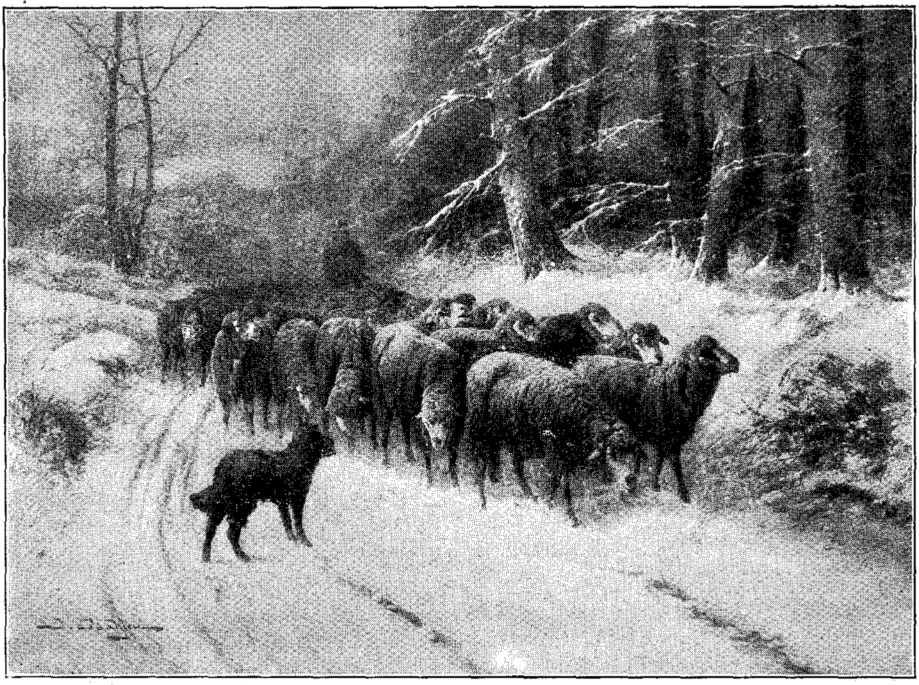
Dr. Eliot, ex-President of Harvard University, famous maker of brief characterizations and writer of pithy sentences, has been invited to write the inscriptions for the new city post-office building in Washington, D. C. One of these characterizations of the postal service is as follows: "Carrier of love and sympathy, messenger of friendship, consoler of the lonely, bond of the scattered family, enlarger of the common life."

Dr. C. Willard Hays, chief geologist of the Geological Survey, has resigned to enter mining in Mexico. He had been identified with the Geological Survey service for twenty-four years.

Mary Anderson de Navarro, up to 1889 one of the most popular of American actresses, but not seen on the stage since that year, has not lost her interest in things theatrical, for she has come to America to aid Mr. Robert Hichens in staging "The Garden of Allah." "Who's Who" states (let us hope with Mrs. de Navarro's permission) that at school Mary Anderson was "idle and unsuccessful;" that she went on the stage at sixteen, retired at twenty-eight, and has refused "many flattering offers to return." She was born in California in 1859.

English camera-makers have produced a kinetoscope of the kodak pattern, small enough to be carried by the wayfaring amateur, and designed for taking both ordinary snap-shots and moving pictures. The standard kinetoscope film is used, and the pictures may be developed and then seen by projection in a magic lantern at home.

John R. Walsh, the former Chicago banker, has been released from confinement in the Federal prison at Leavenworth, Kansas, on parole. He had served one year and nine months of the five-year term to which he was sentenced.



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A Tariff for—What?

BEING A CRITICAL EXAMINATION OF THE FINE SOUNDING—BUT AMBIGUOUS AND OFTTIMES MISLEADING—PHRASEOLOGY COMMONLY APPLIED TO OUR SO CALLED "TARIFF NEEDS," TOGETHER WITH AN EXPOSITION OF THE CONSTRUCTIVE CHARACTER OF THAT PART OF OUR PRESENT TARIFF LAW WHICH DEFINES THE DUTIES LEVIED UPON WOOL, AND WOOL PRODUCTS; AND STATES THE METHODS BY WHICH SUCH DUTIES ARE TO BE FIGURED.

By George B. Spencer

WE need to understand better what we hear oftenest about the kind of tariff this country needs because the phrases most commonly used seem to have a variety of meanings for different people.

Therefore, it is fitting that we should examine these phrases carefully—and critically—to see whether we may find out exactly what they are intended to mean as they are applied to the subject of our tariff.

For instance—that very common expression among stalwart Republicans "The tariff must afford adequate protection for American Industry "—what does it mean?

What is "*adequate protection?*"

Adequate means *enough* and protection means *to preserve.*

Therefore, this phrase should mean *enough tariff to preserve* American Industry.

Surely no sane, sensible, reasoning American wishes a tariff which will *not* "preserve American industry" and—*preserve it enough.*

Now—right at the present time, though we have a tariff which *preserves* American Industry *enough to suit most people,* there seem to be a lot of people who want changes made.

Do these people think the present tariff preserves American industry *more than enough?*

Is such a condition possible?

Is it possible to preserve American industry *more than enough?*

Suppose our tariff should be changed so that it *would not* preserve American industry—what would happen?

Would American industry thrive and expand *without* "enough preservation"?

Or—would it *shrink* under such conditions?

Without enough preservation, would there be more work—and higher wages—for American workmen?

Or—without enough preservation for American industry, would there be less work—and a likelihood of lower wages—for American workmen?

Let us consider conditions as they exist in America to-day.

Wages are higher than they ever were before.

But—not all American workmen are now employed.

Why is this?

Isn't it possible that more American workmen would be employed if there should be less uncertainty in regard to what is going to happen to the tariff?

The tariff affects all business.

We hear a great deal of talk about reducing the tariff.

While this talk is going on, American business waits to see what is going to happen and—*doesn't expand as it should.*

In consequence, factory working forces are not being increased and some of the men who now have work are constantly wondering how long their jobs are going to last.

Is this a healthful condition?

Does such a condition benefit American business—and American workmen?

And, if this condition is going to be continued—or made worse—by changes in the tariff which will preserve American industry *less than enough,* do the majority want such a change?

If the present tariff preserves American industry enough, why should the present tariff be changed?

Why not leave the present tariff alone until we can find out just how much American industry will thrive and expand under the measure of protection this present tariff affords?

With business in this country hesitating, isn't it foolish to favor what will make business hesitate *more?*

* * *

Our Democratic friends declare themselves eager for "a tariff for revenue only."

Well—what is "a tariff for revenue only"?

Revenue is money derived from a specific source.

Tariff revenue is money derived from tariff charges.

As used in connection with the phrase, "a tariff *for revenue only,*" it should mean—a tariff which will get *only sufficient money to meet the legitimate expenses of our government.*

Does the present tariff, then, produce *more than enough* revenue for this purpose?

Is our National Treasury piling up a surplus?

If this were happening, to talk about lowering the tariff might be reasonable.

But—as the present tariff is producing but very little more than enough money to pay government expenses—and with the demands of our navy, army, pension list, and other expenses constantly increasing—isn't our government likely to need larger revenues, rather than smaller?

Right now, the tariff we have produces revenue enough to meet the expenses of

the government and just a little bit more—just enough more to make a reasonable "margin of safety," so there will not be a deficit, in case government expenses run unusually heavy.

From this, doesn't it seem that our present tariff *is* "a tariff for revenue only"?

And, if this is the kind of tariff we now have, why should we wish to have it changed?

Why lower our tariff so as to wipe out the little margin of safety over and above the revenue actually needed by our government for its running expenses?

Why risk a deficit?

Would so doing be good business—or good politics—or good sense?

Do we wish our navy—or our army—reduced?

Do we wish soldiers who have fought for our country to be less comfortable in their declining years?

Do we wish to abandon the Panama Canal?

Do we wish our progress among nations retarded?

If we do not wish any of these things to happen, we should look at the matter of raising money by tariff from a patriotic, sensible, business-like viewpoint. We should not begrudge our government money it needs for its greater growth as a nation.

Suppose we were to *again* have what the Democrats regard as "a tariff for revenue only."

Remember we tried the Democrats' idea of "a tariff for revenue only" about seventeen years ago.

This Democrats' idea of "a tariff for revenue only" was known as the Wilson-Gorman Bill.

It went into effect in 1894 and—*lasted just three years.*

At the end of that time, we had found that the Democrats' idea of "a tariff for revenue only" *wouldn't work at all.* After this, we went back to the protection kind of tariff under which our nation grew great, and under which, during the fourteen years since repeal of the Democrats' idea of "a tariff for revenue only," our nation has grown greater still.

Shall we then return to the Democrats' idea of "a tariff for revenue only"?

If you can remember back seventeen years, you may recall the "Free Soup Kitchens" from which "free soup" was doled out to men and women accustomed to earn their bread.

In those days, honest men and women eager to perform any kind of labor to get bread were "objects of charity," because they could get no work.

Nearly every mill in America was closed more or less of the three years under which this country's business was at a standstill under the Democrats' idea of "a tariff for revenue only."

Millions of American workmen were "out of a job."

Whole families went hungry.

Great factories were dark and silent.

Costly machinery rusted where it stood.

For this experiment with the Democrats' idea of "a tariff for revenue only," our country paid a terrible price—and every American workman paid his share.

Again—the Democrats' idea of "a tariff for revenue only" *did not produce enough revenue to meet legitimate government expenses.*

To get money for its legitimate expenses, our government was compelled to issue bonds in time of peace—and under the most extraordinary conditions we have ever experienced.

Do we wish to repeat this experience?

Have we any assurance that the Democrats' idea of "a tariff for revenue only" is any more practical now than 17 years ago?

Shall we again have a tariff which will not produce revenue enough to meet our government's legitimate expenses?

* * *

An expression once very popular with many statesmen—and politicians—is "A measure of protection sufficient only to offset *the difference in cost of production in this country and abroad.*"

Believing it entirely possible to find out this difference, the work of so doing was assigned to the Tariff Board, whose members have now been engaged in the work for some months.

To enable the members of the Tariff Board to get at *the cost of production in*

this country, the wool and woolen manufacturers of America have thrown open their books—revealed their trade secrets—afforded every facility possible to enable the Tariff Board to arrive at definite, specific information which may be practically useful as a basis upon which to build a tariff law which will work out to the advantage of American business, American wages and conditions under which American workmen labor.

And—what do we now find to be the attitude of some of the statesmen—and politicians—once loudest in favor of obtaining scientific information upon which to base a practical, working tariff law?

Some of these statesmen—and politicians—are now conspicuously scoffing at any possibility of securing definite, specific information concerning "the difference in cost of production in this country and abroad."

Why is this?

What—do you suppose—is the reason for this changed attitude of some of our statesmen—and politicians?

Have they learned that the Tariff Board is actually securing practical information upon which a Tariff Law may be based—and that this information will show that duties now in force upon wool and woolens *should be retained as they are—not lowered?*

Have these statesmen—and politicians—learned this or—do they merely suspect, and fear, that such will be the trend of the Tariff Board report?

As yet, no one knows aught of the import of the Tariff Board's report.

Not an inkling of the net result of work by the Tariff Board has reached even the woolen manufacturers who have placed all their books and records at the disposal of the Tariff Board.

And yet—we find the attitude of some statesmen—and politicians—wholly changed, and completely reversed, as to the practicality of securing usable information of "the difference in cost of production here and abroad."

Is it possible these statesmen—and politicians—now believe a tariff bill, based upon actual facts and figures obtained by the Tariff Board, may not make good talking timber for the next Political Campaign?

Is it possible that the business interests of this country—and the interests of American workmen—are to be made secondary to the manufacture of political capital in Congress?

Is the anticipated new tariff law, with which the coming session of Congress is to be concerned, to be based upon reliable information, obtained from reliable sources; and is this new tariff law to conform to the business needs of this country—capital and labor alike, or—is the new tariff law to be merely a series of grand stand plays designed to furnish certain Congressmen with material upon which they may hope to obtain re-election?

President Taft is credited with the statement that "The Tariff Bills recently passed by Congress were *for politics only.*"

Has Mr. Taft "called the turn"?

Is this what we have to fear?

Are this country's business interests, and the interests of American workmen, to be made secondary to political talking timber—and, is the next tariff bill passed by Congress to be "a tariff for politics only," regardless of the practical business needs of this country, regardless of stagnation now existing in many lines, and regardless of the present lack of confidence everywhere?

If this is to be the case, shall we not do well to scrutinize most carefully—and critically—every expression concerning the tariff, regardless of its source?

A tariff law based upon "difference in cost of production in this country and abroad," will need to cover far more than the mere difference between wages in America and wages in Europe.

Wages of wool workers in this country are more than twice those of England, and nearly three times those of Germany.

This is a big item in the "difference in cost of production in this country and abroad."

And—in addition, is the big difference in cost of conditions under which American workers perform their labor.

Americans would not work in the old, badly lighted, badly heated, unsanitary, unhealthful mills of Europe.

American workmen require modern buildings—well lighted—well heated—thoroughly sanitary—with plentiful water supply—plentiful fire protection—and all

the up-to-date appliances which make work easy and pleasant.

All such improvements cost money.

And all must be figured in the " difference in cost of production here and abroad."

It is right that American workmen should have proper, and healthful, and pleasant conditions in the mills where their labor is performed because, *from one-third to one-half their lives are spent in these mills.*

The only way to be on the safe side—the only way to protect American workmen's wages, and the conditions under which their labor is performed—is to insist upon a tariff which includes a sufficient measure of protection to make sure that business can be transacted profitably in this country.

Such a tariff we now have.

Why, then, should business conditions be further upset by further change ?

* * *

Another tariff expression the meaning of which needs to be carefully scrutinized is " the duties of ' Schedule K ' are indefensible." (See footnote.)

Have you ever heard any very convincing reasons as to *why* the duties of " Schedule K " are indefensible ?

Is it—perhaps—because those who would change our tariff think the duties on wool will be easiest to change—and consequently *most defenseless ?*

If the duties of " Schedule K " have proved to be of benefit to American business—and American workmen—and the American people—why, pray, are they " indefensible " ?

Under the protection of " Schedule K," millions of American workmen and their families; and wool-raisers and their families, are insured steady employment and the right to earn an honest living.

Under the protection of " Schedule K," American workmen perform their labor under pleasant conditions and are able to wear better clothes than are worn by the people of any other nation on earth.

" Schedule K " protects this country from importations of cheap English and German shoddies.

" Shoddies " have little warmth and do not wear.

European " shoddies " *are kept out* of this country by " Schedule K."

From 1894 to 1897 the protection of " Schedule K " was withdrawn from this country.

And—what was the result ?

Nearly every woolen mill in America was closed.

Millions of American sheep were slaughtered.

Tens of Thousands of American workmen were thrown out of employment.

When the protection of " Schedule K " was restored, prosperity came back—American woolen mills resumed work—American farmers raised more sheep—American workmen had jobs and the American people again had good, warm, durable clothes.

What then is meant by the expression, " The duties of ' Schedule K ' are indefensible "?

How are they indefensible—and why ?

The facts about " Schedule K "—what it has done for the woolen industry of America—for American workmen—for American farms—and for the American people are the only " defense " needed by " Schedule K."

Should " Schedule K " need further defense, such defense will come from the American people—and all in their own good time.

* * *

Is it more than fair that those who have attacked " Schedule K " should be asked to produce convincing proofs of their statements ?

Should not the detractors of " Schedule K " be required to show wherein claims they have made are justified ?

Frauds are charged to " Schedule K "

(That section—or " schedule "—of our present Tariff Law which deals with wool and woolens is lettered " K "—hence the reference to it as " Schedule K.")

—and to American woolen manufacturers—for which neither are in any way responsible.

For instance—it is stated that retail merchants sell "part cotton" clothing for "all wool," and this fraud is implied as chargeable to the woolen manufacturers and, through them, to "Schedule K."

Now—"Schedule K" is framed to regulate duties on wool, and wool products.

It does not attempt to regulate the morals of clothing merchants, wholesale or retail—nor the prices at which they sell the clothes they handle.

If retail clothiers are dishonest—and deal dishonestly with their customers—wherein is this chargeable to the woolen manufacturers?

Woolen manufacturers do not make ready-to-wear clothing.

They do not sell ready-to-wear clothing.

They do not deal with retail clothiers.

Woolen manufacturers make *only the cloth* for ready-to-wear clothing.

This cloth the woolen manufacturers sell *to the clothing manufacturers—not* to retail dealers.

All cloth made by reputable woolen manufacturers is marked—and sold—*for exactly what it is.*

If cloth is "all wool," it is so marked and sells as "all wool."

If cloth is "part cotton," it is so marked and sells as "part cotton."

There is no chance for misrepresentation, no opportunity for fraud, *between the woolen manufacturers and the clothing manufacturers.*

Any attempt on the part of woolen manufacturers to represent "part cotton" cloth as other than what it is to their customers—the clothing manufacturers—could not succeed for the very simple, and most conclusive, reason that the clothing manufacturers are as well educated, and able to judge the composition, quality, and values of cloths as are the woolen manufacturers themselves.

Therefore, any effort of the woolen manufacturers to defraud the clothing manufacturers could have but one result—loss of confidence, prestige, and business, and the making of the woolen manufacturers ridiculous.

This being the case, why should woolen manufacturers be held responsible for the morale of retail clothiers with whom they have no dealings?

Retail clothiers buy *from clothing manufacturers—not* from cloth manufacturers.

If retail clothiers are dishonest, will their ethical understanding be improved by the amendment—or abolition—of a law which does not reach them?

That "part cotton" clothing can be sold as "all wool" is little credible.

In these days of enlightenment—when ready-to-wear clothing of the highest quality is widely advertised, easy to learn about, and easy to buy from reputable merchants—it would almost seem that only those ignorant by preference could be imposed upon and deceived concerning the quality of what they buy.

Certainly this condition—if it exists—will not be changed by reducing the prosperity of our country to a point where the earning of bread—let alone clothes and means of education about clothes—will be made increasingly difficult.

* * *

"Schedule K" has never been denounced *by the thoroughly informed.*

"Schedule K" has been attacked *only by those who seek, by such attack, to serve some selfish interest.*

There is an old saying to the effect that "You can find most anything you look for, if only you search with sufficient diligence."

"Schedule K" may have faults.

This no one has ever attempted to deny, because—perfection, in anything, is still "the unattainable."

No one concerned with "K"—not the most partisan of party "protectionists," nor the most conservative "stand pat" woolen manufacturer—has ever presumed the Wool Schedule of our tariff to be perfect.

It is a fact, however, that, despite all its possible, or mis-stated, imperfections, "K" also has many virtues.

"K" is constructive.

The original conception of "K" was constructive, and, in practice and effect since its birth, "K" has proved even more beneficial to the upbuilding of this country's welfare than its originators could have dreamed when they produced it.

* * *

"Schedule K" was born of the Civil War.

This does not seem to be generally known.

Those who can remember back as far as 1862 and 1863, will recall those distressing years of blockade and "privateering" in which American maritime commerce was almost entirely destroyed.

Engaged at home in the greatest struggle of history for our national life, we were, upon the seas, required to withstand attacks upon our commerce by war-vessels privately fitted out in foreign countries (outwardly friendly) to prey upon all ships flying the Stars and Stripes and other ships bound for our ports with "contraband of war" (anything of use to our soldiers and sailors).

We could not get from abroad the woolen cloth we needed for our soldiers' and sailors' uniforms.

We had not enough woolen mills in this country to make the warm clothing required by our army and navy.

American woolen manufacturers were then few in number. Their mills were small. The industry was an infant but lately born.

Our armies were in desperate straits for warm clothes.

We had lost many battles.

Our soldiers had to have new uniforms.

Mr. Lincoln asked loyal Americans to come to the rescue—to build woolen mills—to make the woolen cloths needed.

The response was quick and generous, but the future had also to be thought of.

Asked to consider what would happen in event of peace—when German and English manufacturers could, unmolested, send the products of their cheap labor to compete with the products of well-paid American workmen—Congress and the President agreed that it was only reasonable to protect American labor with a duty levied upon wool, and woolens, which would offset the difference between wages paid in Europe and wages paid in America.

With this understanding, new woolen mills were built in America during the Civil War.

American manufacturers kept faith with their Government.

The American Government kept faith with American workmen.

"Schedule K" became a law.

But—not without a struggle.

Importing Interests were rich and powerful in Civil War days.

These "Importing Interests" brought tremendous influence to bear upon President Lincoln to prevent his signing the law which was the original "Schedule K," but—without avail.

President Lincoln made "Schedule K" a law because he knew it to be needed to help preserve the life of the American Nation—and because *he knew the law to be just to all* American people under the circumstances then existing.

Few who take the trouble to gather all contributing facts concerning "Schedule K"—from the time of its birth during the Civil War to the present day—will dispute the justice and foresight of Abraham Lincoln in making "Schedule K" a law with his signature after it had been passed by our American Congress.

The immediate results of making "Schedule K" a law—the victories which ended the Civil War (aided unquestionably by proper clothing of our soldiers)—these are matters of history known to all.

That was "in the sixties."

What has happened since?

* * *

Since the enactment of "Schedule K" into law, the American wool and woolen industries it protects have developed steadily with but a single interruption.

From the period of the Civil War until the present day American sheep have increased in number, American woolen mills have grown in extent, and American commerce in wool, and woolens, has developed continuously, *except during the four years from 1893 to 1897*.

In 1893, during agitation indicating destructive legislation, the wool and woolen industries became very cautious.

Flocks of sheep were not increased—no woolen mills were extended—the out-

put of wool cloth, and woolens, was curtailed.

In 1894, the Wilson-Gorman Bill—the Democrats' idea of "a tariff for revenue only"—went into effect.

Our markets were thrown open to the products of cheap European labor.

American manufacturers could not compete profitably for business.

From 1894 to 1897, millions of American dollars invested in the woolen industry earned no dividends.

Millions of wool-raising sheep were slaughtered.

American farmers had no market for their wool.

American woolen mills were without business.

Our whole American wool industry was practically paralyzed.

The effect extended to other industries.

America was "poor."

The whole country suffered from "hard times."

The Democrats' idea of "a tariff for revenue only," did not produce enough revenue to discharge the current expenses of our government.

To get money needed for current expenses, our government had to issue bonds in time of peace.

Such was the punishment of the American people for their failure to check the indescribable folly of a Congress, acting in ignorance—hastily—with rashness—and lacking properly obtained information upon which to build a practical tariff law.

The terrible effects of this Democrats' idea of "a tariff for revenue only" finally caused the scales to fall from people's eyes, however. Thinking people awoke to the realization that "free trade" does not work for the good of business built upon the principle of protection.

In the election following this awakening, American voters repudiated the theory of free trade which had brought such disaster to the country—destruction of confidence in business—and "hard times" to every American workman.

The party of Protection for American Industries was returned to power.

The people declared themselves for *a tariff which would work for the good of the American people*—for a tariff which would bring back prosperity.

The newly elected Congress passed a new tariff law—framed to *preserve* American Industries and the wages of American workmen.

William McKinley signed the new tariff law and, thereby, helped bring back prosperity to the country.

In this new Tariff Law—framed to bring back prosperity—Schedule "K" was re-enacted to conform to the protective principle upon which it was originally based during the Administration of Abraham Lincoln.

* * *

Since then what has happened?

Has the American Wool and Woolen industry developed?

Has it grown?

In 1909, the finished product of the wool mills of the United States reached the enormous total of over Four Hundred and Nineteen Millions of Dollars.

One Hundred and Sixty-seven Thousand hands were then employed in this country's woolen mills.

And these figures cover only the industry concerned with the manufacture of wool into cloth fabrics.

The figures do not include statistics of the value of—and number of workmen employed in—the wool industry concerned with manufacturing carpets, hosiery, underwear, hats and those industries engaged in cutting up wool and worsted cloth and making it into finished garments.

If *all* industries concerned with wool manufacture *of all kinds* in this country should be included with the above figures, the grand total would reach several hundred millions more in money and nearly another hundred thousand employees.

Since the enactment of the tariff which was made law by William McKinley's signature, American flocks have been increased by many thousands of sheep.

Over a million farmers are now engaged in the raising of wool.

These farmers and the woolen mill workers and their families number over Five Millions of Americans engaged wholly, or in part, in the wool and woolen industries of America.

These industries are to-day one of our

greatest sources of American pride among the nations.

The American "textile industry" (of which wool is the most valuable part) is exceeded in value of investment only by steel.

Is the American woolen industry then to be considered lightly?

For nearly fourteen years—since the set-back of "Wilson-Gorman bill" times —the American woolen industry has forged ahead.

During the past ten years, wages of American woolen workers have averaged an increase of 31%.

Take the tariff off wool—restore the "free wool" clause of the "Wilson-Gorman bill"—and, to compete with Germany and England, American wool workers must work for German, or English, wages, if, indeed, under such circumstances, there be any work by which any wages whatsoever may be earned.

Facing such a possibility, should we fail to consider—from every standpoint—all questions involving "Schedule K"?

Can we afford to side-step issues?

Remember—to-day we are dealing with the problems of to-day and those of the immediate future.

Will the Democrats' idea of "a tariff for revenue only" work better to-day than in 1894?

This is a serious question.

It involves the right of every American to earn bread.

Our present tariff is "protective."

The prosperity of our country is builded upon the principle of protection.

Any change—of any kind—no matter how reasonable it may seem—nor how really good it sounds—will upset business and, while business is getting settled again, there is bound to be hardship for many.

Therefore, we should consider carefully whether any new order of things is really needed.

Haven't we already had enough uncertainty?

Shouldn't we give business an opportunity to regain its normal condition without further disturbance?

Do American workmen want more changes now?

Or—do they wish to be sure of their jobs, without danger of disturbance from new laws, the need of which is more than doubtful?

The Democrats' idea of "a tariff for revenue only" brought disaster in 1893.

The protection principle brought back prosperity, beginning with 1897.

Which do we need most now—a reduced tariff and more disturbance—or, opportunity for our present tariff to help increase the country's prosperity?

* * *

Let us see how Canada's woolen industry has fared under a low tariff.

Canada is naturally a country in which to raise sheep.

Canada has all the natural advantages of climate, pasturage, and water favorable to wool raising.

Why then are Canadian flocks shrinking in size?

Why has Canada so few woolen factories?

While the wool, and woolen, industries of the United States have been growing, the wool, and woolen, industries of Canada *have been shrinking steadily for the past decade.*

Two years ago the Montreal Woolen Mill Company gave up business.

At this time they made a statement from which is quoted the following:

> "Since the present political party came into power they have lowered the duty from 50 per cent to 23½ per cent, *and have practically annihilated the woolen industry.* During their stay in power they have, through their free trade policy, been the cause of seventy-five per cent of the woolen mills closing, and if they stay in power much longer there will be none left, and the once biggest Canadian industry will be no more. We have during the last four years lost money, but have been hanging on expecting a change in government which did not come, and we have now decided to liquidate our plant while we can pay one hundred cents on the dollar."

If a low tariff encourages industry—and develops a nation's commerce and resources—why should not Canada's wool industries "boom"?

Why have Canada's wool industries *shrunk?*

* * *

Perhaps it would not be amiss to ask here why it is that England—after long enjoying the benefits of "free trade"—is now considering the enactment of "*a protective tariff*"?

England was once the mightiest commercial nation in the world.

Why is she less so to-day?

People in this country may not generally know *the fact* that the great commercial prestige once enjoyed by England *was built up under a protective tariff law.*

For over four hundred years English industry was protected by tariff.

Can we doubt that to this her commercial supremacy was due?

Her merchant marine—to-day the greatest this world has ever beheld—is still "a protected industry"—protected *by subsidy* and—this protection is no small item in enabling England to maintain her present supremacy upon the seas.

Had the United States, in similar manner, protected its merchant marine, our export trade might be less at the mercy of foreign competition.

Also—if "Free Trade" (which England now has) confers such enormous benefits, upon England's other industries, why is she even now considering the enactment of a protective tariff law?

May not the reason—or one of the reasons—be that Germany, having industries protected by tariff, is now competing with England for the world's commerce?

Is America ambitious to compete for world commerce also?

If so, can she do so successfully by first withdrawing from her own markets the protection under which they prosper, leaving them free to invasion by the cheap products of cheap European wages?

The question of "Schedule K" may some day become a question of clothing for the world.

To-day, it is a question of clothing for the American people.

Do they wish the quality of their clothing interfered with?

"American clothing costs its wearers more to-day than it did ten years ago."

True enough!

But—what about the quality of this clothing?

What about the difference in the clothing of ten years ago and the clothing of to-day?

Isn't the clothing of to-day *worth its additional cost?*

Aren't the fabrics better, and finer, and choicer in every way? Aren't patterns more varied—more desirable? Isn't the style of our clothing infinitely superior? Are not cut, fit, shape, and finish far and away better than they were ten years back? Don't our clothes look better to-day? Don't they stay stylish longer? Don't they hold their shape better? Don't they wear longer and give better satisfaction?

If any one now wished to wear such clothes as were worn in America ten years ago—and such clothes could still be had—*they would probably cost less than they did ten years ago.*

But—who wants such clothes now?

Present-day values cannot be supplied at ten-year-old prices, and no reasonable human being, *without a special axe to grind,* is arguing that we should go back to ten-year-old days.

Who of us wants to go back to the clothes of ten years ago?

Americans are to-day "the best dressed people in the world."

Their clothes are better style—finer quality—more durable—and lower priced accordingly—than the clothes of any other nation on earth.

Again—to earn enough money for the clothes of himself and family, the American need work not more than half as many days, at the American rate of wages, as must the English and Germans, at English and German wages, for the clothes they wear.

European workmen would like to be able to get as well-made, stylish, and durable clothes as are worn by American workmen.

The greatest International Fashion Authority in the world—a woman whose word is accepted as law by Fashion Artists in both Europe and America—Mrs. Belle Armstrong Whitney—is responsible for the statement that "Europe, at this time, offers a most promising market for American ready-to-wear clothing."

* * *

During the past ten years, wages in the woolen industry of America have increased nearly one-third.

How has this been accomplished?

Through improved machinery, superior intelligence in operating the mills, and more economical methods employed throughout the business.

This answers the statement that "the easy conditions under which American woolen business is transacted (owing to 'Schedule K') retards progress and affords no incentive to development."

It is a fact that American-made looms have been improved to such an extent that demand for them in Europe has necessitated the building of European plants for the making of American pattern looms by two of the largest of American loom-making concerns.

The Draper Company, of Hopedale, Mass., one of the largest American makers of textile machinery, has established a plant in England for the manufacture of looms for European mills.

The Crompton & Knowles Loom Works, of Worcester, Mass., have also established a plant in England for the manufacture of textile machinery for European purchasers.

This does not seem to indicate any backward tendency of American ingenuity in loom manufacture.

It is also a fact that, during the past few years, the consumption of "shoddies" in American mills devoted to the manufacture of cloth fabrics has been greatly reduced.

Likewise, the mixing of cotton with wool has greatly diminished.

American fabrics of all descriptions are to-day so much better than they were ten years ago, that there is almost no comparison.

American cloth designs are better, the fabrics are made from better materials, colors are less liable to fade; while the style of fabrics made in the wool mills of America are now far and away superior to what were produced even a few years ago.

"Schedule K" does not, therefore, seem to be unconstructive in this connection.

* * *

The question of "K's" continuance, modification, or abolition resolves itself into "a question *of practicality*."

In theory, the idea of reducing duties, so as to reduce prices of commodities to those who use them, reads and sounds excellently well.

But—if, in reducing duties upon commodities, the power to purchase such commodities is also reduced—or entirely removed—wherein does the user derive practical benefit?

If reducing the duty he now pays, will take away the means through which he earns wherewith to pay, what will he gain?

Is it beneficial to the user to be relieved of duty payment—and thereby also be relieved of protection for the means of earning the duty?

Or—is it wiser to allow him to continue paying duty—if, thereby, he may continue earning wherewith to pay both duty and for that upon which duty is levied?

If "K" is continued, wages of woolen workers will probably remain as they are. Certainly wool workers do not expect their wages to be reduced. Such wages may be further increased.

On the other hand, if "K" is modified so as to lessen the protection it now affords to American wages, it stands to reason these wages cannot long be kept where they are to-day. Under a schedule less protective than "K," wages would need to be materially reduced.

Again—if, going to the extreme, "K" should be abolished and another period of "free wool," like unto that of the "Wilson-Gorman bill," *under which nearly every woolen mill in America was closed*, be introduced, the chances would be for—no wages whatsoever.

Which course is most practical?

Which would be most beneficial to all concerned?

Which would bring greatest good to the greatest number?

In other words—which is preferable—

"K" and wages as they are—"K" modified and wages reduced—or, "K" abolished and no work at any wage?

Would you care to face a situation such as this in the industry whereby your own living is earned?

Suppose legislation should be proposed which, in theory—and theory only—promised good to all American people but, in reality, wouldn't work and threatened to destroy the means through which you now earn your daily bread.

This is the situation which is to-day threatening American woolen workers, their wives and children.

What would you do under similar circumstances?

Would you seek to preserve your rights?

Do not be deceived as to benefits you, or others, might derive from "free wool."

This country has already experienced "free wool."

We had "free wool" *for three years,* under the "Wilson-Gorman bill." "Free wool" was given a full, fair, and thorough trial and it brought—not benefits—but disaster.

Please remember, also, in this connection, that many of those who might suffer most through any change in "K" are those least able to speak for themselves.

Therefore, if their rights are to be preserved, some one must undertake the responsibility of speaking for those most vitally concerned.

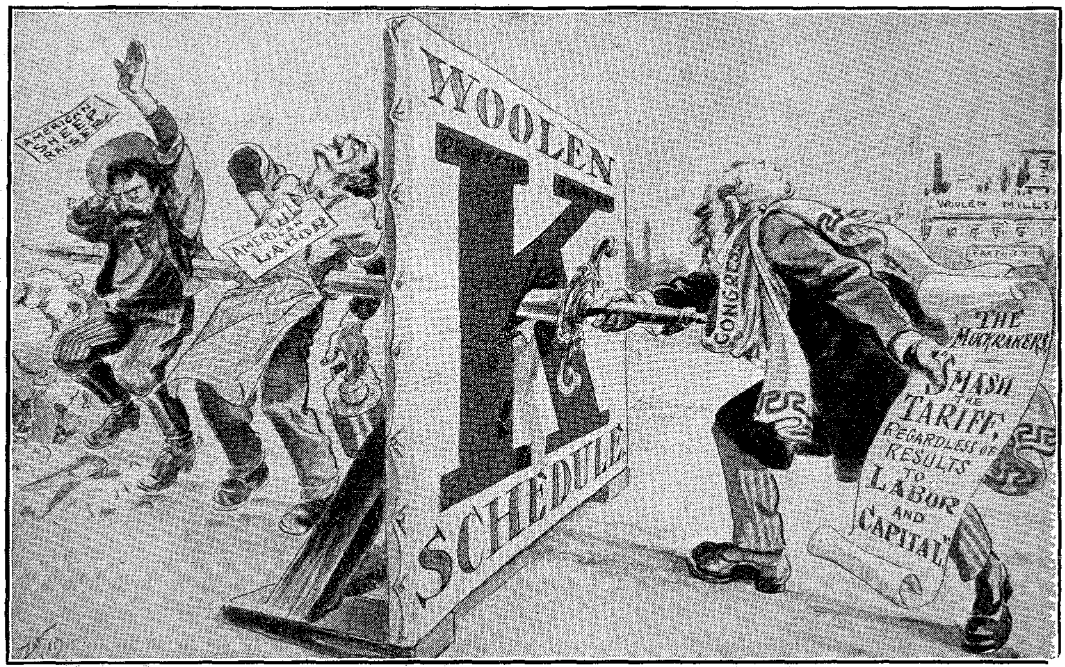
This then—an it please you—is the voice of over Five Millions of wool growers, wool workers, and their families, speaking for the preservation of their right to earn bread.

"K" needs defense only against the attacks of ignorance and self-seeking.

And—for every fault found with "K," it may be shown that, to offset, "K" has two virtues—*these constructively benefitting America and all Americans.*

We are ready for any struggle.

And, from you who read this, it is asked only that you bear in mind the true welfare of your country, your own best interests and—for the wool growers, wool workers, and their families—that, in America, "the square deal" is said to be "*for all.*"



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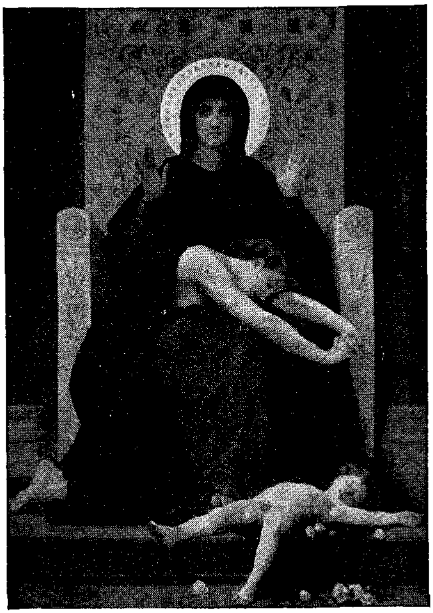

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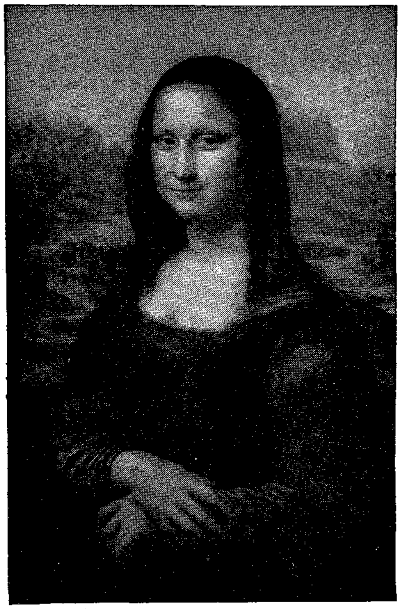

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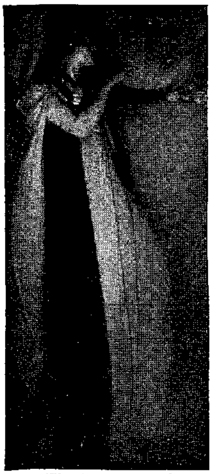

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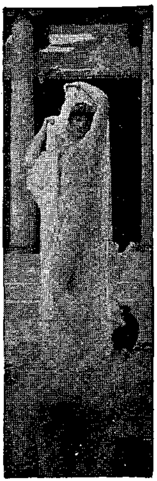

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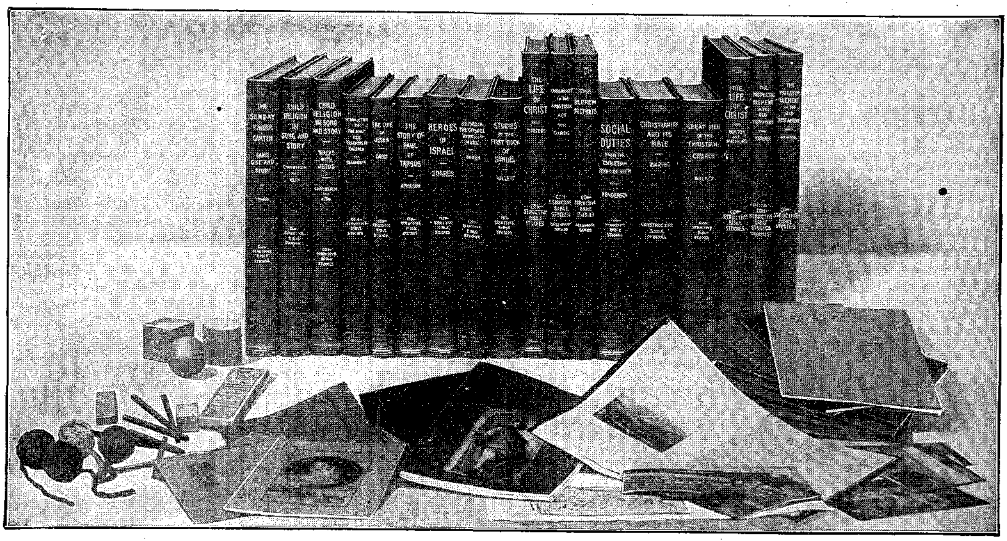

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